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ANECDOTES

G. SETON

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A BUDGET OF ANECDOTES

'I love anecdotes.'—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'A story in which native humour reigns
Is often useful, always entertains.'

—WILLIAM COWPER.

'Humour . . . that best birthright of a sensible man.'

—R. L. STEVENSON.

'Why do not the gods give humour to more of us,
and make a better world?'—J. A. SYMONDS.

A BUDGET OF ANECDOTES

CHIEFLY RELATING TO
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Collected and Arranged by
GEORGE SETON, ADVOCATE

M.A. OXON.

EDIT: 3d ed.

THIRD EDITION

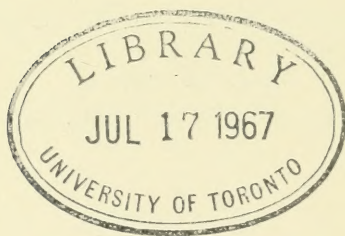
GREATLY ALTERED AND ENLARGED

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'Stories! God bless you! I have *more* to tell, sir!'



TO
THE VERY REV. S. REYNOLDS HOLE,
DEAN OF ROCHESTER,
AN OLD FRIEND AND A VETERAN STORY-TELLER,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS
VERY HEARTILY DEDICATED



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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

‘ANOTHER volume of Anecdotes! When is this to end?’ would be a perfectly reasonable exclamation; and for a considerable time I have had misgivings as to the expediency of my present publication. Many judicious friends, however, have for several years urged me to print a selection from my *répertoire*; and notwithstanding a waggish reminder by a member of my own family that the state of a *raconteur* has been pronounced to be ‘*anec-dotage*,’ I have been induced to comply with their solicitations. Happily, with a very few exceptions, my illustrations are really *anecdotes* in the literal sense of the term—something like ninety per cent. never having previously appeared in type. In some instances they have been derived from newspapers and other ephemeral publications, but very rarely from works of a permanent character.

In the course of my life I have been privileged to come across a number of excellent story-tellers, among others, Dean Ramsay, Lord Neaves, the

Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Mr. Peter S. Fraser, Sir Daniel Macnee, Dr. John Brown, the Rev. Dr. Cook of Haddington, Lord Ardmillan, the Rev. David Waddell of Stow, Mr. William Grundy of Sudfield, Bury, the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the Rev. Dr. William Robertson of New Greyfriars, Sir Douglas Mac-lagan, Mr. William Scott, formerly of Paisley, and Canon Reynolds Hole, of whom all except the last three have been gathered to their fathers. During the past twenty years I have endeavoured to record those anecdotes that appeared to me to be worthy of preservation, more especially such as illustrated distinctive features, whether good or bad, in individual or national character; and I trust that not a few of my examples 'may be of use,' to adopt the language of Melmoth, 'in respect to our own conduct.' I only regret that I did not begin sooner, as many interesting and amusing stories, which I heard in my younger days, have long since been forgotten.

It is, however, very difficult to commit to paper the delicate flavour that pervades many of the best anecdotes, the due appreciation of which largely depends on the narrator's voice and manner. Indulgent readers, therefore, must make allowance for this important consideration, and must do their utmost to supply those deficiencies which are more or less inseparable from the inflexibility of print. Nearly all Sir Daniel Macnee's stories were told

with the genius of a master ; and as he seldom repeated the same story twice in the same words, I have not attempted to produce any of his amusing narrations. Most of them, moreover, could hardly be said to embrace what are called ‘points,’ being almost invariably very humorous descriptions of Scottish character.

My notebook contains a good many anecdotes which do not appear in the following pages. Strong meats may be judiciously administered to ‘clerkys and very gentylmen,’ but cannot be safely partaken of by the large and ‘unconnynges’ majority of modern readers. Accordingly, in selecting my illustrations, I have endeavoured to introduce nothing that can be reasonably objected to.

In its original sense, the word ‘anecdote’ signifies *unpublished* or secret history—facts not generally known. In common usage, however, an anecdote implies an incident of an interesting nature—a single event of private life. According to some authorities, while a ‘story’ may be either true or fictitious, an ‘anecdote’ is supposed to be always true. In these days, the two terms appear to be used indiscriminately, at least on this side of the Tweed ; while in the North of England the word ‘tale’ is almost invariably substituted. ‘Anecdote’ is not to be found in Shakespeare, but ‘story’ is of frequent occurrence.

The classification which has been adopted does

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not pretend to be strictly correct, but it is believed that it will be found to be sufficiently accurate for the purpose of reference.

ST. BENNET'S, EDINBURGH,
St. Andrew's Day, 1886.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

OWING to its favourable reception by the press and the public, the first edition of the *Budget* has been all but exhausted in less than four months. A good many of the anecdotes which it embraced have been suppressed, for which others—distinguished by an asterisk—have been substituted ; while the contents of the Appendix are also entirely new.

April 25, 1887.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

WITH the single exception of my friend Canon Hole—now Dean of Rochester—all the ‘story-tellers’ mentioned in the Preface to the first edition of the *Budget* have passed away. But for a somewhat tedious illness, I should before this have published the present edition, in consequence of the very favourable reception of the previous issues, which are now quite exhausted. The third edition contains upwards of three hundred new anecdotes—indicated by an asterisk—while about forty of those embraced in the second edition have been omitted from its pages; and I venture to believe that, as in the previous editions, there are not many ‘chest-nuts.’ Perhaps a few of my examples may be regarded as *incidents* rather than anecdotes, but I am disposed to think that even these are worthy of being recorded. In one or two instances I have revealed my identity, instead of masquerading as a vague Scotchman.

With regard to some of the original anecdotes omitted in the second edition, I may mention that

three or four of these were objected to by *two* old and valued friends—the one a distinguished dignitary of the Church of Ireland, the other a shrewd Presbyterian lawyer—on the ground that they were slightly *profane*; but I can honestly assert that my sole object in introducing them was to illustrate the very low state of religious sentiment in different ranks of society.

In my first Preface I stated that I had ‘endeavoured to introduce nothing that can be *reasonably* objected to’; and the same principle has been followed in the present issue. While I do not forget the well-known proverb, *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, I am one of those old-fashioned people who are disposed to think that the outspoken frankness of our grandfathers and grandmothers was much less objectionable than the ‘innuendo’ and ‘*double entendre*’ of the present day; and if a few of my examples should be considered as bordering on the ‘broad’ or the ‘indelicate,’ I have merely to explain that they are intended to exhibit the characteristics of those countries to which they refer.

I am old enough to remember the publication of *The Family Shakespeare*, by Thomas Bowdler, F.R.S., which in these later days seems to be entirely forgotten. Mr. Bowdler acknowledges that the pages of the immortal bard exhibit comparatively few examples of *profaneness*, while he considers that they are seriously disfigured by numerous instances of

indecenty. Lowell, on the other hand, describes Shakespeare as 'the poet of man as God made him, dealing with great passions and innate motives'; and he therefore treats humanity, not in accordance with the views of 'goody-goody' people, but as regarded by ordinary mortals.

Among other friends to whom I am indebted for some of the best of the additional matter, I have pleasure in mentioning Sir Alexander Moncrieff of Culfargie; Mr. James Gordon, formerly Sheriff at Banff; Dr. J. B. Carruthers of Edinburgh; Mr. W. L. Watson of Ayton; Mr. John Tinline, New Zealand; Canon Tetley of Bristol; Mr. Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford; my grandson Mr. R. W. Seton Watson; Mrs. Huxtable of Truro; Miss Macan and Miss Kelly, both hailing from the 'Emerald Isle'; the late Mr. Badenach Nicolson of Glenbervie; the late Mr. Henry Webster, brother of the Lord Chief Justice of England; and the late Rev. Arthur Wilkins, Vicar of Cattistock, Dorsetshire.

21st July 1902.

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I

DRINKING HABITS

IN his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, the lamented Dean Ramsay devotes an entire chapter to 'Scottish Conviviality'; and many of his illustrations must appear almost incredible to the rising generation. Time was when even the ladies regarded the excesses of the other sex as a sort of manly attainment, and when an average Scotch laird considered that his hospitality had been only duly established after his visitors had been *carried* to their bedrooms. During the past sixty years, a gradual improvement, in the matter of drink, has been going on among the upper and middle classes of society, in every portion of His Majesty's dominions; and even among the humbler classes, to whom so bad an example had long been set, an increasing tendency to sobriety is perceptible on all sides. Happily, in these days, with all their faults, we have no counterpart of the notorious Lord Hermand, of whom Cockburn, in his delightful *Memorials*, gives a very amusing account; or of the funerals of Highland chieftains, at which the attendant orgies sometimes occupied not less than a fortnight!

1. **'Tram-tramming and trink-trinking.'**—In a certain Highland parish, where drunkenness extensively prevailed, a vacancy occurred, several years ago, by the death of the minister. His successor in the pulpit resolved to preach a sermon against the evil habit; and after alluding to its prevalence, he earnestly said: 'And noo, ma freends, this tram-tramming and trink-trinking most not, and shall not conteenue; not that I object to a sma' glass of a *morning*, when an acquaintance comes to see you—but this tram-tramming, etc.' He then added: 'And if a friend should look in upon you in the *afternoon*, there would be no reason against your giving him a drop of the "cratur," but this tram-tramming, etc. Lastly, if a neighbour should turn up in the *evening*, it would hardly be civil to let him go away without a "nip," but this tram-tramming and trink-trinking most not and shall not conteenue.' A very liberal allowance of whisky was accordingly allowed before the discourse was concluded.

2. **A moderate drinker.**—The late Mr. Robert Thomson, Sheriff of Caithness-shire, who was a voracious eater, once said to his friend Peter Robertson (afterwards Lord Robertson): 'Is it not very strange that a man of my herculean frame should consume such a small quantity of food?' The humorous Patrick, who was not a tee-totaller, forthwith replied: 'Just what people say of my *drinking!*'

3. **Sheridan and Wilberforce.**—On one occasion, when very much the worse of liquor, Sheridan fell into a ditch, and lustily exclaimed for help. A passer-by inquired who he was, and he immediately replied, in a very grave tone, '*Wilberforce!*'

4. **'Men or brutes'?**—The same remarkable man thus

addressed his gentlemen friends at a dinner-party, after the ladies had left the room: 'Now, boys, shall we behave like men or like brutes?' 'Like men, of course,' was the unanimous reply. 'Then,' said Sheridan, 'we must get jolly drunk, which brutes never do!'

5. **'Death in the cup!'**—A traveller was drinking whisky toddy in the commercial room of a country inn, when an enthusiastic teetotaller, who happened to be present, pointing to his tumbler, said, somewhat sententiously, 'There's death in that cup!' 'You're right, sir,' replied the traveller, who immediately addressed the waiter as follows: 'This gentleman tells me that there is death in this cup, and he is perfectly right; I have "drowned the miller"—bring some more whisky!'

6. **The two 'cocktails.'**—A Yankee, who was in the habit of drinking *two* 'cocktails,' was asked by a friend how he justified the practice. 'Because,' he said, 'after the first cocktail, I feel that I am *another man*, and accordingly I consider myself entitled to take a second for myself!'

7. **The 'sign' of the red nose.**—A denizen of Paisley, of very social habits, once accosted a stranger with a very *red nose*, at the entrance to a public-house, in the Tron-gate of Glasgow, and asked him to take a dauney (or dram) with him. On the stranger replying that he was 'teetotal,' the 'Paisley bodie' reproachfully said, 'Man, what for do ye no' tak' doun the sign?'

8. **A profound secret.**—An inebriated Scotchman, walking very unsteadily along a public thoroughfare, was overheard by the passers-by to say to himself: 'I'm verra fou—I'm blind fou—but naebody kens but mysel!'

9. **The small hours.**—A dissipated husband, on being upbraided by his wife for coming home so late as four o'clock A.M., solemnly assured her that it was only *one* o'clock, as he had heard it strike several times !'

10. **A drunkard's soliloquy.**—A native of Caledonia once attended a supper-party in a certain Scotch town, where he freely indulged in both solids and liquids. On his way home he became very sick beside a brilliant gas-lamp, against which he leaned while he relieved himself by a vomit. A miserable little cur that happened to be prowling about was arrested by the unusual spectacle, and gazed anxiously upwards on the inebriate's face. He then proceeded to pronounce the following soliloquy, as he contemplated the miscellaneous discharge: 'The saumon I mind, and the lobster I mind, and the saalad I mind, and the mutton I mind, and the puddin' I mind, but I dinna mind *you*, ye wretched little brute !'

11. **An alias for grog.**—The captain of a coasting passenger steamer was very partial to a glass of grog. He had an understanding with the steward that when he wanted it a shade stronger, he would call for 'a little more northerly.' Frequently, during a certain evening, the order had been given, 'A little more northerly, steward ;' when the steward, having come to the end of his resources, was obliged to respond, 'Due north it is, sir !'

*12. **Water *v.* Whisky.**—MacGooseley was laid up, and Chaffers went to see him. 'Hallo, old man !' he exclaimed, 'what is the matter ?' 'Doctor says it's dropsy,' answered MacG. lugubriously, 'but I don't believe it.' 'Why not ?' 'Why, dropsy is water, which I have never tasted for years ; it might be whisky.' 'Whisky,' repeated

Chaffers, as he looked at the swollen limb. 'Not much. 'If it had been whisky, you'd have had it out before now.'

*13. 'Coming home like a gentleman.'—A coachman in the service of the late Mr. Patrick Chalmers of Aldbar was of a very social disposition, and was one day thus accosted by his master :—'John, you will take a message to Brechin for me in about an hour; see and come home like a gentleman, and not in your usual way.' 'Yes, sir,' replied John, who got himself ready for the journey, but not without making friends with the butler. John performed the business intrusted to him with peculiar care; and thinking he would not be the worse of a 'drop,' stepped in to have a chat with an old friend who kept an inn, and who welcomed John not only as an old acquaintance, but with the kindness of a liberal 'Boniface,' until at last the pair found themselves considerably elevated. Calling to his recollection the warning he had got before leaving Aldbar, John hiccuped out, 'Fat, fat 'ill dae, Jamie, I—I was bid-bidden come hame like a shentleman, an' here's me as fou's a piper.' 'Bah,' replied Boniface, is that a 'ats garrin' ye tumble yer tumbler upside down? Noo, jist lat's hae anither jorum for auld langsyne, an' I'se mak a' thing richt for ye, John.' 'I ken ye'r a cute chiel, Jamie, but I think that's aboon yer thoomb; but lat's hae another dram then, an' explain yersel hoo ye can mak a drunk man sober a' at ance, as I wad need to face my maister.' 'Didna yer maister bid ye come hame like a gentleman?' asked Mr. B. 'Deed, in truth, he did,' replied John. Whereupon the landlord rang the bell for the waiter, ordered two other tumblers of smoking punch, and at the same time a chaise-and-four, in which John was soon conveyed to Aldbar. The mansion house door was opened by the butler, with Mr. Chalmers immediately

behind him, to do respect, as he thought, to some illustrious visitor. Finding only his servant, Mr. C. asked rather tartly, 'Did not I order you to come home like a gentleman, and not in your usual way, and here now I find you as drunk as a beast?' 'I—I've dune the best I cud,' replied John, pointing to the four-horse carriage, 'an' noo show me to my bedroom,' which at once silenced the learned antiquarian of Aldbar.

***14. A 'solid' drink.**—The popular laird of Troup (Garden) one day met one of his tenants, to whom he said, 'I hear you've had a marriage in the family; I hope everything passed off satisfactorily.' 'Ou ay,' the farmer replied, 'we've had a weddin', and everything went off weel—but for a gude solid drink, Laird, gie me a *funeral!*'

***15. Toujours le même.**—On one occasion, a jolly tar came on board his ship very much off his balance, when the captain said to him, 'You get drunk on shore, and you get drunk on board; in short, you are continually the worse of liquor!' The sailor calmly rejoined, 'Where *else* can I be so?'

***16. Notice to quit.**—Mr. Baring, late M.P. for South Essex, after waiting to hear the declaration of the poll at Walthamstow, a few miles from his place of abode, found his coachman drunk, and put him inside his carriage, driving home himself, late at night. On reaching the lodge, the keeper (who, like the coachman, was a radical) inquired in a whisper from the driver, 'Well, have you turned the old beggar out?' to which Mr. Baring replied, 'No, he is *inside*, but he has a month's notice to quit, and you can take the same.'

*17. **Whisky v. Coffee.**—A Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland somewhat suddenly became an ardent teetotaler. Travelling one day with a number of farmers in a public car, they stopped at a small inn to have some refreshment. On the driver asking for whisky, the parson warmly advised him to follow his example and take coffee instead. ‘Bedad, your riverence,’ said Jehu, ‘coffee may be enough to *preach* on ; but stronger drink is required by the man who drives a car.

*18. **The meaning of an ounce.**—It was a new Sassenach doctor, who had settled in Plockton, and Saunders Macfarlane consulted him about his health. ‘I will tell you what is wrong with you,’ said the doctor; ‘you’ve been trinking too much whisky whateffer. You shall have no more than one ounce of whisky a day.’ ‘He’s a puir foolish body, that Sassenach doctor,’ remarked Saunders, as he went away, ‘a puir foolish body. One ounce of whisky indeed!’ When he reached home, he said to his wife, ‘When young Saunders comes home from the school, send him to me.’ Young Saunders arrived. ‘Saunders,’ said his father, ‘I would be sending for you to be asking you how you would be getting on at the school. If I were to send you for one ounce of water, what would you bring?’ ‘Well, father, we would be doing that at the school to-day. Sixteen drams=one ounce, father.’ ‘What’s tat you said, boy?’ ‘Sixteen drams one ounce, father.’ ‘Sixteen trams one ounce, very good. It would be a very good school whateffer. Would you tell Neil MacDonald and Shames MacPherson to come up to-night. Sixteen trams one ounce! Ta Sassenach doctor’s not such a fool after all.’

*19. **‘Sir, you are a gentleman.’**—The father of the late

Dr. Cazenove¹ (of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh), who was very short-sighted, going home one evening from a dinner party in London, came in contact with a drunken man, to whom he politely apologised, in the belief that *he* was the party at fault. Upon this, the real transgressor indistinctly addressed him as follows: 'Sir, you are a gentleman; several persons have run against me this evening, but you are the first who has made an apology for doing so.'

***20. A midnight drive.**—The late 'Pat. Alexander' used to tell very humorous stories at the Edinburgh 'Evening Club.' One of his favourite illustrations referred to a dinner party, at the northern extremity of Inverleith Row, at which he and a friend were present. After a long sederunt and very liberal potations, they started together on foot for their respective abodes—that of Alexander being in Northumberland Street, while his friend lived in Drummond Place. Alexander was only a degree more 'capable' than his companion, whom he endeavoured to support during his unsteady progress. Fortunately, the couple were overtaken by an empty cab, in which Alexander succeeded in depositing his friend, telling the driver to take him several times round the 'Queen's Drive' until he became sober; and then to transport him to No. 20 Drummond Place. After two or three circuits of 'Arthur's Seat,' Cabby carefully examined his passenger; and thinking that he was now sufficiently sober, he drove to his abode, which he reached about two in the morning. He then demanded a pretty formidable fare, when he was calmly directed to 'go to Mr. Alexander, by whom he was hired.'²

¹ There is a well-known Brazenose story relative to Dr. Cazenove, which is nothing more than an amusing invention.

² Alexander's father was Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews, and his mother a Proctor of Glamis.

As a postscript to this section, I annex two short poetical effusions, of which the first was given to me by an early tutor, a valued minister of the Church of Scotland, who died nearly thirty years ago; while the second formerly appeared on a tenement in Bristol, which no longer exists, where a chapel or 'preaching-room' happened to be situated over a wine merchant's cellar.

***21. 'Out of Spirits.'**

'Is my wife out of spirits?' said John with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
'She is, sir, indeed,' said the maid in reply,
'For she finished the bottle this morning.'

***22. Above and Below.**

'There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of love and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.'

II

FUNERALS

THE well-known anagram on the word funeral (*real fun*) may possibly help to account for the many quaint anecdotes connected with the solemn subject of burial. Humour and pathos, we all know, are very nearly allied; and the sense of the ludicrous is always intensified when it is associated with any *grave* or serious occasion. During divine service, for example, as some of my subsequent illustrations will show, the risible tendency is powerfully stimulated by the most trifling occurrence.

23. Preliminary arrangements. — Shortly before his death, an old man in the parish of Laurencekirk summoned his son to his bedside, with the view of making certain arrangements in connection with his interment. In determining who were to be invited on the occasion, he pointedly objected to one of his son's friends, William Brown by name, who was accordingly omitted from the list of mourners. He then proceeded to indicate the route to the churchyard by which he wished to be taken; and on his son reminding him that if the coffin were carried by the road proposed, in which there was a slough, it would be sure to stick in the mud, and that it would

be necessary to go by the only other road, the old man rejoined, 'In that case, John, as the road passes Willie's hoose, ye maun ask him to the burial, as I wadna like to pass the puir body's door!'

24. '**A corp o' oor ain.**'—The wife of a Scotch labourer, on learning that her husband had not been invited to the funeral of his friend Sandy Black, indignantly exclaimed, 'Maybe some day we'll hae a corp o' oor ain, and we'll see wha will be invited then!'

25. '**Most provokkin'.**'—A worthy Writer to the Signet, who resided in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, some little time before his death consulted one of his sons as to the persons who were to be invited to his funeral. Among others, he suggested a former friend, of whose decease he was quite oblivious; and on his son reminding him that the individual in question had passed away, the old lawyer quietly said, 'Well, that's most provokkin'!'

*26. **Spoiling his day.**—(Scene: a cottage, the wife dying, husband at her bedside.) 'John, I've been a gude wife to you.' 'Weel, 'oman, I wadna say but I mith have had waur.' 'Ay, but, John, I've been a gude wife to you, and I'm deen'.' 'Oh, haud your tongue, 'oman, and gae on wi' yer deen'.' 'Ay, ay, John, but I've been a gude wife to you, and I want ye to do me ae favour.' 'Weel, 'oman, what i'st?' 'It's just this, John, that on the day of my burial, you'll ride in the same carriage wi' ma mither.' 'Very weel, 'oman, as it's your last wish, I suppose I maun do it, but ye've spoiled ma day at ony rate.'

27. **A curler's funeral sermon.**—The late Dr. Aiton,

minister of the parish of Dolphinton, in the course of a sermon in which he set forth the merits of a celebrated local curler, thus spoke of the deceased: 'Our lamented friend, my dear brethren, has passed the "hog-score," is now within the "inner-circle," and well "guarded."'

28. Carriage exercise.—At a funeral in Glasgow, a gentleman found himself in a mourning coach, opposite a pale-faced man very warmly clad. Feeling a curious interest in his companion, he ventured to ask him if he was a relation of the deceased. The pale-faced man replied in the negative. Pressing the question a little further, he inquired if he was *connected* with the deceased. 'No,' said the other, 'I am in no way connected with him.' 'Only a friend?' insinuated the gentleman. 'No,' was again the reply; 'I am not aware that I ever saw the deceased—but,' he added, 'I have been in poor health for some time: my medical adviser has ordered me to take carriage exercise; and this is the third time that I have been to the cemetery this week.'

***29. A 'grave' question.**—At a funeral service, the officiating clergyman, in the course of his remarks, said, 'There is no hope on this side of the grave;' on which a jolly tar, who happened to be present, observed, 'Then why the devil don't you come to the other side?'

***30. Scottish caution.**—A Blairgowrie man had married a native of Kirkcaldy. Some years later, when the woman was dying, she said to her husband, 'John, I've been a gude wife to you, and I want you to do me one favour.' 'Weel, 'oman, what is't?' 'Weel, John, it's just this, that ye'll bury me amang ma ain folk at Kirkcaldy.' 'Hoots, 'oman, it canna be; I tell you it canna be.' 'Weel, John,

if ye dinna tak' me to Kirkcaldy, I'll haunt ye, ma speerit
'll haunt ye.' 'Aweel 'oman, if it comes to that, I'll hae
to do it, but I'll try ye in Blairgowrie first.'

31. 'Tak' tent o' the corner.'—As the coffin containing the affectionate wife of a sorrowing husband was being conveyed to the churchyard in a certain country parish in the south of Scotland, it accidentally struck against the corner of a wall, in consequence of which circumstance the 'deceased' was aroused from a trance, and lived for several years. When the poor woman *really* died a few years afterwards, in the act of passing the same spot, the husband anxiously exclaimed to the bearers of the coffin, 'Tak' tent [care] o' the corner this time!'

III

BLACK AND BLUE BLOOD

IN these days of Mammon worship, the old sentiment of birth is rather at a discount; and in the United Kingdom, as in the far West, the 'almighty dollar' is rapidly becoming the popular idol. Deep thinkers have ventured to question whether the change is, on the whole, beneficial to the public weal; and certain writers have gone the length of asserting that, in the case of some of the greatest nations that have passed away, the paramount influence of the plutocracy was one of the symptoms of their impending fall. Doubtless, the old heralds were disposed to go to ludicrous extremes in their glorification of 'good blood;' and hence such happy sayings as that of Sir Thomas Overbury, that 'the man who was always boasting of his pedigree was like the potato, of which the best part is underground.' On the other hand, however, it cannot be denied that a reasonable reverence for ancestry has been felt and acknowledged by many distinguished men, remarkable for their simplicity of character and an entire exemption from vanity or ostentation. Some very sensible observations on the subject will be found in the introductory letter prefixed to

the late Lord Crawford's charming *Lives of the Lindsays*.

32. A Darwinian pedigree.—'Your father was a *quadrone*, was he not?' said an impertinent inquirer to M. Dumas. The novelist replied in the affirmative; on which the other continued, 'And your grandfather?' 'A *mulatto*,' was the response. 'And your great-grandfather?' 'A *negro*.' 'And your great-great-grandfather?' At this point, Dumas fixed his piercing eyes upon his interrogator and warmly replied, 'An *Ape*! my pedigree begins where yours terminates.'

33. A Roland for an Oliver.—At a legal dinner-party at the house of the late Sheriff Logan, reference was made to the family of a distinguished member of the Scottish Bar, when one of his younger brethren, of *sable* countenance, disparagingly said, 'B——'s grandfather was *my* grandfather's gardener!' On which the host indignantly rejoined, in the well-known words of Sydney Smith, 'Your grandfather must have been the first black that swallowed a missionary.'

34. A Cowgate family portrait.—A well-known Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, with somewhat questionable pretensions to pedigree, was referring to one of his 'family portraits' in the presence of some visitors, and directed his youthful daughter to bring it from his business-room. The guileless girl innocently let the cat out of the bag by saying: 'I presume, papa, you are speaking of the portrait which you purchased, a few weeks ago, in the Cowgate!'

35. Warrior v. Wabster.—Not many years ago, a worthy carpet-knight, hailing from Glasgow, and associated

with textile fabrics, happened to meet an untitled military officer of good family at the house of an intimate and outspoken friend. When dinner was announced, the new-fledged knight was proceeding to walk out of the drawing-room before the soldier, when the host unceremoniously held him back, bluntly saying, 'Na, na ; the warrior before the wabster in my hoose !'

36. Common ware and china.—An Edinburgh house-agent, who died a few years ago, and who professed to hold very Radical principles, in speaking of a well-known man of rank and culture, said contemptuously, 'What, pray, is the difference between him and me ; are we not made of the same clay ?' 'True,' responded a more sensible friend ; 'but while you are common ware, the other is *china* !'

37. 'Any Duke !'—A lover of nobs once accosted a friend who happened to have a large acquaintance in the peerage, and eagerly asked, 'How 's the Duke ?' 'Which Duke ?' was the reply. On which the tuft-hunter still more eagerly rejoined, 'Oh ! *any* Duke !'

38. Worship of titles.—A shrewd old English gentleman, after paying successive visits at two country-houses in Scotland, thus described his experiences : 'I first spent a pleasant week with my friend E. (an ex-M.P.), where I met a number of distinguished aristocrats, of every grade in the peerage, but never once heard the term "Lord" mentioned. On leaving that hospitable abode, I went for a few days to the house of another friend, where I never heard any one spoken of without a title of some kind, but where I encountered none of the 'upper ten !'

39. A descendant of Addison.—The late James Han-

nay, for several years editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, was once boasting of his ancient family—the Hannays of Sorbie—in the presence of an Englishman named Addison, who spoke rather contemptuously of Scotch pedigrees, and stated that he was a lineal male descendant of Joseph Addison. ‘Well,’ Hannay rejoined, ‘Addison had an only son who was an *idiot*, and therefore there might be some ground for your claim; but, unfortunately for your assertion, he died when he was eleven years old!’

40. ‘**Nisi Dominus Frustra.**’—One of the masters of the old High School of Edinburgh, towards the end of last century, had the reputation of being a bit of a ‘toady.’ One of his pupils, the son of a butcher, once made so very poor an appearance in the translation of a passage from Virgil, that the master, pointing to the Edinburgh arms over the fireplace of the classroom, indignantly exclaimed: ‘Stupid fellow! I don’t believe that you are able to translate into English the motto of the city arms—*Nisi Dominus Frustra.*’ ‘Indeed I can,’ replied the lad—‘Unless you’re a lord or a laird, ye needna come here.’

41. ‘**Bluid and suet.**’—When some of his connections objected to the contemplated marriage of one of his daughters to a successful ‘man of the people,’ John, twelfth Lord Gray of Kinfauns, quaintly said, ‘Bluid and suet mak’ the best black puddin’!’

42. **An alleged mésalliance.**—On its being announced that the younger brother of a Scotch baronet, who was engaged in the trade of bottle-making, was about to be married to the handsome daughter of a distiller, some of his aristocratic friends remonstrated with his mother on the subject. The outspoken old lady at once rejoined: ‘I really don’t see much difference between the person

that makes the bottles and the person that makes stuff to put into them !'

*43. '**Sangre azul.**'—The carriage of a Russian nobleman was overturned in the streets of St. Petersburg, when both he and his coachman were somewhat severely injured, and bled profusely. Being anxious to test the Spanish theory regarding blood, the aristocrat was induced to transmit a sample of each liquid to an eminent chemist for comparative analysis; and, much to the consternation of the Heralds, the result of the investigation was the establishment of the greatly superior quality of the coachman's vital fluid !¹

*44. '**Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.**'—The French family of De Lévis considered themselves to be the oldest House in Europe; and their château contained two pictures, one of the Deluge, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was inscribed '*Papiers de la Maison De Lévis*'; while the other was a portrait of the founder of the family, bowing reverently to the Virgin, who is made to say, '*Couvrez-vous, mon cousin* !'²

¹ From the author's *Scottish Heraldry*, p. 394.

² From the author's privately printed *History of the Family of Seton*, i. 43, *note*. See also Scott's *Journal*, ii. 265.

IV

SURNAMES

OUR patronymics have long been the source of quaint and amusing occurrences, and of late years some interesting works have appeared which have thrown much curious light on the subject of family nomenclature. While it must be admitted that the Smiths and the Joneses have both done a large amount of useful work in the world, probably any bearer of either of these ubiquitous surnames would not hesitate to assume the name of Douglas¹ or of Howard for the smallest 'consideration.' Other things being nearly equal, 'Marmaduke Montgomerie' would certainly have a better chance of marrying an heiress than 'Thomas Thomson.' Accordingly, Shakespeare, or rather Juliet, notwithstanding, I am one of those who think that there is something in a name. Goethe, in his *Autobiography*, likens a man's surname to his *skin*, next to which it is probably the most characteristic thing about him. It is no mere cloak, as that great philosopher remarks, to be assumed and abandoned

¹ Speaking of the illustrious house of the 'Doughty Douglas,' James Hannay says, in one of his essays from the *Quarterly Review*, 'Even a Glasgow Radical warms at the name.'

at pleasure, indicating, as it frequently does, his ethnology, his nationality, and perhaps even the country of his birth, which are all circumstances that, to a certain extent, determine his type of character and constitution. In recent times the practice of surname-changing has been carried to a most unjustifiable extent. Unfortunately, the law of both England and Scotland gives every encouragement to the objectionable custom; while in the land of 'Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality,' on the other hand, very proper obstacles are placed in the way of mere arbitrary changes of name. Some five-and-thirty years ago, the subject of change of surname was very prominently discussed in the journals of the day, as well as in the House of Commons, in connection with the well-known case of Mr. Jones of Clytha, who had assumed the surname of Herbert, and who was probably in some degree influenced by the statement of a late English Registrar-General in one of his reports, that 'the name of John Jones is a perpetual *incognito* in Wales, and on being proclaimed at the cross of a market town would indicate nobody in particular.' Under ordinary circumstances, however, the remarks of the *Saturday Reviewer* as to the snobbishness of the modern practice in question are highly sensible: 'If you yourselves are illustrious, your names will be illustrious after you. . . . Let a man stick to his father's real name. In these days nobody but a practised herald can tell who anybody is, so many people assume the name and arms of somebody else!' In recent times the practice of assuming *noms de plume* has become pretty frequent among

literary men. Two distinguished living authors have displayed a liking to my own surname—to wit, Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, who writes as ‘Henry *Seton* Merriman,’ and Mr. Thomas Nicoll Hepburn, who calls himself ‘Gabriel *Setoun*.’ [See the author’s *History of the Family of Seton*. ii. 294.]

45. Hill v. Medleycott.—Serjeant Hill married Miss Medleycott of Cottingham, Northamptonshire. Empowered by Act of Parliament to retain her maiden name after marriage, the lady showed her disesteem of her husband’s patronymic by her mode of exercising the privilege secured to her; and many a time the Serjeant indignantly insisted that she should use his surname in her signature. ‘My name is Hill, madam; my father’s name was Hill, madam; all the Hills have been named Hill, madam; Hill is a good name, and, by God! madam, you *shall* use it!’

46. Tayleure and Jowler.—A certain Mr. Taylor, who, by ‘ridiculous mollification,’ had transformed his surname into *Tayleure*, haughtily asked a farmer the name of his dog. The son of the soil replied, ‘His proper name is Jowler; but since he’s a consequential kind of puppy, we calls him *Jouleure*!’

47. ‘Not by a long chalk.’—‘Might your name be John Smith?’ asked an inquisitive New Englander of a stranger in London. ‘Well, yes, it might,’ was the reply; ‘but it *ain’t*, by a long chalk!’

48. The ubiquitous Smith.—A wag who happened to arrive late at a crowded London theatre, with the view of obtaining a seat, shouted out at the top of his voice, ‘Mr. Smith’s house is on fire!’ and the immediate result was a

discount on the part of the audience to the extent of three or four per cent.

49. An unfortunate Welshman.—An Englishman, riding on a very dark night among the Welsh mountains, was attracted by a cry of distress, proceeding apparently from a man who had fallen into a ravine near the highway. On listening attentively, he heard the words, ‘Help, master, help!’ in a voice truly Cambrian. ‘Help! what, who are you?’ inquired the traveller. ‘Jenkin-ap-Griffith-ap-Robin-ap-William-ap-Rees-ap-Evan,’ was the response. ‘*Lazy fellows* that ye be,’ rejoined the Englishman, setting spurs to his horse, ‘to be rolling in that hole, *half-a-dozen of ye!* why, in the name of common-sense, don’t you help *one another* out?’

50. No Christians here.—A disappointed gaberlunzie woman, finding that she was unable to excite the pity of the inhabitants of a certain village in the south of Scotland, indignantly informed them that they were not entitled to the name of ‘Christians.’ Nor did her allegation meet with any denial: on the contrary, she was quietly informed in reply, ‘Na, na! we be a’ Elliotts and Armstrongs!’

51. Gold without u.—An old gentleman, rejoicing in the name of *Gould*, having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to an acquaintance informing him of the fact, and concluded it thus:—

‘So you see, my dear sir, though I’m eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.’

To which his friend replied:—

‘A girl of eighteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is gold without *u*.’

52. The red Macphersons.—An English tourist who had left a waterproof coat in a train at Inverness, went back to look for it. On his asking the occupants of a third-class compartment whether they had seen anything of a black ‘Mackintosh’; ‘Na, na!’ one of them replied; ‘we’re a’ reid Macphersons here!’

53. Kenneth Macalpin.—A Dublin citizen—a dealer in snuff and tobacco—about the end of last century, had lived to a good age under the name of *Halfpenny*. He throve in trade, and his children prevailed on him to change the name, which they considered undignified. After his death, he was buried as Mr. *Halpen*. His son thought proper to renounce retail dealing, and looked about for a more euphonious name. He dropped the unnecessary H, and that being done, he was easily influenced by the Celtic rage raised by the ‘Lady of the Lake’; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny, came out at the levees of the day as ‘Kenneth *Macalpin*, the descendant of a hundred kings!’

54. A polite speech.—Sydney Smith once made the following polite speech to his friends, Mrs. Cuffe and Mrs. Tighe: ‘Ah! there you are,—the *cuff* that every one would wear; the *tie* that no one would loose!’

55. De Oyley and De-umpling.—A consequential individual bearing the surname of D’Oyley having expressed a wish to be called De Oyley, was thus addressed at dinner by a humorous friend: ‘Mr. De Oyley, will you have some De-umpling?’

***56. A question of vowels.**—John Home, the poet, was peculiarly sensitive regarding the proper spelling of his

name. In Scotland, the surname is uniformly pronounced *Hume*, but the principal line of the family has long used the orthography of Home. To that form the poet rigidly adhered, to the great entertainment of David, the historian, whose branch of the family (Ninewells) had for some or for no reason preferred the orthography of Hume. On one occasion the philosopher proposed to settle the question by casting dice, to ascertain which should adopt the other's mode of spelling. 'Nay,' says John, 'this is a most extraordinary proposal indeed, Mr. Philosopher; for, if you lose, you take your own name, and if I lose, I take another man's name.'¹

¹ From the author's *Scottish Heraldry*, p. 387. See also Mackenzie's *Life and Works of John Home*, i. 164.

V

MATTER-OF-FACT

EVERYBODY is familiar with the opinions of Charles Lamb and Sydney Smith regarding the essentially practical character of the Scotch, and many good stories can be told which partially confirm their views. I venture to think, however, that, even among the very humblest of my countrymen, there is a large amount of true sentiment, more especially in all matters connected with the love of their native country and its cherished traditions. Probably a Scot has seldom breathed, who never to himself hath said—

‘This is my own, my native land’;

or who has not occasionally reflected with honest pride on the glorious events in the history of his country. Like our Continental neighbours the French, the Irish have the reputation of possessing a larger amount of sentiment than either the English or the Scotch. In *some* respects ‘John Bull’ may be fairly regarded as essentially matter-of-fact; and most assuredly he is more insular, and consequently less cosmopolitan, than his Scotch compatriot. Any one who has travelled on the Continent must have met with numerous examples of this feature in the

English character. Somewhat reserved and undemonstrative at home, the 'Scot abroad' exhibits the very opposite qualities; and wherever he goes, he seems to be influenced by the proverb which inculcates the propriety of 'doing at Rome as the Romans.' Such conduct, besides being highly prudent, appears to me to evince a proper respect for the 'prejudices' of the inhabitants of other countries, as well as a becoming display of good manners. Some thirty years ago I spent a pleasant evening in the principal hotel at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, *en route* to Oberammergau. In a miscellaneous company of Germans, French, English, and Irish, I happened to be the only Scot present, and as the conversation (which was in French) turned upon the nationalities of the United Kingdom, I mentioned the well-known trio of paradoxical proverbs: 'An Englishman is never happy but when he is grumbling; A Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; An Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.' All the foreigners, as well as a lively Irish lady, greatly enjoyed the humorous and really accurate description; but I was amused to notice the dissatisfied expression on the countenances of an elderly English couple, who religiously abstained from taking any part in the general conversation.

57. May and December.—Not many years ago, an eminent English judge was presiding over a court in which an action was being tried, arising out of the unhappy matrimonial experiences of a husband of eighty and a wife of seventeen years of age; and in summing up the evidence, his lordship commented in strong terms upon the great

disparity between the ages of the parties. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he observed, 'I have frequently noticed that such marriages are generally disastrous, and entirely destructive to happiness. In fact, it may be taken for a rule that marriages contracted between "May and December" are always unhappy.' Three days after the case was reported, his lordship received a letter from the secretary of a Scottish Statistical Society, asking if he would 'be so good as to communicate to the Society the data upon which he had based his conclusion that marriages contracted between the *months* of May and December were always unhappy.' The judge was naturally thunderstruck by the ludicrous misapprehension, but by the time he had sufficiently recovered to be able to write a note in reply, he received a second letter from the hard-headed Scotchman, apologising for having troubled him, and stating that 'his lordship need not send the information he had requested, as he had since been given to understand that his lordship's remarks to the jury would bear *another* construction than that which he had originally placed upon them.'

58. 'Glasgow to Nelson.'—When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended as a brief and appropriate epigraph, 'Glasgow to Nelson.' 'Juist so,' said one of the bailies; 'and as the toon o' Nelson's [Neilston?] close at hand, might we no' juist say, "Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles"?' and so it might serve for a monument and a milestone too.'

59. Lamb and mint-sauce.—One fine day in spring Sir Walter Scott happened to stroll forth with his more practical partner to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In the course of their wanderings they passed a field where a

number of ewes were patiently enduring the frolics of their lambs. 'Ah !' exclaimed Sir Walter, 'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence.' 'They are, indeed, delightful animals,' rejoined Lady Scott, 'especially with mint-sauce.'

60. The joke and the gimlet.—A young Englishman in the company of a number of Scotchmen made several attempts to be humorous, but without any visible result. At length he fairly lost patience, and exclaimed, 'Well, after all, it appears to be true that a Scotchman cannot comprehend a joke unless it is bored into him with the aid of a gimlet.' On which one of the men of the North calmly observed, 'Your gimlet would need to be sharper than your jokes.'

61. The 'Lawrence of Scotland.'—After the late Thomas Duncan—the Lawrence of Scotland—had made considerable progress with one of his greatest works, 'Prince Charlie's Entry into Edinburgh,' the picture was commissioned, through Mr. Alexander Hill, by an eminent London printseller, who shortly afterwards came to Scotland and paid a visit to the accomplished artist in his studio. Having expressed his unqualified admiration of the magnificent cavalcade, the Londoner said that, while he did not wish to dictate, as the prospective possessor of the picture he ventured to suggest the propriety of *a few bishops* being thrown into the group ! Duncan firmly resisted the proposal, on the ground of its being opposed to historical accuracy, but the ignorant Southron still insisted on the introduction of at least *one* bishop, whether justifiable or not. A rupture was imminent, but the difficulty was surmounted by Mr. Hill himself agreeing to

purchase the picture, which is now the property of Sir Robert Jardine.¹

62. Majestic and pretty.—When Coleridge first saw the falls of the Clyde, he was unable to find a word to express his feelings. At last a stranger who had arrived about the same time exclaimed, ‘How majestic!’ It was the precise term, and the poet turned round, and was saying, ‘Thank you, sir; that is the exact word,’ when the other added, in the same breath, ‘Yes, how very *pretty*.’

63. Apollo v. Raggles.—A London shopkeeper and his wife, rejoicing in the name of Raggles, some years ago paid a visit to Rome; and on the latter being asked by Miss Hosmer, the celebrated American sculptress, whether she did not greatly admire the statue of Apollo Belvidere, she immediately replied—‘A fine-looking figure, doubtless, but give me my *own* Raggles!’²

64. An abortive sonnet.—A clergyman of the Church of England, in the course of his parochial visitations, happened to call at the house of a farmer, where he was requested to look at the baby, fast asleep in its cradle. A sweet smile irradiated its face. The germ of a sonnet to a sleeping infant was already in his mind, when, unfortunately, he made a remark concerning the smile to the professional ‘Gamp’ who was in attendance, whereupon Mrs. G. delivered this interesting opinion: ‘It’s the wind, sir, bless their little ’arts! whenever they smiles in their sleep,

¹ See short notice of Duncan in Dr. John Brown’s *Horæ Subsecivæ*, 4th edition, p. 245.

² This anecdote may perhaps recall to elderly readers an amusing story relative to John Clerk of Eldin which, however, I do not venture to print.

you may always know as they're troubled with the wind.' It was impossible for the parson to gainsay the nurse's statement, although it proved the death-blow to his sonnet.

65. An unworthy Peer.—A certain noble lord, not a hundred miles from one of the most central towns in Scotland, was, some years ago, respectfully requested, through the medium of a petition signed by a number of his humblest neighbours, not to cut down some fine old trees in the vicinity of his beautiful residence, of which they had for ages been the ornament. His lordship lost no time in replying that he did not see his way to accede to the requisition, as the trees in question appeared to him to be the same as any others—planted for the purpose of growing, and of being afterwards converted into *timber*!¹

¹ A similar want of taste is commemorated in Wordsworth's well-known sonnet addressed to the Duke of Queensberry, commencing 'Degenerate Douglas.'

VI

CONFUSION OF TERMS

WITH one single exception, the anecdotes under this head are not illustrations of the mixed ideas akin to blunders or 'bulls,' for which the natives of the Emerald Isle have so long been celebrated. Sydney Smith defines a bull to be 'an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls (he continues) be just, they are the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real.' Confusion of terms and *mal-apropos* remarks are by no means peculiar to our Irish fellow-countrymen; and in each of the three sections of the United Kingdom, we find persons in every rank of life, who occasionally give expression to mixed and muddled ideas of the most startling character. In Thomas Constable's *Memorial* of his father, the following ludicrous statement of his deaf old 'auntie Jean' to her attendant is duly recorded. 'Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing!'

66. The laborious woman.—On a late Bishop of London asking his German governess which part of the Liturgy of the Church of England she liked best, she immediately replied, 'The Litany; because you there most considerably pray for "all women labouring of child," and few women have had more to do in that way than myself!'

67. Pretty old.—In the summer of 1868, a Scotch family visited Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire, and on one of their number saying to the guide, with reference to the former proprietrix, 'I suppose Mrs. Lawrence was a pretty old lady when she died?' he answered, quite gravely and evidently in perfect sincerity, 'Not pretty, sir, but very old!'

68. 'Aboon aughty.'—A few years ago, a party called at a country-house in Peeblesshire, where there happened to be an old invalid lady, and after leaving their cards, in the absence of the family, one of the gentlemen asked the servant-girl 'how old Mrs. Muir was?' She replied, in the most serious tone, 'I believe, sir, she is aboon aughty!'

69. 'Far eest?'—A long-headed Aberdonian when fast asleep in a hotel in Princes Street, Edinburgh, was aroused from his slumbers by cries of 'Fire! fire!' Opening the window of his bedroom, he called out to a passing policeman, 'Far eest?' (Where is it?)—on which the guardian of the peace hurried off in the direction of the Register House. When the policeman returned shortly afterwards, the Aberdonian exclaimed, 'Far wast?' (Where was it?) and the officer indignantly answered, 'You lying black-guard, a few minutes ago you told me that it was *far east*, and now you would have me believe that it is *far west*.'

70. '**All explained.**'—Upwards of thirty years ago, the late Sir Noël Paton was residing at Windsor with his family painting a series of pictures for the Queen. On one occasion her Majesty, while in the studio, noticed one of Sir Noël's sons—a boy of about six years of age,—and on asking him to kiss her, the little fellow firmly declined. 'Why not?' said the Queen. 'Because you killed our Queen Mary.' 'Oh no,' her Majesty replied; 'the Queen who killed your Queen Mary lived about three hundred years ago.' 'No,' said the juvenile; 'you are the Queen of England, and the Queen of England killed our Queen Mary.' A few days afterwards, when her Majesty made a similar request, it was forthwith complied with. 'Why to-day?' said the Queen. In the most consequential tone, the young hopeful replied, 'It has all been explained!'

71. **Ris de Veau.**—Among the other items in the *menu* at a Continental *table d'hôte* was 'Ris de Veau à la financière' (sweetbreads), which an English lady seriously translated, 'The smile of a calf at the banker's wife!'

72. '**Domine wha?**'—The late Colonel Balfour of Trenabie, while showing some of his pictures to an elderly lady, was asked the name of the artist of a particular painting to which she pointed. 'Domenichino,' was the colonel's reply. 'Domine wha?' said the lady. 'One of the *old masters*,' was the immediate answer.

73. **The iniquitous coin.**—An old Scotch woman found an ancient coin near Haddington, for which she was offered a shilling by a collector. She indignantly refused the proffered sum, saying that she ought to get a good deal more, 'if only for the *iniquity* (antiquity) o' the thing!'

74. **'By different mothers.'**—A gentleman happened to encounter one of the patients in the grounds of a Scotch lunatic asylum, and knowing the frequent tendency to a special form of monomania, he asked him *who he was*. 'Julius Cæsar,' was the immediate answer. Half an hour afterwards, he met the patient a second time, and again asked the same question. This time the lunatic told him that he was 'Napoleon Buonaparte'; and on the visitor requesting an explanation of the two individualities, he calmly replied, 'By different mothers!'

75. **'The Lord, my boy!'**—Prior to the expected visit of the late bishop of St. Andrews at a country-house in Fife, the hostess gave very special instructions to her 'buttons' as to the proper mode of addressing the ecclesiastical dignitary. 'For example, John,' she said, 'when you take hot water to his lordship's bedroom, you will knock at the door, and the bishop will probably say, 'Who's there?' on which you will at once reply, 'The boy, my Lord.' The poor lad undertook to do his best, but got a little 'mixed' before the anticipated event occurred. On going to the bedroom (which adjoined that of the hostess), he duly knocked, but in answer to the question, 'Who's there?' he unfortunately replied, 'The Lord, my boy!'

76. **Marquis of Railways.**—A former housekeeper at Gordon Castle, after pointing out to visitors the various family portraits, etc., when she came to a bust of Marcus Aurelius, used to say—'And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the *Marquis of Railways!*'

77. **A Knight-Companion.**—When it was proposed that some honour should be conferred upon Florence Nightin-

gale for her services in the Crimea, Lord Palmerston said, 'I should have no objection to make her a *Knight-Companion* (K.C.), but I don't know what Lady Palmerston would say!'

78. The footman squire.—The late Sir William Walker of Bowland (before he was knighted) was paying a visit at a country-house in East Lothian, where one of the footmen happened to bear the same Christian name and surname as himself; and one morning, while at breakfast, a letter duly addressed 'W—— W——, Esq., was put into his hands, on the reasonable assumption that it was intended for *him*. On perusing its contents, he was somewhat puzzled by most of the writer's allusions, but the mystery was eventually solved by the discovery that the missive was intended for the gentleman in plush!¹

79. The greatest orator.—In reply to the question, 'Who was the greatest orator—Pitt, Fox, or Burke?' Valentine le Grice answered, 'Sheridan!' on the same principle on which a lady said 'pork,' in responding to the inquiry, 'Which do you like best—beef, veal, or mutton?'

80. 'Dirty and dirty-two.'—M. Espinasse, a highly successful teacher of French in Edinburgh about sixty years ago, in illustration of the difficulty which he and his

¹ An eccentric member of the English Bar, with a great respect for *blood*, used to employ three different styles of address on his letters to his male correspondents. In the case of a well-born gentleman, he wrote the designation without abbreviation, and with a small initial letter, thus—'esquire.' To a person generally acknowledged as a gentleman, he condescended to give the abbreviated designation of 'Esq.'—the initial, however, being a *capital* letter; while a doubtful individual had to be satisfied with the letter 'E,' followed by an irregular dash, which might mean anything or nothing.

countrymen experienced in pronouncing the English *th*, used to say: 'When I first came to Scotland, I was asked by an acquaintance my own age and that of my wife, and he laughed very heartily when I innocently replied, "I am *dirty*, and Madame Espinasse is *dirty-two*."'

81. **A misapprehended declaration.**—The suitor of a young Scotchwoman called upon her father, who was very deaf, to announce his 'honourable intentions.' On his saying to the fond parent, 'I love your dear daughter,' the old gentleman showed that he quite misinterpreted the declaration by at once replying, 'No; I am not a *deer-stalker*.' It is presumed that, on a second attempt, the ardent wooer contrived to make himself heard, as the marriage was duly solemnised, and proved a very happy one.

82. **'I never complain.'**—On a friend one day saying to the late Mr. James Baird of Cambusdoon, 'I am sorry to hear, Mr. Baird, that you have been complaining'; he immediately rejoined, 'I've been *ill*,—I never *complain*!'

83. **The 'Power above.'**—At a comparatively recent afternoon-party at the country mansion of a celebrated English statesman, who till very lately was literally 'worshipped' by a large section of his fellow-countrymen, one lady referred to the commercial, and another to the agricultural depression which unfortunately prevailed, while a third said we should not be too much discouraged, as there was a 'Power above' in whom we ought to confide. On this, their hostess is reported to have added: 'Very true, indeed'; he is *upstairs* at this moment, washing his hands, and will be down to tea directly!'¹

¹ So far as I am aware, this anecdote, *in which the statesman's name was given*, first appeared in *Men and Women* of 2nd October 1886.

84. '**Poco, poco.**'—An English military officer, while residing at San Sebastian, acquired a little Spanish, and one day went to the barber's to get his hair cut. As he entered the shop, he said jauntily, '*Poco, poco, señor,*' meaning that he wished very little to be *removed*. As the scissors proceeded to do their work, he became deeply absorbed in a newspaper; and when the operation was concluded, on looking into the mirror, he was horrified to discover that the barber had *left* very little of his much-prized covering, having erroneously interpreted his customer's instructions!

85. '**For a that, and a that.**'—On the occasion of a visit to Scotland, a young English girl, of musical accomplishments, was persuaded to agree to sing a song. Before going to the piano, she was asked with what she would favour the company; and after a little hesitation, she volunteered to sing a *Scotch* song, 'which probably most of them knew—"For a that, and a that"'—pronouncing the second word softly, as if it were the indefinite article, instead of broadly, as the Scotch equivalent of *all*.

86. **The completed programme.**—After returning from a ball in a Scotch country town, a servant-girl was asked by her mistress how she had enjoyed herself. 'No' ava,' she replied; 'I cam' awa' early, for my man insulted me by inquiring if my *programme* was full, when I'd only had twa oranges and a tairt!'

87. '**No place to put it.**'—A very stout lady, on entering an Edinburgh tramway-car found it was very full, but one of the passengers endeavoured to make room for her, saying, 'I am afraid, however, there is little for you to sit upon.' 'Plenty to sit upon,' she brusquely replied, 'but no place to put it!'

88. '**Nobody in it.**'—A Frenchman, residing in London, had such a thorough knowledge of the English language that he rarely made a mistake. Dining one evening at a military mess, one of the officers made a bet with a comrade that '*monsieur*' would not be caught tripping; and so indeed it proved till pretty far on in the *sederunt*, when he was asked what he thought of a particular bottle of wine. 'Fairly good,' he replied, 'but unfortunately there is *nobody* in it.'

*89. **A peculiar succession.**—The wife of a humbly born Plymouth knight was very proud of being called 'Lady,' but expressed great regret that her husband's title would not descend to his *posteriors*!

*90. **Battle of Waterloo.**—A good many years ago, at his annual entertainment in Edinburgh, Mr. Anderson, the 'Wizard of the North,' offered a prize for the best conundrum, which was pronounced to be the following: 'Which British corps did the greatest execution at the battle of Waterloo?' *Answer*—'The Highlanders, because every man had one kilt (the northern pronunciation of *killed*) before the battle began.'

VII

MATRIMONY

THE subject of matrimony has, time out of mind, given rise to many amusing and instructive anecdotes; and if the half of them could be credited, all bachelors and spinsters who have the courage to change their 'condition' ought to be regarded as martyrs. On Dr. Chalmers being told that a certain couple had been married for nearly forty years without an angry word having passed between them, he immediately rejoined, 'How very *flat* their experiences must have been!' It is recorded of a worthy Fifeshire laird—I think a Cheape of Wellfield—that when his health was drunk by a party of friends, on the fortieth anniversary of his wedding, he made some such laconic speech as the following, in returning thanks for the toast: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it is quite true that this is the fortieth anniversary of our marriage, and I can honestly assure you that the honeymoon is not done yet.' In strange contrast to the laird's happy experience, there is a well-authenticated case of a Berwickshire minister and his wife, who, at the end of the very same period, amicably agreed to separate. Few couples reach even their 'silver wedding' without an occasional tiff.

out.—X.’ ‘Married to get even with her mother, but never have.—W.’ ‘Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her.—C.’ ‘The father thought eight years’ courtin’ was almost long enough.—B.’ ‘I was tired of buying ice-cream and candies, and going to theatres and church, and wanted a rest. Have saved money.—J. C.’ ‘Please don’t stir me up.—J.’ ‘Because I thought she was one among a thousand ; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one.—E.’ ‘Because I did not have the experience I have now.—G.’ ‘That’s the same question that my friends ask me.—C. H.’ ‘I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. *P.S.*—She is still opposite.—A.’ ‘Because it is just my luck.—P. J.’ ‘I yearned for some company. We now have it all the time.—KARL.’ ‘Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question ; between multiplication and division in the family, and distraction in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at.—OLD MAN.’ ‘I married to get the best wife in the world.—SIMON.’ ‘Because I asked her if she’d have me. She said she would. She’s got me.—BLIVINS.’

91. ‘**Can ye no’ flype her?**’—Two young Scotchmen were for many years on very intimate terms. One of them went abroad for some time, while the other remained at home and ‘married a wife.’ On the return of the absentee, he dined with the married couple ; and when the lady left the room, the husband cautiously peeped out to see that she was quite out of hearing, quietly locked the door, and, sitting down close beside his old friend, thus addressed him : ‘You and I have been long well acquainted, and I believe you are a thoroughly honest fellow, and always speak the truth. What do you think of my wife?’ The bachelor hesitatingly replied, ‘Well, she’s no’ very bonnie!’ Looking him full in the face, the husband indicated that

not only the truth, but the *whole* truth, must be told without reserve. On which his friend, already complimented for his honesty of character, and seeing that he was expected to make a 'clean breast' of his opinion, frankly said, 'I must acknowledge that she is *desperately ugly*!' 'Right, my dear fellow,' rejoined the husband; 'but listen to this. I'm the happiest married man alive. My wife is amiability, tidiness, affection, economy, etc. etc., personified; in short, I married her not for her *outside*, but for her *INSIDE*!' Overcome by the husband's earnestness, and anxious that the world in general should be enabled to appreciate the latent treasure, the old friend said, in the gravest tone, 'God! man, can ye no' *flype* her?'¹

¹ This anecdote was first told me by my late friend William Scott, mentioned in the Preface to the first edition of the *Budget*. It was greatly appreciated by the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and also by Dr. John Brown.

The word 'flype' does not occur in Burns, and only once, so far as I am aware, in the poems of Allan Ramsay. I am indebted to Lord Stair—who can both tell and enjoy a good story—for a reference to the following passage in Act IV. Scene I of *The Gentle Shepherd*:—

MADGE to BAULDY.

'An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,
Can *flyp* the skin o' yer cheeks out o'er your chin.'

My friend Mr. James Gordon has reminded me of two other passages in which the word 'flype' occurs:—

'When I was a young lad I was a herd and kept the Sisters of the Sheines's sheep (in these days there was a Nunrie in the Sheins besyde Edinburgh), and in my wantonness and pastime I used oft to *flype* up the lids of my eyes.'—Row's *Historie of the Kirk*, Wodrow Society Edition, p. 451.

'Than, quhen they step furth thro' the streit,
Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit,
Thair laithlie lynyng furthwart *flypit*,
Quhilk hes the muk and midding wypit.'

—SIR DAVID LINDSAY in

Ane Supplicatioun against syde taillis.

Laing's Edition of 3 vols., vol. i. p. 131, line 95.

(See also, in Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, under 'Flype' and 'Blype,' of which the *latter* occurs in Burns.)

92. Duncan and Donald.—Two brothers, named Duncan and Donald Campbell, lived together in Argyleshire. After a time Donald went to Glasgow, and they had no intercourse for many years. When at length they met once more, the following conversation took place :—

Duncan. Tonal'd, man, what 's been gaun on wi' ye since we pairted?

Donald. Weel, Tuncan, I've marrit a wife.

Duncan. Eh! that 's gude, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae gude either; she had an awfu' temper

Duncan. Eh! that 's pad, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae pad either; she had a pickle siller.

Duncan. Eh! that 's gude, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae gude either; I bocht a flock o' sheep wi' the money, an' they a' deed.

Duncan. Eh! that 's pad, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae pad either; I sellt the woo for a gude price, an' biggit a hoose wi' the siller.

Duncan. Eh! that 's gude, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae gude either; the hoose was brunt tae the grund.

Duncan. Eh! that 's pad, Tonal'd.

Donald. No sae pad either; *the wife was in't!*

93. 'Coals of fire.'—A Scotch woman who lived unhappily with her husband was advised by her minister to try the effects of kindness, and, in the words of Scripture, 'to heap coals of fire upon his head.' 'I have tried *boiling water* already,' she immediately replied, 'and that has dune nae gude!' ¹

94. The farmer's deathbed.—A Lowland farmer on his deathbed recommended his wife to marry their 'servant-

¹ A good companion to this anecdote, where the *husband* is the aggrieved party, will be found in Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*.

man,' and said that he could not die happily till she promised to do so. 'Oh, guidman,' she replied, 'ye may dee in peace, for Sandy and I have settled that already!'

95. '**As the fool thinks, the bell clinks.**'—The widow of another Scotch farmer, on being offered marriage by her grieve (*Anglicé*, bailiff or manager), asked the advice of the parish minister.

Minister. What is your own feeling in the matter?

Widow. I think I ought to marry him, because he would help me to manage the farm.

Minister. Then, marry him.

Widow. But I fear he may get the upper hand.

Minister. Then, *don't* marry him.

Widow. If I don't marry, I shall be a poor, lonely widow, and everybody will take advantage of me.

Minister. Then, marry him.

Widow. But if I marry my servant, the neighbours will look down upon me.

Minister. I see you won't take my advice; go and consult the Church Bell.

Next Sunday the anxious widow listened very attentively to the Bell, which seemed to her to say, 'Go and marry your man John'; and she married him accordingly, but soon found that John got the mastery and everybody laughed at her. She warmly upbraided the minister for having recommended so treacherous a counsellor as the Church Bell, on which he assured her that she must have mistaken its tones, and advised her to listen to it a second time. She did so the following Sunday, on which occasion she was perfectly satisfied that the Bell said, '*Dinna* marry your man John!'

Moral.—'**As the fool thinks, the bell clinks.**'¹

¹ A counterpart to the first portion of this story is told in Holland—

96. 'Will ye ventur'?'—A Highland minister thus addressed a young couple about to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony: 'Marrach, ma freends, is a blessing to some, a curse to many, and an uncertainty to *aall*. Will ye ventur'?'

The effect of the warning is not recorded; but doubtless both bridegroom and bride were entirely unconvinced.

97. **Marriage congratulation.**—'So our friend Jones is going to be married,' said a common acquaintance to Douglas Jerrold. 'Glad to hear it,' was the immediate reply, with the following qualification, after a few moments' reflection, 'and yet I don't know why I should be glad—the fellow never did me any harm.'

98. 'Canna ye boo, ye brute?'—The minister of a country parish in Scotland was called upon to marry a couple in humble life, and in the course of the ceremony he *thrice* asked the bridegroom whether he took 'this woman' as his wedded wife, without eliciting a reply. At last the patience of the bride was fairly overtaxed, and she thus politely addressed her lord and master, in the hearing of the assembled friends, 'Canna ye boo, ye brute?'¹

99. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus.'—A Scotch minister was sorely kept under by his 'better half,' who placed him and his friends on very short allowance. On one occasion he had a visit from an old acquaintance, and after patiently waiting for his wife's departure, she at length (as he the advice of the Dutch bell being 'Naupit ein mann'—Take a husband. See also Rabelais, who represents Panurge consulting Friar Jean when contemplating matrimony.

¹ This amusing occurrence, in a slightly different form, is recorded in Hanna's *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers*, as having taken place at Buckhaven, in Fife.

thought) retired for the night. She had no sooner left than the henpecked husband exultingly exclaimed, 'I am determined to be Cæsar in my own house!' and at the same time, rang the bell and ordered whisky and hot water. Just as he and his friend were beginning to enjoy themselves, 'my lady' (who had overheard her unfortunate lord's boastful ejaculation) popped her head in at the door and said firmly, 'Cæsar, come to bed!'

100. 'Ye should see HER!'—The late Rev. Dr. John Hunter, the much-loved minister of the Tron Parish, Edinburgh, had a call one morning from one of his many poor parishioners, who said that he had come to ask a favour. On the worthy minister requesting him to specify its nature, he replied, 'Weel, sir, it's to marry me.' 'Very good, John,' the minister said; 'let me know the place, day, and hour, and I shall be at your service.' 'But, sir,' the bridegroom answered, 'it's the noo!' (The bride was waiting outside.) 'Filthy and untidy as you are!—No, no; go home and wash and dress yourself, and then I shall be prepared to perform the ceremony.' 'Bless ye, sir, ye should see *her*!' was the response of the applicant.

101. Much married.—In referring to the *fourth* marriage of a medical friend, the late Dr. John Brown ('Rab') used to allege that, on the lady proposing that the ceremony should take place on a Friday, the bridegroom bluntly expressed a hope that she would not object to a *Wednesday*, as he had been 'accustomed' to be married on that day!¹

102. 'Not môche.'—A foreign gentleman brought an introduction to an elderly Edinburgh spinster, the daughter

¹ In a recent number of *Vanity Fair*, Lord Ellenborough is said to have begun marrying before he was twenty, and, like Rab's medical friend, to have done it four times!

of a distinguished member of the Scottish Bench, who had been led to understand that he was a bachelor. On calling at his hotel, she found him in the company of a stylish female, with whom he appeared to be on very intimate terms. To her pointed inquiry whether he was married, he frankly replied, 'Not mōche!'

103. An Irishwoman's divorce.—A married Irishwoman in New York being anxious to procure a divorce, consulted a lawyer on the subject. On his asking her what evidence she had to justify her proposal, she said, 'Guess my husband's a drunkard, and he frequently bates me.' 'That is not sufficient,' was the reply. 'Can you state nothing further?' After a little reflection, she added, 'It's meeself has a suspecion, amounting to a sartenty, that Patrick is not the fater of me last choild!'

104. A dutiful son.—Very shortly after the death of his first wife, a Scotch laird made arrangements for a second marriage; and on asking his son, a well-known author, to be present on the occasion, the latter replied that 'he regretted he was unable to attend in consequence of the recent death of his mother!'

105. 'Ho, ho! madame!'—In reply to a touching letter from a lady announcing the death of her husband, Talleyrand simply wrote—'*Hélas! madame!*' Not very long afterwards, the same lady wrote to inform him that she had married another husband, an officer in the army, for whose promotion she urgently pleaded. On this occasion the witty statesman's reply was as brief as before—'*Ho, ho! madame!*'

106. 'Won't I?'—A certain English nobleman was so deeply in love with a 'ladye fair' that he resolved to

ascertain whether she was willing to become his wife. He happened to meet the object of his affections at a crowded ball, where, however, in consequence of supposed objections on the part of her relatives, he was unable to dance with her; but in the course of the evening he contrived to slip a fragment of paper into her hand inscribed with the two words, '*Will you?*' Not many minutes afterwards, he received from her, in a similar manner, an equally brief but perfectly intelligible reply in these words, '*Won't I?*'

***107. A sailor's wedding.**—The Vicar of Antony, in Cornwall, while officiating at the marriage of a sailor, put the usual question to the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' On which the jolly tar, assuming a very dignified position, put his arm round the bride's waist, and emphatically replied, 'That's what I be come here for to do, sir!'

***108. A definition of matrimony.**—An old Irish priest while catechising a class of young girls, with a view to confirmation, asked, 'What is matrimony?' on which one of the girls immediately replied, 'A state of punishment in which men are placed for a time, to fit them for a better life.'¹ His curate, who was present, warmly said, 'Put her down to the bottom of the class'; but the priest, with a twinkle in his eye, rejoined, 'Lave her where she is; for aught you or I know to the contrary, she may be in the right of it!'

***109. A hasty marriage.**—A Texas paper, many years ago, reported the case of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by the clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was over-

¹ The answer, of course, applied to *Purgatory*.

taking the party, when the maiden called out to the parson, 'Can't you marry us as we run?' The idea took, and he commenced the ritual; and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action, that he gave the fugitives his blessing.

***110. The solemnity of matrimony.**—A Scotch farmer was lecturing one of his daughters, who was about to be married, on the solemnity of the change of state. 'Yes, father,' she promptly replied, 'but it's a mair solemn thing *no* to be marriet!'

***111. A novel marriage.**—A late distinguished artist began his professional career as a theatrical scene-painter. On one occasion, when perched on the top of a lofty ladder, he happened to drop his brush among a number of dancers who were rehearsing a ballet. He immediately exclaimed, 'I will marry any girl who will restore the lost implement'; upon which one of the young ladies forthwith mounted the ladder, and ultimately became his wife.

***112. A second marriage.**—On the eve of her second marriage, the sister of a late Fifeshire laird and aunt of a living Scotch peer was asked by a lady friend, who was helping to prepare her trousseau, what was to be done with a dozen cambric pocket-handkerchiefs bearing the name of her deceased 'lord and master.' Without a moment's hesitation, she firmly replied, 'Burn Peter C——!'

VIII

HIGHLAND HUMOUR

MUCH has been written on the distinction between wit and humour. Lock defines wit to be the faculty of creating pleasure, and the unexpected discovery of similarities in apparently dissimilar ideas or things; while humour has been described as embracing an element of sympathy and a touch of imagination which enrich the province of wit with a picturesqueness and personal feeling that are not strictly of its own nature. Dean Ramsay tells us that, after reading various learned disputations respecting the metaphysical distinctions between wit and humour, he was not much the wiser; while, on the other hand, Archbishop Trench contrasts them as follows: 'Wit is fireworks, humour sunshine. Humour is much the higher of the two, often intensely tragic, which wit could never be.' In writing to Abraham Hayward, Lady Dufferin said of Samuel Rogers, the poet: 'He was certainly *witty*; it was wit in the strictest estimation of the term; but there was little or no *humour* in him.'

I presume it is now quite unnecessary to disprove the allegation, which used to be so often made on the south side of the Tweed, that the Scotch have

not the faintest sense of either wit or humour. How this could ever have been said of a country that has produced a Smollett, a Burns, a Scott, a Galt, a John Clerk, a 'Delta,' a Peter Robertson, a 'Christopher North,' a Henry Cockburn, a George Outram, a William Aytoun, a Norman Macleod, an Alexander Russel, a Thomas Guthrie, and a Dr. John Brown, is certainly quite unaccountable. Almost every nation on the face of the globe is distinguished by some form of the laughter-raising quality. Thus, the wit and humour of France, Spain, America, England, Scotland, and Ireland, essentially differ from each other; and one nationality is often quite unable to see the point which sends another into fits. Many persons, however, even in Scotland, are still possessed with the belief that, while the Lowland Scot is unquestionably characterised by a large capacity for both wit and humour, neither the one nor the other is ever exhibited, in any form or shape, to the north of the Grampians. The following anecdotes are intended to show the unsoundness of that opinion.¹

113. The race to the hill-top.—The late Robertson of Struan and an English nobleman who rented a shooting in that neighbourhood, happened to meet one day on the moor, and had luncheon together. After the repast, the peer proposed a walking-match with Struan to the summit of an adjoining mountain. The Highlander said that he would have preferred the exercise *before* luncheon, but readily accepted the challenge. Speedily they both started,

¹ In Davidson's *English Words Explained*, *Wit* is thus defined: 'An ingenious combination of ideas expressed in words, so as to give a *pleasant surprise*'; while *Humour* is said to be a *kindly* handling of *peculiarities* in persons or circumstances, so as to raise a *genial laugh*.'

each attended by a gillie, and taking different routes. With great difficulty, Struan and his henchman reached the summit first, and sank down utterly exhausted. The gillie, however, soon recovered himself, and, regaining his legs, proceeded to throw his arms across his chest, as if he was suffering from cold; and on 'my lord' and his attendant arriving shortly afterwards by a different shoulder of the mountain, and expressing surprise that the others had got up before them, Struan's gillie quietly said, 'Yes, indeed, we've been waitin' for ye I dinna ken hoo lang, perishin' wi' cauld!'

114. Gaelic mottoes.—When the Queen visited the Trosachs in 1859, the Laird of Leny had a number of banners bearing legends ('Welcome, Victoria!' etc.) stretched across the road between Callander and Kilmahog. Before her Majesty's return to Callander, some one expressed regret that mottoes had not been inscribed on *both* sides of the banners; on which old James Buchan of Kilmahog humorously replied, 'There's nae need o' that, for the Queen will just think that the English letters, seen through the bunting and read backwards, are Gaelic characters!'

115. 'Coot, but seldom.'—In reply to an inquiry respecting the character of his potato crop, a Highland farmer quaintly said, 'It is ferry coot, but ferry *seldom*.'

116. 'A wee bit shairper.'—Colonel M'Bean, V.C., of the 93rd Highlanders, on being congratulated by the Queen for his bravery at an important crisis of the Indian Mutiny, when he killed eleven rebels with his own hand, thus addressed his royal mistress, 'Please your Ladyship, if *she* [meaning his sword] had been a wee bit shairper, I would have made it a dizzen!'

117. **‘Cooshievaachan in both tongues.’**—The late Mr. Robert Whigham, when Sheriff of Perthshire, had occasion to examine a Highland witness with regard to the signification of ‘Cooshievaachan,’ the name of a mountain ; and in answer to a question on the subject, the Celt solemnly replied as follows : ‘I will explain, my lord ; it is “Cooshievaachan” in the Gaelic tongue, and’ (after a little hesitation) ‘“Cooshievaachan” in the English tongue —“Cooshievaachan” in *both* tongues ; your lordship now understands !’

118. **The consequential piper.**—The late Lord (John) Russell, having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the bagpipes, while in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral, applied to her Majesty’s piper—a fine, stalwart Highlander—and on being asked what kind of article was wanted, his lordship said in reply, ‘Just such another as yourself.’ The consequential Celt, looking as stately and important as possible, calmly rejoined, ‘There are plenty o’ lords like yersel’, but very few sic pipers as me !’

119. **‘Grand accommodation.’**—‘Do you snuff?’ said a Highlander to a passer-by with a fine aquiline nose. ‘No,’ was the laconic reply. On which the native quietly observed, ‘Man, it’s a great peety, for you have *grand accommodation* !’

120. **The liberated snuff-taker.**—After several months’ confinement in the prison of Inverness, an unfortunate Highlander, much addicted to snuff, was liberated, and imploringly asked the first person he met for a pinch, without, however, being gratified. He made a second attempt in another quarter, and was informed by the party applied to that he had a box in his pocket, but that it was,

unfortunately, just cleared out. Unable to wait for a third application, 'For God's sake !' he exclaimed, 'gie me a smell o' your *nose* !'

121. '**A big leer mysel**.'—A learned professor, in the course of a long climb to the summit of a Highland mountain, went out of his way to enlighten the gillie by whom he was accompanied regarding the electric light, telephone, and other modern inventions. As Donald never condescended to give the slightest indication of either interest or wonder, the professor rather warmly expressed his surprise at his silence, on which the Highlander confidentially informed him that he was 'a big leer (liar) himsel' !'

122. **The shepherd's Paternoster.**—An Inverness-shire shepherd was visited every six months by his priest, to whom he complained of his inability to remember his 'Paternoster.' The priest replied, 'I believe you shepherds know each of your sheep by head-mark' ; and on Duncan answering in the affirmative, the priest recommended him to place his sheep in a row, and associate with each of them a word in the Lord's Prayer. Thus, the first in order was to represent 'Pater,' the second 'noster,' and so on to the end of the prayer. In that way, he assured the shepherd, he would easily commit his 'Paternoster' to memory. At his next visit, he asked Duncan how he was getting on? 'Grand, your reverence,' was the reply. 'Let me hear you,' said the priest. *Duncan*—'Pater noster, qui es in cœlo, nomen tuum . . .' 'You're wrong,' said the priest; 'you've missed out a word.' 'Na, na, your reverence,' rejoined the Highlander; "'*sanctificetur*" dee'd last Christmas' !!

123. '**No' ken Colonsay.**'—At a cattle-market in Argyle-

shire, on a native hearing a stranger inquiring for the Laird of Colonsay (father of the late Lord Colonsay), he at once exclaimed, 'No' ken Cōlonsay! just look oot for a man wi' a heid like a bŭll, and a tail like a coo' (referring to his *cuè*)—'that's Cōlonsay!'

124. Colonsay v. Colenso.—The following conversation between two Highland porters was overheard in one of the streets of the Scottish metropolis. *Malcolm*—'So I hear Cōlonsay (*Colenso*) has been writin' against the Revelations!' *Donald*—'Toot, man, it'll be Airchie!' (younger brother of Lord C.).¹

***125. The two ends.**—A Highlander, while passing a farmhouse, was seized in the calf of the leg by a furious bull-dog, on which, taking hold of a 'graipe,' he pinned the animal to the ground. 'Confound you, you Highland blackguard,' exclaimed the farmer, 'could ye no' tak' the ither end o't to the baaste?' 'An' why ta teevil,' Sandy replied, 'did she no' tak' her ither end to me?'

***126. The indignant gillie.**—An English sportsman, after catching a salmon in a Scotch lake, took a pull at his whisky-flask, and repeated the process a second time. On this, his attendant gillie rowed to the shore, and quietly

¹ The following lines speak for themselves:—

'Converted by a sage Zulu,
To doubt whatever once he knew,
Bishop Colenso rarely slumbers;
For pondering on the book of Numbers,
Leviticus he sets aside,
Thinks Deuteronomy no guide,
And says no wrangler's hope of bliss
Can ever rest on Genesis.
Of bulls and goats he counts the noses,
And ends by disbelieving Moses.
The Church, provoked by all this fuss,
Exclaims, 'Pray think of Exodus!'

disembarked. His master having sharply informed him that he still required his services, the Highlander gravely replied, 'Them that trinks by themsel's can fush by themsel's !'

***127. Highland cream.**—A Cockney tourist, while at the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, was highly dissatisfied with the *cuisine*, and said very angrily to the waiter, 'I presume you can give me decent *porridge* !' Some excellent porridge was forthwith produced, along with a jug of milk, which the Londoner thought ought to have been *cream* ; and on his expressing his opinion accordingly, the waiter quietly informed him that he would find the cream at the *bottom* of the jug.

***128. 'Sheeps it wass.'**—A Highlandman emigrated to one of the Colonies, where he was pretty prosperous. Never since he went away had he received any news of his friends ; and, seized by a longing to see the old glen, he found his way home. Walking up the glen, he met a man whom he recognised as an old schoolfellow. 'Eh ! Hamish,' said the latter, 'is this you back again ?' 'Ay, man,' he replied, 'I've jist come hame to see ma faither and the auld glen ; hoo is ma faither ?' 'Did ye no' hear ?' said the other. 'No ; what is't ?' he asked eagerly. 'He wass hangit ten year syne,' was the reply. 'It wad be sheeps ?' said the colonist. 'Ay, sheeps it wass !'¹

***129. Aurora borealis.**—On the occasion of the first visitation of cholera in this country, a death occurred from the malady in an island on the Argyllshire coast. A local

¹ Formerly, in Scotland, sheep-stealing was regarded as a capital offence.

laird happened to meet a friend who had heard of the death, and wished to know the cause. 'Can you tell me,' he asked, 'what Sandy Mactavish died of?' 'Yes,' responded the laird; 'he was carried off by that awful new disease, the Aurora Borealis!'¹

¹ When the malady in question first appeared in this country, it was usually called 'Cholera *Morbus*.'

IX

IRISH WIT

IN a preceding section (VI) I referred to the blunders or bulls of the Irish; but there is a very special kind of wit with which Paddy is properly identified, which, without embracing anything approaching to inconsistency or contradiction, is highly provocative of laughter. Sir Walter Scott was very much struck with the quality in question. 'I gave a fellow a shilling,' he says, on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat'; to which the immediate response was, 'May your honour live till I pay you!' As other good examples, I venture to point to the following illustrations.

130. **'Whose faalt will it be?'**—A former Dean of Kildare was accosted on the public road by a beggar-woman, accompanied by heaps of ragged children, who thus addressed him: 'Och, your riverence! give a poor widowed wumman and her ten sturving orphans something to break their fast wi'.' As the Dean passed on unmoved, she warnly added, 'For the love of God, for the sake of the blessed Saviour, give me some help!' On this the Dean solemnly rejoined, 'My good woman, however poor you may be, you ought not to take God's

name in vain,' and as he paused to illustrate his remark, she immediately exclaimed, 'And whose fault will it be, your reverence, if I have taken His name *in vain*?' Overcome by her humorous reasoning, the Dean at once gave her a shilling, and with difficulty restrained a smile.¹

131. 'And you've a look of him.'—Several years ago, an Irish navvy thus addressed Sir Charles Anderson, in one of the eastern counties of England: 'So I hear you're an Anderson. Lots of Andersons down in Sligo. There's John Anderson, and Thomas Anderson, and William Anderson—and very liberal with his money, too, is William Anderson, and he's only a chandler!' quietly adding, after a pause (during which he carefully watched the influence of his appeal), 'and you've a look of him!' The result was the gift of a sovereign.

132. The cheap trunk.—On a trunk being exposed for sale at an auction of furniture at the Cross of Edinburgh, an Irishman said to a fellow-countryman, 'Why don't you buy the trunk, Pat? it's going dirt cheap.' 'Why should I buy it?' rejoined the other. 'To kape your clothes in, to be sure,' was the reply. 'And go naked?' said Patrick.

133. Chalk wanted.—Travelling several years ago on the top of a stage-coach in Ireland, the late Mr. P. S. Fraser heard the guard suggest to the driver that he had better put on the drag, as they were approaching a steep descent. 'I'll try it without,' said Jehu; 'hold on hard,

¹ 'It is in our perorations we shine in Ireland. "May the blessing of the Almighty Father follow your honour all the days of your life," whined the old hag, as she trotted after the gentleman; and then seeing at last that her entreaty had not moved him, she added, "*and never overtake you!*"'—'Cornelius O'Dowd' in *Blackwood*.

gentlemen,' and forthwith gathering up the ribbons, started his horses at a rapid pace. 'Have you a bit of chalk about you?' said a native fellow-passenger to Mr. Fraser, who indignantly asked what on earth he could want chalk for at such a time. 'I was just thinking,' Paddy replied, 'that some of our legs and arms are likely to be flying about before we reach the bottom of the hill, and that it would be desirable for every man to mark his own, for the purpose of identification.'

134. Lord Sayton's carriage.—When the Earl of Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the celebrated Peninsular hero, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, attended a ball at Dublin Castle. On one of the servants being requested to ask for his lordship's carriage, the cry was passed down the line in the usual way for 'Lord Seaton's carriage,' until, by the natural action of the Irish tongue, it became transformed into 'Lord Sayton's carriage,' but without any response being obtained. At length one of the linkmen, in an interval of silence, shouted out, 'The divil's carriage,' and forthwith the vehicle drove up to the entrance.

135. 'Faith! it rains everywhere.'—In the course of a very wet day, a humorous Irishman suggested the following as a free translation of a friend's motto, 'Regnat ubique fides'—'Faith! it rains everywhere.'

136. Paddy's visit to the Pope.—On meeting one of his labourers looking rather gloomy, an Irish squire asked an explanation, and Pat informed him that he had had a strange dream. 'I dreamt,' he said, 'that I had been to Rome, where I went to see the Pope, who received me most kindly, and inquired what I would like to drink. "A little whisky and hot water," was my reply, on which

his Holiness rang the bell, and a very pretty waiting-maid forthwith appeared, whom her master instructed to bring the requisite materials. Before they arrived, however, I awoke, and severely reproached myself for not having asked for *cold* water, having thereby lost my expected drink.'

137. Faith, Hope, and Charity.—One of the sons of the late Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, was once conversing on a farm in East-Lothian with a party of Irish labourers, when one of their number, Barney by name, wished him 'good morning,' and expressed a hope that he would treat them to some liquor, quickly adding, 'Now, boys, what will ye have?' On the young Englishman good-naturedly suggesting that it was a wholesome thing to live in *Hope*, and also to exercise a little *Faith*, Barney immediately replied: 'But, please your honour, what's the use of Faith and Hope without *Charity*?'

138. 'Change here for purgatory!'—In the smoking room of an Atlantic liner, where an American, an Irishman, and a University Professor happened to be present, the Yankee proceeded to tell a concocted story to the following effect: That in a certain nameless region the inhabitants had become so unruly, that, all other penalties having failed, it was resolved that the worst of them should be sent back to earth on a tour 'personally conducted' by Mr Cook. The Irishman exclaimed, 'My dear sir, your information is not up to date, for since that proposal was made, a railroad has been constructed in the locality in question. The train is under the charge of an angel inferior to Gabriel, who at a certain junction steps on to the platform and calls out—'Catholics change here for Purgatory; Protestants keep your seats!'

139. An Irish will.—An elderly gentleman, who knew

something of law, lived in an Irish village where no solicitor had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of arranging the disputes of his neighbours and making their wills. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his gate, and putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. 'It's me, your honour, Paddy Flacherty; I could not get a wink of sleep, thinking of the will I have made!' 'What's the matter with the will?' said the amateur lawyer. 'Matter, indeed,' replied Pat,— 'shure I've not left *myself* a three legged stool to sit down upon!'

140. The curse of whisky.—Preaching to his flock on the evils of drink, an Irish priest, in the course of his sermon thus addressed them: 'Whisky, my brethren, is a curse, a terrible curse; it makes you bate your wives, starve your children, shoot at your landlords; and worse than all, my brethren, it makes you *miss* them too!'

141. Hibernian logic.—An Irish gentleman was lately asked by a friend what his countrymen really wanted in the way of social reform. 'That's more than they themselves can tell,' he replied; 'but they're *determined to have it!*'

142. A united couple.—An Edinburgh doctor, while attending an Irish labourer, prescribed quinine and whisky. On asking his patient, a few days afterwards, if he had duly partaken of the medicine, Barney replied, 'Bedad! sorr, I did. Biddy and I being *one*, I gave *her* the quinine, while *I* took the whisky!'

143. A new order of architecture.—The Irish Parliament Houses—one of the most beautiful structures in the

kingdom—were originally of the Ionic order, but as the Lords desired a separate entrance, the architect was directed to construct the Corinthian portico which now faces College Street, Dublin. He was intensely disgusted at being compelled to introduce a new style into a building which was universally admired ; and, while superintending the work, a wag accosted him and inquired to what order of architecture the edifice belonged. ‘The order of the *Lords*, and be d——d to them !’ was the indignant reply.

144. Paddy’s sword.—‘What have you under your coat, Paddy Jaselin?’ asked Judge Cady. ‘Nawt a bit av et, Yezonner!’ ‘Not a bit of what?’ Pat said nothing, but gave a wink that would have stuck a cable car on a down grade. ‘What’s under that coat?’ ‘Me soard, sorr ; shure Oi’ll show yezz Oi’m a soard swal’r!’ ‘Let me see it quick!’ and the judge took the sword, pulled the cork out, smelt it, tasted it, and drained it to the very last, and then smacked his lips. When his honour stopped pulling, he looked down at Paddy, who was paralysed with astonishment, and with a smile that was worthy of a cherubim, he remarked, ‘There, Paddy, is the scabbard ; you may go.’

145. The main chance.—Curran once said to his friend, Father O’Leary, ‘Reverend sir, I wish you were St. Pether.’ ‘Why so?’ inquired the priest. ‘Because,’ said Curran, ‘if you were St. Pether, you would have the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and maybe you would let me in.’ ‘Oh, bedad!’ rejoined Father O’Leary, ‘that’s what ye’re afther, is it? Maybe it would be better for you if I had the keys of the place below, and then I might let you *out*.’

146. Turning the tables.—The fifth Marquis of Waterford, who was much addicted to practical jokes, greatly

annoyed the railway officials by his invariable practice of travelling in a third-class carriage. On one occasion the station-master contrived to put a chimney-sweeper in beside his lordship, in the hope of compelling him to leave the compartment; but the Marquis speedily turned the tables upon the official, by supplying his sable companion with a first-class ticket, of which he duly availed himself.

***147. Coward *u.* Corpse.**—In the course of an examination connected with the Parnell Commission, an Irish witness was asked why he had behaved in a very cowardly manner on a certain occasion, when a countrywoman was seriously assaulted during a riot. ‘I would rather,’ he replied, ‘be a coward for five minutes than a *corpse* during the rest of my life!’

***148. ‘Marchioness’ defined.**—The Marchioness of——, when visiting a school in the north of Ireland, asked a class of girls whether any of them could define a ‘Marchioness.’ One of the girls forthwith replied as follows: ‘Common Noun, female of Markiss!’

***149. ‘Paddy Stack.’**—The sum of half a crown was presented to Captain Stack, an officer in the Sherwood Foresters—the old 45th—who was very ugly, and he was told to keep it until he should meet a man uglier than himself. When seated one day at mess, in India, an army doctor appeared, whom the Captain—commonly known as ‘Paddy Stack’—thus addressed: ‘Allow me to give you this half crown, which I was told to keep until I should meet an uglier man than myself, and, by Jove, *you* are the ugliest man that I have ever come across!’

***150. An Irish argument.**—While the Mademoiselles Charbonnier of Paris were residing in New York, their

Irish cook asked for a rise of wages. As she was liberally paid, they objected to the proposal. 'Ah! ladies,' she said, 'you forget my three poor children.' 'Never heard of them before—where are they?' inquired Miss Charbonnier. 'Two of them are in heaven,' said the cook, 'and one with its grandmother in Ireland!'

***151. Mrs. Mahoney's pig.**—'Oh! Pat,' said the priest, 'and what do you think will be your feelings at the Day of Judgment, when you meet Mrs. Mahoney and the pig you stole from her, face to face?' 'Does your Reverence think the pig will be there?' 'Ay, indeed, will he, and what will ye say then?' 'I shall say, your Reverence, "Mrs. Mahoney, dear, here's the pig that I borrowed of ye; and I am mighty glad to have this opportunity of restoring him."'

***152. Cat and mice.**—An Irish farmer, who had been corrupted by reading liberal books, refused to pay his priest's dues. 'No, he wouldn't; the priest might turn him into mice, if he could, and said he would do, but he denied his power, and would not give him sixpence.' The farmer remained contumacious and victorious; but infidel as he was, when night drew on, he said to his wife: 'Biddy, don't you think you had better lock up the cat?'

***153. Irish bluster.**—An Irishman abroad, after boasting of the lofty position of his family, on noticing that his listeners seemed somewhat sceptical of his statements, appealed to a fellow-countryman as follows: 'Sure, Pat, I did not come out here on account of *want*?' 'No,' replied his friend, 'you had plenty of that at home!'

***154. A weight standard.**—An Irishwoman who sold

potatoes used a pair of tongs, weighing two pounds, as her scale weights. Wishing to sell *one* pound, she placed one leg only of the tongs in the scales as a perfectly sufficient standard.

***155. A provident parent.**—An Irish labourer called upon the registrar at Greenock to record the birth of a child. After this was completed, he coolly remarked: ‘The child’s very poorly, sir, and I may as well register its death while I am here, to save myself the trouble of coming back again.’ The registrar assured him that this was impossible, and the provident parent took his departure.

***156. Home rule.**—The news of Mr. Leveson-Gower’s election for Sutherlandshire, in 1900, had been broken gently to two well-known inhabitants of Helmsdale—one a native of the ‘Emerald Isle’ and a Home Ruler, the other a hot pro-Boer. ‘Never moind,’ said the undaunted Irishman, ‘we’ll git Home Rule for Oireland yet!’ ‘Ach,’ said the other disappointed one, ‘Home Rule for hell.’ ‘Yis, yis, to be sure, my frind; ivery man for his own counthry.’

***157. A theatrical ‘call.’**—The drama of Sophocles, entitled *Antigone*, which was revived in London several years ago, was also performed in Dublin. At the end of the play there was a loud and general ‘call’ for the author; and the manager was obliged to come before the curtain and beg that Sophocles might be excused, as he had been dead for upwards of two thousand years!

***158. Married and single.**—When railways were first introduced into Scotland, an Irishman was seen hanging about the Glasgow booking-office, quite at sea as to how

he should apply for a ticket. A young girl came up to the window and planked down a piece of money, saying 'Maryhill (Mary Hill), single.' On this 'Pat' took courage, and followed her example, crying out, 'Patrick Murphy, married.'

*159. 'Qui va la?'—'Qui va la?' 'Je,' says I, 'for shure don't I spake their language!' 'Où est votre lanterne?' 'Elle est sortie,' says I, 'because, you see, *she* had gone out upon me.' 'Comment?' says he. 'What?' says I. 'Comment?' says he. 'Well, if that's the way with you, *Come on,*' says I, 'and with that I *sthruck* him.'

*160. **Hibernian Correspondence.**—The following note from Earl Granard to the adjutant of the Langford Militia, of which his Lordship was Lieutenant-Colonel, is a characteristic specimen of Hibernian correspondence:—

'HEAD QUARTERS, ATHLONE.

'DEAR ———,—I send you three recruits, of which I keep two to mend my side wall, which are masons—Rattigan and Flannigan—Rattigan's a tailor.—Yours, etc.,

'GRANARD.'

*161. **A pedestrian expedition.**—Two Irishmen walked from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and by the time they reached the fourth milestone from the 'western metropolis,' one of them showed signs of knocking under. Upon this, the other consoled the weary pedestrian by saying: 'Och! Pat, that's only two miles to the piece of us.'

X

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND

MOST of the anecdotes illustrative of the characteristics of the natives of the three component parts of the United Kingdom are pretty well known. Upwards of thirty years ago, I embraced a number of them in a published lecture on the nationalities, entitled 'Cakes, Leeks, Puddings, and Potatoes.' The following additional examples will probably be new to a good many readers. The subject has been incidentally referred to in the remarks prefixed to Section V.

The ubiquity of the Scot has long been proverbial. At the annual Scotch dinner, on St. Andrew's Day, held at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, it used to be the practice to invite as guests, the three Governors-General, the three Commanders-in-Chief, and the three Chief-Justices, provided they were not Scotsmen. On one of these occasions, upwards of fifty years ago, it so happened that *all the nine* were Scotsmen, and accordingly no complimentary invitations were issued.

162. The pastry-cook's window.—An Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman were once admiring a pretty girl through the window of a pastry-cook's shop. 'Let's

go in,' said Pat, 'and treat her to a glass of wine.' 'No,' interjected John Bull; 'let us go in and buy something.' 'Naething o' the kind,' added the canny native of Caledonia; 'we'll just gang in and ask for cheenge for half-a-croon!'

163. Scotland and duty.—When Nelson's famous signal was hoisted, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' two Scotsmen happened to be standing by. One pulled a long face, and said, 'Ech, Sandy! there's naething there about puir auld Scotland.' 'Hoot, man,' Sandy replied, 'Scotland's bairns dinna need to be *told* to do their duty. It's only a hint to thae sluggish Englishers!'

164. The three negroes.—Three negroes in one of the West India islands happened to be in the respective employment of English, Irish, and Scotch masters.

No. 1 said, one day, 'My massa Englishman—very good massa!'

No. 2. 'My massa Oirishman—very good massa!'

No. 3. 'My massa Scottishman'—but before he could indicate his estimate of his employer, the two others simultaneously held up their hands, saying, 'Hush!' meaning thereby, '*You* need add nothing more; we know that *you* are sure to be well looked after!'

165. Devotions in a storm.—During a storm at sea, three sailors representing the three united nations had recourse to very different devotional expedients. The Scotsman offered up an appropriate extempore prayer; the Irishman had his prayers to the Virgin and countless saints by heart; the Englishman wandered through the ship in search of a Prayer-book, and did not succeed in finding one until the storm was over.

166. The 'dirty divil.'—In a mixed Sunday-school class of English, Scotch, and Irish girls, the Rev. Mr. Blatch, formerly incumbent of the Episcopal chapel at Perth, failed to obtain an explanation of the expression 'unclean spirit.' At length, a bright-eyed native of the Emerald Isle, on being pressed for an answer, replied, 'Sure, your riverence, it's the very same as a *dirty divil*!'

***167. Pat and the Devil.**—An Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman fell under the power of the Evil One, who condemned all three to be hung, but allowed them to select the tree on which the suspension was to be effected. While the Englishman chose an oak, and the Scotchman a pine, the Irishman selected a *gooseberry bush*. On the Devil waving his hand, the three selected objects duly appeared, and the representatives of England and Scotland were forthwith strung up. When it came to the Irishman's turn, his Satanic Majesty walked round the bush and said, 'I am afraid it is not tall enough'; on which Pat exclaimed, 'Och! bedad, I'm in no hurry, I can just wait till it grows!'

***168. 'Worse and worse.'**—An Irishman, walking along a London street, was startled by hearing a voice above him crying, 'Lousy Scot, Lousy Scot.' 'I'm not a Scotchman; I'm an Irishman,' he retorted. On looking up, he discovered that the speaker was a *parrot*. 'Worse and worse,' shrieked the bird.

XI

AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL INCIDENTS

AS already indicated, our American cousins have a quaint way of looking at things, which is peculiar to themselves. Most of them are rather inclined to estimate almost everything by its *bulk*, regardless of the elements of proportion and beauty; and the enormous magnitude of the natural features of the 'far West'—the rivers, the lakes, and the mountains—is very apt to suggest comparisons, when an American visits countries in which the scenery is on a smaller scale. A late friend of my own, after returning from his first trip to America, used to say that even the *sunsets* looked larger than in Europe! We all know the story of the Yankee at Vesuvius, who, on being challenged to produce anything in his native country equal to the smoking mountain, promptly replied: 'I reckon that we have a tarnation big waterfall (Niagara) which would soon put that furnace out!' The humour of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and other American writers has always struck me as being intensely amusing; and in the case of Mark Twain, the combination of fun and pathos is a very remarkable characteristic. Probably none of

his compositions illustrate my assertion more strikingly than *The Innocents Abroad*, which I prefer to the *New Pilgrim's Progress*.

Several of my Continental illustrations relate to *France*, to which country, by the way, it has been said that the Scotchman must go for one-half of his proper reputation. 'The Frenchman sees little but his romantic side. To him the *Écossais* is a sentimental figure—the old soldier of fortune of the King's Guard; the *bon philosophe* of Scaliger; the man eager in argument and proud of blood of Erasmus.' Possibly, moreover, the associations connected with our old alliance with France help to make a Scot more easily appreciate the *esprit* of the French than his English neighbour. As recent literary examples of that *esprit*, Amiel, in his remarkable *Journal Intime*, refers to About and Doudan—the subtlety, *verve*, and *aplomb* of the former, and the wit, grace, and imagination of the latter, who, in some respects, reminds him of Joubert.

169. The unpaid newspaper.—A well-known citizen of New York was addicted to the practice of neglecting to pay for his daily newspaper, notwithstanding frequent solicitations on the part of the publisher, who at length conceived the idea of inserting a short paragraph relative to the *death* of his customer, describing him as most exemplary in all the relations of life, but unfortunately subject to the peculiar weakness of never paying for his newspaper! The indignant citizen rushed to the office, and was somewhat surprised to find that none of his friends whom he met *en route* showed any astonishment at his 'resurrection.' On demanding an explanation, the publisher quietly said

that he had presumed he must be dead, as no notice had been taken of his numerous appeals for payment, slyly adding, however, that the paragraph in question had only appeared in the 'dead man's' own copy! The debt was thankfully paid on the spot.

170. '**What have you been doing?**'—John van Buren, the celebrated lawyer, and son of the President of the United States, was one day eating oysters in a tavern, when a friend reproachfully said to him, in reference to a very bad case in which he had recently been engaged: 'I don't suppose there is any case so disreputable that you would not take it up!' Van Buren contemplated him in the most indifferent manner, and coolly said, 'Well, now, what have *you* been doing?'

171. **A game at écarté.**—One of two Yankees playing at *écarté* said to his opponent: 'Very strange indeed! What *can* have become of three of the four knaves?' 'Not in the least strange,' said the other, 'considering that I have one up my shirt-sleeve, while you have two in your boot!'

172. '**Are ye ready?**'—A German and an Irishman happened to arrive together at a small roadside inn in the north of Spain, after a tedious journey and a very long fast. All that the waiter was able to produce in the shape of food was a tiny beefsteak, not much larger than a five-shilling piece, the division of which between two starving travellers was pronounced by both of them to be an absurdity. Accordingly it was speedily agreed that, seated *vis-à-vis* at a small table, each of them should fix his teeth in the coveted morsel, on the understanding that whichever succeeded in pulling the piece of meat out of his rival's mouth should be entitled to the *whole*. After firmly fixing his grinders, and without even opening his lips, Pat said to

Mein Herr, 'Are ye ready?' 'Ya,' was the immediate response; and as the pronunciation of that monosyllable implied the opening of the German's mouth, the Irishman became the possessor of the entire steak.

173. The double-bedded room.—At a late hour on a winter's night, a traveller arrived at a country inn in the United States and asked for quarters. The landlord informed him that he could not possibly accommodate him, as his house was quite full. The traveller remonstrated, calling 'mine host's' attention to the fact that he was a stranger in the locality and that snow was falling fast. Moved by his entreaties, the landlord said that on the third floor there was a room with two beds, on one of which a lady was lying, but she was very quiet and would not disturb him. He requested his visitor to open the door gently and slip into the bed nearest the door, making him give his word of honour that he would not approach the other one. About an hour after the traveller had retired, all the inmates of the house were aroused by a loud noise, and on the landlord endeavouring to ascertain what was wrong, he found the stranger leaning over the banister and shouting out: 'For goodness' sake, landlord, come up with a light at once!' 'What's ado?' was the response. Again the traveller urged the landlord to come up forthwith, adding, in great excitement, 'the woman's *dead*!' 'You darned fool!' rejoined the shivering and irritated host, 'I am perfectly aware of the fact, and that was why I made you promise not to go near the other bed.'

174. 'No followers.'—The wife of an American colonel, residing in the country, was in want of a cook. A good-looking young woman called upon her with excellent recommendations, and the lady was greatly pleased with the girl's appearance. She told her, however, that it was a

rule in her establishment that there should be 'no followers.' 'Madam,' the young woman replied, 'do not be uneasy on that point: I am a quiet, domesticated person, and never allow men to be a-bossing around me.' The girl entered upon her duties, and for several weeks gave the greatest satisfaction to her employers. At length, however, a friend one day remarked to the colonel that the cook was a very pretty girl. 'True,' rejoined the colonel, 'and she is as good as she is good-looking!' 'That may be,' said the friend, 'but she has an admirer.' On the colonel expressing his disbelief of the allegation, his friend warmly assured him that it was as he said. Accordingly, the colonel resolved to keep a good look-out; and one evening, while prowling around the house, he observed a mysterious figure steadily approaching, and was forthwith confronted by a tall, handsome young man. 'Who are *you*?' inquired the colonel; 'I suppose you've come a-courting.' 'Yes, colonel,' said the stranger, quite unabashed, 'I *am* a-courting.' 'And may I ask,' rejoined the colonel, 'to whom you are paying your addresses?' 'To your cook, Sarah,' was the reply. 'Indeed!' answered the colonel, somewhat taken aback by the visitor's coolness; 'I thought you might be after one of my daughters.' 'No, colonel,' said the stranger, 'I did not think of that; but as I am not too far gone on Sarah yet, if you have anything better upstairs to offer me, I don't mind throwing her over!'

175. Speaking to one's self.—'I reckon,' said a Yankee, 'that I like to speak to myself for two reasons: 1st, because I like to speak to a sensible man; and, 2nd, because I like to hear a sensible man speak to me!'

176. In the 'circus line.'—Dining at a Continental *table d'hôte* along with his son, a late well-known clergyman of

the Scottish Episcopal Church, residing in *Royal Circus*, Edinburgh, was thus addressed by an irrepressible Yankee : ' Reckon your boy is an acrobat ? ' As the parson was at a loss to understand the question, the man of the ' far West ' added : ' You 're in the *circus line*, ain't you ? ' It turned out that the American had noticed that the address on the clergyman's baggage was ' Royal Circus, Edinburgh,' and he jumped at the conclusion that he was a rival of Astley and Cooke.

177. An incident of Gettysburg.—As Colonel Gordon, one of General Lee's cavalry officers at the battle of Gettysburg, was riding at the head of his regiment, in pursuit of a flying column, he suddenly came upon a Northern general, lying on his back in a field, severely wounded. Gordon at once pulled up his horse and dismounted, in order to attend to the poor sufferer, whom he greatly relieved by slightly altering his position. He then inquired whether he could be of any further service to him ; on which the wounded soldier asked him to take a bundle of his wife's letters from an inside pocket, and to read her latest one aloud. As he read the cherished epistle, the tears rolled down the cheeks of the sufferer, who requested Gordon to destroy the entire packet before his eyes. After thanking him for his humanity, and urging him to join his regiment, the wounded man stated that he was General Barlow, and that his wife was about four miles distant from the spot where he lay. Gordon undertook to communicate with her without delay, if he should finish his pursuit uninjured ; but as blood was freely flowing from a gunshot wound in Barlow's back, Gordon came to the conclusion that he had not many hours to live. In the course of the afternoon, he succeeded in finding Mrs. Barlow, who at once proceeded to the field in which her husband lay, as Gordon believed only to find him dead.

Several years afterwards, Colonel Gordon was asked by a friend in New York to dine with some military acquaintances, one of whom happened to be a General Barlow. Knowing that there were *three* generals of that name in the Northern army, Gordon asked him whether he was acquainted with the General Barlow who fell at the battle of Gettysburg? '*I am the General Barlow who was supposed to have fallen in that engagement; and may I inquire whether you are related to the Colonel Gordon who acted so kindly towards him?*' '*I am the man himself,*' he replied; on which the two warriors warmly embraced each other, amidst the sympathetic tears of the ladies and gentlemen present.¹

178. Beauty and bulk.—In the autumn of 1869, I happened to meet a most agreeable family from New York—father, mother, and two remarkably pretty daughters of about fourteen and eighteen respectively—in the steamer on the Lake of Geneva; and in the course of conversation, the younger daughter asked me whether there was not some very beautiful scenery in my native land? 'Yes,' I replied, 'but our lakes and mountains are not on so large a scale as those of Switzerland, although as beautiful in their way'; adding, by way of practical explanation mingled with a touch of sentiment, 'You are Scotland, and your elder sister Switzerland!' The compliment was gracefully acknowledged, as well as duly appreciated; and it is almost unnecessary to add that the 'man of the North' and his two youthful fellow-travellers were sworn friends during the rest of the journey.

179. Tastes differ.—A warm discussion recently took

¹ This interesting incident was narrated to me in London, by Colonel Gordon, in the summer of 1882.

place between a Texas man and a denizen of one of the Eastern American States as to the merits of their respective 'locations.' After the Texas man had boastfully expatiated on the advantages of his place of abode, the other quietly rejoined: 'Wall, my friend, if I were the possessor of both Texas and *Hell*, I'd let Texas, and live in Hell!'

180. Fiery red.—On a bitterly cold day, a man with a head of bright red hair entered an American church, when one of the worshippers held his hands over the fiery locks, as if warming them at a fire. The officiating minister was so tickled by the occurrence that he was unable to proceed with the service.

181. A flattering estimate.—An English lord, who visited America, was at a dinner given in his honour. A little daughter of his host, who was too well bred to stare, but who eyed him covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally ventured to remark, 'And you are really and truly an English lord?' 'Yes,' he answered pleasantly, 'really and truly.' 'I have often thought I would like to see an English lord,' she went on, 'and—and——' 'And now you are satisfied at last?' he put in laughingly. 'N-o,' replied the truthful little girl, 'I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed.'

182. The poet and the fool.—Piron, the French author, having been arrested by a night watchman in the streets of Paris, was taken on the following morning before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession. 'I am a poet,' was the reply. 'Oh, ho! a poet, are you?' said the official; 'I have a brother who is a poet.' 'Then we are quits,' rejoined Piron, 'for I have a brother who is a fool!'

183. An ingenious prohibition.—A theatrical manager at Brussels lately posted up the following notice: ‘Only middle-aged and elderly ladies are allowed to wear hats in the stalls.’ The device has proved highly successful, and no lady now indulges in a hat. English managers please copy.

184. Tom Thumb and Lablache.—A French lady, from the provinces, came to Paris to see the diminutive General Tom Thumb, who was holding formal levees, but for some reason failed to find him. On her next visit to the capital, she resolved not to be disappointed, and, on inquiry, learned that he was residing at the Grand Hotel. Thither she accordingly went; and on asking for the number of his room, was duly informed, but by some mistake was conducted to the apartment of Lablache, the famous singer, whose dimensions were elephantine. When the door was opened, and the occupant of the room appeared, the lady looked up to him, and said, ‘Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur, je me suis trompé. Je viens ici chercher M. le Général Tom Pouce.’ ‘Eh bien! Madame,’ responded Lablache, ‘je le suis.’ ‘Mais, Monsieur,’ rejoined the lady, ‘je vous croyais tout petit.’ ‘Oui, Madame,’ said the other; ‘c’est vrai, au théâtre je suis tout petit, mais chez moi je me mets à mon aise.’

185. Dumas’ vanity.—In allusion to the vanity of his swarthy father, Dumas *fils* once said, ‘I verily believe that he would sit behind his own carriage, in order to persuade the public that he kept a black footman!’

186. The Pope on Dr. Pusey.—In the course of an interview with Pio Nono, Dean Stanley was asked by ‘his Holiness,’ in French, ‘How is Dr. Pusey?’ The Dean

thought the question was, '*Êtes-vous épousé?*' (bad French) and replied in the negative. The Pope repeated his question more distinctly, and received a proper answer. He then said, 'Dr. Pusey has been the means of sending a good many of his countrymen into '*the Church*'; but he is like a church-bell—he sends in others without going himself.'

187. '**Give him mine.**'—Towards the close of a very long funeral oration, a French preacher said: 'What place shall I assign to the worthy deceased? Was he the greatest of apostles? Ah, no! that place belongs to St. Peter. Was he the greatest of saints? Ah, no! that place belongs to St. Augustine. Was he the greatest of philanthropists? Ah, no! that place belongs to St. Francis.' With the view of cutting short the series of interrogations, a wearied listener exclaimed, as he left the church, 'Give him *mine*!'

188. **A German duel.**—At one of the German universities, a young and somewhat nervous student was particularly anxious to be connected in some way with a duel, but acknowledged that he was very much afraid of the risk. His friends determined to have a 'lark,' and accordingly informed him that two of his fellow-students had resolved upon a hostile meeting, and that one of them was in search of a 'second.' The young fellow having readily agreed to act in that capacity, was told that it was the peculiar practice of their university for the *seconds* to fire the first shot. He felt that he could not consistently decline the post which he had so eagerly accepted; and with fear and trembling took up his position, pistol in hand, at the appointed place and hour, *vis-à-vis* to the other second. Both fired their weapons, the other man

falling to the ground as if mortally wounded, while the hero of the tale escaped uninjured. At this unfortunate crisis the authorities appeared upon the scene, and arrested the supposed murderer, who was formally committed for trial. During his incarceration, he was informed that, on his paying a considerable sum to the funds of a charitable institution, he would probably be liberated; and having at once agreed to do so, no further proceedings were taken. It is almost unnecessary to add that both pistols were only loaded with gunpowder.

189. The law of compensation.—During a sojourn on the Riviera, I paid a visit with my late lamented friend, John Pennington-Legh,¹ to the Roman remains at Frejus. After passing under a low arch, I said to the local guide, who was of very short stature, that it was a nuisance to run the risk of knocking my head² against such places, while smaller men passed through in perfect safety. ‘Ah, monsieur!’ the little Frenchman replied, ‘what an advantage you have over such as me at the time of the fig-gathering!’³

¹ See Dedication in first and second editions of the *Budget*.

² My height being 6 feet 5 inches.

³ This appears to be a proverbial expression in the south of France.

Some years previously I spent a night in the hospitable monastery of the Great St. Bernard, where I arrived at a very late hour. After partaking of supper, specially prepared for me, I was conducted to a roomy chamber, in which were three large beds placed in a continuous line against the wall; and on going into the breakfast-room the following morning, the old monk who presided at the table courteously inquired if I had enjoyed a comfortable night’s rest. I replied that, on arriving at a Continental hotel, I invariably asked for a long bed; ‘but St. Bernard,’ I added, ‘had been considerate enough to furnish me with no fewer than *three*!’ intending the follower of St. Augustine to imply that, in order to have a complete stretch, I had occupied them all. The monk quite understood the joke, and indulged in a hearty laugh.

190. Norwegian honesty.—In the summer of 1874, along with my late friend Dr. Hayward, I paid a visit to Norway, and, in the course of our tour, we drove in carriages from Lillehammer to Holmen, *en route* to Trondjheim and Tromsö. We arranged to pay the post-boy (*skydskar!*) at the end of each stage alternately, and on my proceeding to do so, I tendered a wrong note to the boy, amounting to something like sixteen shillings above the proper fare. Hayward, who knew something of the coinage, at once noticed the mistake, and the proper payment was duly made; but my friend suddenly remembered that *he* had made a precisely similar mistake at the end of the previous stage! About six weeks afterwards, while we were sitting in the *matsal* of the Britannia Hotel, Trondjheim, on our return from our northern journey, the waiter informed us that a man from Holmen wished to see us. This proved to be a postboy of the owner of the carriages for which the overpayment had been made, and who then and there reimbursed the astonished travellers!

191. The salvation of 'mon mari.'—A few years ago, a Scotch lady who usually spends the winter at Cannes, happened to travel in the Riviera train with a Frenchman and his *femme*. Madame at once began to give a full account of herself and her husband; and, among other things, said that the gaming-table at Monte Carlo had proved the salvation of her *mari*. The lady ventured to say that she had often heard of *opposite* results, and asked for an explanation. 'You see, Mademoiselle,' she replied, 'my husband was long connected with the Stock Exchange, and when he gave up business, he required some moderate excitement, and it occurred to me that a little quiet gambling, on a strictly limited allowance, would be of great service to him, and so it happily proved. After a time, however, he got tired of the Casino, and being fond of

horticulture, I purchased an acre of unreclaimed ground and set *mon mari* to cultivate it. When this was accomplished, I bought another acre, which he now has in hand, and is perfectly happy.' The meek and amiable husband listened to his fond partner's narration without making a remark !

192. 'Working men's ladies.'—In Auckland, New Zealand, grapes grown under glass cost about three shillings and sixpence a pound. A poor clergyman's wife, with a sick husband, was tempted by some beautiful bunches in a shop-window, but she laid them down with a sigh, when the shopman mentioned the price. "'Tisn't the likes of you,' he said, 'that can afford them grapes ; we keep them for the working men's ladies !'

193. The land of St. Columba.—The late Rev. Dr. John Macleod of Govan, in the course of an Italian tour a few years ago, had some conversation with a priest, who inquired from what part of the world he hailed. On his stating that he was a Scotchman, the priest excitedly exclaimed, 'The land of St. Columba !' poetically ignoring the intermediate usurpation of Knox, Chalmers, and Company.

194. Piety and business.—The following is the copy of a circular said to have been issued by a commercial firm in Bombay a few years ago : 'Gentlemen, we have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet, and Malwa 1500 rs. per chest. "O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?" We are, Yours faithfully, R. and W. H——.'

195. 'Great illumination.'—In the course of a journey from Philadelphia to New York, in 1871, Mr. Andrew Williamson, of Moray Place, Edinburgh, had a chat about horses with an American fellow-traveller. 'Guess I've got a horse,' said the Yankee rapidly, '2.40 [two minutes forty seconds] on the plank [road], 3 on the mud, head up, tail over the dash-iron, never turns a hair, both ends good, and goes with great illumination !'

196 An American wine critic.—At a friend's dinner-table, an American was asked his opinion of a particular bottle of claret. 'Would have been excellent,' was his reply, 'but for that solitary drop of water that the butler left in my glass !' A countryman sitting near him immediately said, 'Wall, my friend, perhaps you will be able to inform us whether the wine was decanted during the day or by gaslight ?'

197. The inconsolable widow.—In one of his notebooks Hawthorne refers to a tomb with a recumbent figure, in Worcester Cathedral, erected by a young widow to her husband, with an inscription of passionate grief, and a record of her purpose finally to sleep beside him. He died in 1803. 'I did not see on the monument,' he says, 'any record of the consummation of her purpose ; and so perhaps she sleeps beside a second husband.'¹

¹ The young Countess of Perth, daughter of the first Earl of Winton, erected a handsome monument to her husband in Seton Chapel, bearing the following touching inscription :—

' Instead of epitaphes and airye praise,
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame, and, after death,
Her bodye doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his till God's shrill trumpet sound ;
Thogh tyme her lyf, no tyme her love can bound.'

At the risk of destroying the sentiment, it must be stated that, in less than three years, she found a second husband.

198. In *de* middle.—A Frenchman calling upon a friend in London, was informed by the maid that her master was ‘not *up* yet.’ A few days afterwards he called again, and the maid told him that master was ‘not *down* yet.’ The Frenchman was puzzled, and said that he would call once more if the girl could inform him when master would be ‘in *de* middle!’

199. A New York character.—A great many amusing stories are told of the late William Riggins Travers, banker and broker, and father of the American turf, whose wit was enhanced by an impediment of speech approaching to a stutter. He one day paid a visit to some slum in search of a ratting terrier. The dealer in dogs, not content with vaunting the merits of a particular animal, and asking an exorbitant price, thought fit to exhibit the dog’s combative qualities by putting it in a pit along with a rat. The rat promptly killed the terrier; upon which Travers, who had done but little talking, sagely said, ‘S-s-say, sonny, wha-wha-what’ll you take for the *rat*?’

***200. An Erie steamboat.**—On another occasion, Travers had an interview, on board a steamboat, with James Fisk of Erie fame. The vessel was run in connection with Erie, or one of the other schemes of the celebrated ring, and the cabin was gorgeously decorated with painted panels. Quoth Fisk to his friend: ‘I’ve got my likeness on this panel and Gould’s on the other, but I don’t know who to put in the middle one.’ Travers promptly replied: ‘Pt-pt, put Je-Je- (meaning Jesus), Jim.’ ‘Why?’ said the astonished Fisk. ‘Be-be-be-because th-th-then he’d be between *two thieves*.’¹

¹ Travers died in the Pembroke parish of Hamilton, Bermuda, in March 1887.

201. A far 'keeker.'—A few years ago an old English colonel was travelling by rail somewhere in France, *vis-à-vis* to a French lady. As the train was passing close to a river where the colonel saw, as he conjectured, some girls bathing, he ventured to remark upon the indelicacy of the proceeding, on which the lady said, 'They happen to be boys, sir.' 'Pardon me, madam,' the Englishman rejoined; 'I perceive that your eyesight is much better than mine.'

***202. Tall for his age.**—An American mother travelling in France offered a half-fare ticket for her son, who lacked several months of the full-fare age. The collector looked suspiciously at both parent and child. 'Your son, is he under seven, madam?' 'He is, monsieur.' 'Your son is very large for his age, madam.' 'He is, monsieur.' 'Your son is altogether too large for his age, madam,' snapped the man, exasperated at the American's coolness. 'Oui, monsieur, that may be,' retorted the mother calmly; 'he is not French, you see.'

***203. A Turkish Lady Missionary.**—Yankee girl: 'Mad? I should say I did come home mad! I shall never again go out as a missionary to the Turks.' Omaha lady: 'Would they not listen to your arguments?' 'Oh! they listened respectfully enough; but when I talked to one of them about the sin of having so many wives, what do you think the brute said?' 'I am sure I don't know.' 'He said if Turkish women were like me, *one* would be sufficient.'

***204. The wife of an aeronaut.**—On célèbre une mariage dans une Mairie Parisienne, et l'officier de l'état-civil donne lecture des formules sacramentelles. 'La femme,' dit-il avec solennité, 'doit suivre son mari partout.' 'Oh!

monsieur le maire,' s'écrie la mariée, 'faites-moi changer cela, je vous en supplie . . . mon mari est aéronaute.'

***205. Rational advice.**—A medical professor of Christiania, after spending a few days in one of the hotels at Drammen, was horrified by the extravagant charges in his bill, which he paid with considerable reluctance. Before his departure, the landlord had the impertinence to ask him whether he could suggest any means of his getting rid of the rats which infested the premises. The professor quietly replied: 'Just present them with a bill similar to mine, and they will never again come near you!'

***206. Change of occupation.**—A merchant in New York was for years so slavishly devoted to business that he had hardly any intercourse with his family. He ultimately became bankrupt, and resolved to abandon commerce. His friends were somewhat anxious as to what might be the result of his want of occupation; and at last one of them waggishly suggested that he could not do better than employ his time in making the acquaintance of his wife and children.

***207. A Cornish American.**—A young American girl of Cornish descent, in alluding to her English ancestors, described them as follows: 'My *back-numbers* lie in St. Dominick churchyard.' (Near Launceston, N. Cornwall.)

***208. 'Lost sheep.'**—A missionary preacher called at a farmhouse in America, and on the farmer's wife inquiring the object of his visit, he replied that he was looking for 'lost sheep.' She immediately called out to her servant: 'John, bring that old black ram that strayed into our yard the other day; here's a man looking for lost stock, and perhaps it is one of his.'

***209. The converted cannibal.**—‘Am I to understand,’ inquired a new American missionary of a converted cannibal, ‘that my predecessor was eaten by the congregation?’ The convert replied as follows: ‘Well, we do not put it in that way now—we say that he obtained a snug appointment in the Department of the *Interior*—it sounds better, but it feels the same!’

***210. Strong language.**—A clergyman and a Yankee were staying at a hotel which was so full that they were obliged to occupy the same bed. In the morning—which happened to be Sunday—the parson heard the American using such strong language that he said, ‘Friend, this is not the way to begin the day, cursing and swearing.’ On which the Yankee replied as follows: ‘I calculate, stranger, that if you had put the softest part of your foot on the working end of a tin tack, you would not say the “Lord’s Prayer” before breakfast.’

***211. Cabby and snail.**—While driving in a London ‘hansom,’ which was going very slowly, a Yankee opened the little window in the roof of the cab, and asked the driver whether he had seen a *snail*. On the driver answering in the affirmative, his passenger replied: ‘Wall, I guess you have met one but never passed it!’

***212. ‘God only knows.’**—A German author was asked what was the ‘drift’ of a book which he had written several years previously. ‘When I wrote it,’ he replied, ‘both God and I knew what it meant—now God only knows!’

***213. A kind Providence.**—In a serious railway accident, the only passenger who escaped was an American, who was miraculously saved by lighting upon some soft grass

where the train was wrecked. On being asked what his sensations were on the occasion, he replied that he had only time to reflect as follows: 'If Providence wishes to step in, now's the time; and Providence (he added) kindly did so.'

***214. Bismarck's humour.**—One morning the German chancellor went out shooting with a friend. Crossing a field, the friend slipped and fell in a morass, in which the more he moved about the more he sank. 'Help me, Count, help me, or I shall die!' he cried; and in fact he had sunk almost up to his neck. Bismarck calmly replied: 'My good friend, it is impossible; I should die likewise, and this would be of no advantage to you. Rather than see you thus suffer, it would be better if I shot you through the head.' So saying, he took aim with his gun, and said, 'Keep still, for the love of God, or I may miss you!' The poor man, terrified, made a last effort, and jumped so high that he was saved. Turning to him, the chancellor said: 'You see, my dear friend, I was right; you have got out of the mire without me, as I should have been obliged to commit suicide to liberate you.'

***215. Heaven or Hell.**—After the sermon in an American church, the customary intimation was made that all who wanted to go to heaven should rise up. All present rose to their feet except one young man, who sat pretty well back on the outskirts of the audience. Those who desired to go to heaven sat down. Then all who wanted to go to hell were requested to rise, and the mysterious young man was eyed with a good deal of interest. Still he sat as quiet and composed as a stone. The minister went to him and asked why he did not rise in either

instance. 'Well,' replied the husky son of toil, 'I don't want to go anywhar ; Fremont 's good enuff for me.'

***216. Dramatic rivalry.**—At the annual dinner of the 'Clover Club,' Philadelphia, John MacCulloch and Charles Thorne, two rival actors, were called upon to sing a song or tell a story. Thorne having told his story with a slight hit at MacCulloch, the latter rejoined by narrating a recent dream of his having gone to heaven, where he was asked by St. Peter to indicate his profession. 'MacCulloch the actor,' was the reply. 'No actors are admitted here,' said St. Peter. Looking inside, he noticed his rival, Thorne, and naturally referred to the circumstance. On which St. Peter rejoined : 'Charlie Thorne is no actor !'

***217. Bohemians defined.**—A Polish Jew—Stranski by name—who fancied that he could play the piano, was one day passing in front of the Club at Kimberley, where some of the members happened to be sitting, when one of them said : 'Don't laugh, I am going to ask Stranski a question.' 'Of what nationality are you ?' he inquired. 'A Bohemian,' was Stranski's reply. 'Ah !' said his interrogator, 'All Bohemians are either musicians or thieves, and we all know that you are not a musician !'

***218. A crafty firm.**—A draper's firm at San Francisco, having an overstock of goods, advertised a clearance sale at very low prices. A few days after the sale began, one of the two partners sued the other for exposing the articles at too low a figure, alleging that they were not realising cost price. This induced the public to flock to the sale, where they purchased freely at good prices. The cost of the litigation was paid by the firm, and the result was highly satisfactory.

***219. 'Any Questions ?'**—At a free-and-easy political

meeting in Australia, after the speeches had been delivered, the chairman asked whether any one wished to put any questions; on which an individual at the back of the hall rose up, and found his way to the platform. He was summarily knocked down by a bludgeon; and the chairman quietly inquired whether any *other* gentleman, etc.

***220. A mysterious announcement.**—The famous ambulance league of Florence, known as the ‘Brothers of the Misericordia,’ once posted a notice in four different languages, of which the English version took the following mysterious form: ‘The Brothers of the Misericordia harbour all kinds of diseases, and make no account of religion.’¹

***221. American Heraldry.**—An English diplomatist sent his London chariot to a coachmaker’s, during his residence in New York. On calling some time afterwards to ascertain why the vehicle had not been returned, he was somewhat astonished to discover his ancestral shield and crest prominently figuring upon half a dozen Yankee gigs and dog-carts; and having asked for an explanation, he was immediately informed, with the most perfect *sang froid*, that ‘the pattern seemed to be very much admired!’²

***222. ‘True patriots.’**—In the old days of ‘transportation’ to Van Dieman’s Land, a number of convicts got up an amusing play in the prison, the prologue of which concluded with the following lines:—

‘True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country *for our country’s good.*’

¹ Another notice in the *Cambio* at Perugia declares that ‘for future every visitor shall purvey himself with a *thicket*.’

² From the author’s *Scottish Heraldry*, p. 182.

***223. Death of the Duke of Orleans.**—A singular connection between the dates of some of the most important occurrences in the history of France was mentioned to me by a French lady, with whom I travelled from Soissons to Paris, the day after the melancholy death of the Duke of Orleans, in July 1842, which, about ten years afterwards, I contributed to *Notes and Queries*. The dates are as follows :—

1794—Period of Robespierre.

1
7
9
4

1815—Waterloo.

1
8
1
5

1830—Revolution.

1
8
3
0

1842—Death of the Duke of Orleans.

By following the same principle of addition, the next great national event appeared to be in store for 1857. Of course the superstitious reader must shut his eyes on 1848.

***224. ‘Non-producers.’**—At an important baptism in St. Peter’s (Rome), in which something like a hundred ecclesiastics took part, two English travellers joined the crowd which the ceremony attracted. An American standing close by accosted them with these words: ‘I’m told that there are fifty thousand of these “gentry” in Rome—all non-producers.’

***225. Death on a platform.**—A number of Americans

were met together, and to pass the time it was proposed that each should tell how his father died. They all related the nature of the paternal 'exits' except one, who sat still and said nothing. A call was made upon him to speak up, when he gravely said: 'My father was addressing a vast multitude of people on a *platform*, when all at once the platform gave way, and he broke his neck!'

***226. Evening dress.**—At an audience at the Vatican, an American lady appeared in a low evening dress, which is contrary to etiquette. The Pope (Leo XIII.) sent a Cardinal to remonstrate with her, and he thus addressed her: 'The Pope, madam, is rather old-fashioned, and dislikes seeing any lady in evening dress. I, on the other hand, who have spent six years of my life as a missionary among the cannibals, am quite used to it!'¹

***227. Polyglot inscription.**—The following inscription, written with charcoal, once appeared on the white-washed wall of a continental hotel:

'En questa casa trovarete
Tout ce que l'on pourrait souhaiter
Vinum, panem, aquam, carnes,
Coaches, horses, dogs, and harness.'

***228. Accident et Malheur.**—In the year 1866 the Emperor Napoleon was discussing the difference between *accident* and *malheur*, which he thus illustrated: 'Supposons que mon cousin le Prince Napoleon tomboit dans la Seine, ce servirait un *accident*; mais si quelqu'un le retirait de la rivière, ce servirait un *malheur*.'

¹ See *Guardian*, Nos. 116 and 118, 24th and 27th July 1713; and *Looker-on*, No. 54, 25th May 1792.

***229. Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon.**—Louis Philippe came to the throne:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 1830 \\ \text{Born } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 7 \\ 7 \\ 3 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1848 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1830 \\ \text{Birth of Queen } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 7 \\ 8 \\ 2 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1848 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1830 \\ \text{Married } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 8 \\ 0 \\ 9 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1848 \end{array}$$

Louis Napoleon became Emperor:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 1852 \\ \text{Born } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 8 \\ 0 \\ 8 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1869 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1852 \\ \text{Birth of Empress } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 8 \\ 2 \\ 6 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1869 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1852 \\ \text{Married } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \\ 8 \\ 5 \\ 3 \end{array} \right. \\ \hline 1869 \end{array}$$

***230. Alexander v. Napoleon.**—When the allies entered Paris, the letter A, meaning Alexander, was—probably by the Russians—made to supersede the N for Napoleon; and the calembour of the day was: ‘Autrefois il y avait des Nmis (ennemis) partout, maintenant il n’y a que des Amis.’¹

***231. The two graces.**—A number of Roman ecclesiastics, among whom some rivalry existed, were assembled at table. A Benedictine, to whom was assigned the duty of saying grace, employed the old Latin form, ‘Benedictus benedicat.’ At the close of the meal, a Franciscan friar was called upon to return thanks, and, jealous of the honour of his patron saint, made use of the somewhat startling words, ‘*Franciscus franciscat.*’

***232. ‘Clean, cauld watter.’**—Some Scotch ladies,

¹ From Sir John Bowring’s *Biographical Recollections*, p. 148—a book not very generally known.

exploring a part of Italy almost unknown to the ordinary traveller, found the inhabitants of a little mountain town engaged in celebrating a *festa*. As they entered the church, a priest was proceeding slowly down the nave, sparkling 'holy water' upon the kneeling congregation. To their amazement, the voice of the celebrant was heard proclaiming, in broad Scots: 'It's na but¹ clean, cauld watter; if it dis ye nae gude, it'll dae ye nae hairm!'

***233. A pithy correspondence.**—The following correspondence took place, a good many years ago, between a New York newspaper-man resident in Brooklyn and the Rev. H. W. Beecher: 'Dear Mr. Beecher, you made an ass of yourself yesterday.—Yours truly, John Smith.' 'Dear sir,' the parson replied, 'the Lord saved you the trouble of making an ass of yourself by making you an ass at the beginning, and "His work stands sure."—H. W. Beecher.

¹ 'Na but' = only—much the same as 'naething but.'

XII

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH LAWYERS

IN Lockhart's *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, Kay's *Portraits*, Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*, and Scott-Moncrieff's *Scottish Bar Fifty Years Ago*, numerous anecdotes are preserved of the Scottish lawyers of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the last century, including Lords Monboddo, Braxfield, Eskgrove, Hermand, Balmuto, Polkemmet, and Eldin—Andrew Crosbie, Robert Forsyth, Matthew Ross, and John Wilson. The latest, and perhaps the last, genuine humorists of the Parliament House have passed away in the persons of Lord Robertson, Sheriff Logan, Lord Neaves, and Professor Aytoun, all of whom, except Lord Neaves, make their appearance in the following anecdotes. Probably more good stories are told of John Clerk (Lord Eldin)¹ than of any other Scottish lawyer, but most of them are too well known to require repetition. The excessive propriety of these later days, and the tendency of every man to be as like his neighbour as possible, seem to be rapidly extinguishing everything in the

¹ Like his friend Sir Alexander Moncrieff of Culfargie, the author can count kin with Lord Eldin, through the Clerks of Penicuik.

shape of idiosyncrasy ; and in the Parliament House, as elsewhere, any approach to originality of character is already a thing of the past. On that account, I believe my illustrations will be all the more acceptable.

234. The lost 'hoose.'—Going home at an early hour on a summer morning, after a prolonged carousal with some boon companions, John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin) asked a girl who was washing the door-steps of a house in the street in which he lived, whether she could tell him where Mr. Clerk 'bides'? 'You're Mr. Clerk yoursel', she at once replied. 'I ken that fine,' said the humorous advocate, 'but I canna find his hoose.'¹

235. A Gaelic story.—During a stage-coach dinner in the Highlands, where a Gaelic minister and several ladies happened to be of the party, Peter Robertson (afterwards Lord Robertson) undertook to show his acquaintance with the Gaelic language by proposing that the minister should tell a story in that tongue, which he would afterwards translate into English. When the parson had finished a somewhat elaborate narration, the lawyer coolly said that the story was so very indecent that he could not venture to repeat it in the presence of the ladies!

236. A free translation.—On another occasion, at a public dinner in the west of Scotland, Robertson made a similar profession of his perfect knowledge of the Gaelic language (of which he really knew nothing), and offered to

¹ In contrasting his judicial designation with the title of Lord Chancellor Eldon, John Clerk used to say that the difference was 'all in my eye!' (*i*). For no fewer than *four* portraits of John Clerk, see Scott-Moncrieff's *Scottish Bar Fifty Years Ago*.

translate his speech, if Sir Reginald Macdonald of Staffa would favour the company with an oration. The baronet at once complied ; and when he had concluded, Robertson got upon his legs and greatly amused the party with a *very free* translation, which caused great annoyance to the indignant chieftain.

237. The averted duel.—In addition to his Gaelic personations, Peter Robertson occasionally attempted the imitation of Irish character. One of his sallies of the latter description gave great offence to an excellent Irishman, the late Sir Edward Lees, who held the post of Secretary in the Edinburgh Post Office, and who, after a jovial night in the company of the witty advocate, sent him a hostile message on the following morning. ‘Peter’ at once replied : ‘I willingly accept your challenge—time of meeting, to-morrow evening at six o’clock—place, your dining-room—weapons, knives and forks’ ; and accordingly he duly waited on his friend at dinner, stated truly that he had no recollection whatever of the alleged offence, and the misunderstanding was speedily adjusted.

***238. A Scottish Pole.**—Peter Robertson once happened to arrive at the house of a friend, where a dance was going on, along with a well-known Scotch distiller. On the servant saying to the lawyer, ‘Whom shall I announce?’ he immediately replied, ‘Mr. Robertson and Count *Caskowhiski*.’

239. The bul-bul.—On a young lady asking for information regarding the *bul-bul* mentioned in a well-known song, Lord Robertson readily replied, ‘I presume he is the mate of the *coo-coo*’ (cuckoo).

240. Heart and pulse.—In a protracted ‘multiplepoint-

ing' case in the Court of Session, in the course of which a large portion of the 'fund *in medio*' had been spent in the relative proceedings, Lord Ivory thus addressed Mr. Logan (Sheriff of Forfarshire), counsel for one of the two competing claimants: 'Don't you think, Mr. Logan, that before going further in this unfortunate litigation, you ought to *feel the pulse* of the other party with a view to a compromise?' The Sheriff, in allusion to an unsuccessful attempt in the direction indicated by the judge, immediately replied, 'Where there is no heart, my lord, there is no pulse!'

241. 'Mr. Beveridge's NOES.'—The same humorous advocate, when pleading at Lord Cunninghame's bar in a case which involved numerous points of form, on some of which he ventured to express an opinion, was repeatedly interrupted by old Beveridge, the judge's clerk—a great authority on matters of form—who had the misfortune to possess a very large nasal organ, which literally overhung his mouth. 'No, no, no,' said the clerk, as the Sheriff was quietly explaining the practice in certain cases. On which Logan, somewhat nettled by the blunt interruption, coolly replied, 'But, my lord, I say "yes, yes, yes," in spite of Mr. Beveridge's *noes*!' (nose).

242. Cromwell and the Pretender.—'How is it, Logan,' said his brother advocate, the late John Hall Maxwell, C.B., to the Sheriff of Forfarshire, 'that I never look at you without thinking of Oliver Cromwell?' 'I really can't say,' replied Logan; 'but how does it happen, on the other hand, that I never look at *you* without thinking of the *Pretender*?'¹

¹ One of the best stories relative to Logan embraces an amusing account of his experiences at a patients' ball at Morningside Lunatic Asylum, but it is too well known to require repetition.

243. A plea in mitigation.—Some years ago, after a man had been found guilty of bigamy at the Perth Circuit Court, his counsel addressed the Bench in mitigation of punishment, pleading the frequency of the crime as a palliation. When the youthful advocate had finished his address, Lord Cockburn thus addressed his brother judge: ‘I don’t know, my lord, what may be your opinion, but it appears to me that the learned counsel’s statement ought to be regarded as the very opposite of a plea in mitigation; and seeing that the crime of bigamy is so common, instead of six months’ imprisonment, I think we ought to give *eighteen!*’ Sentence accordingly.

244. The prosy dean.—*Apropos* to the prosiness of a former Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, a humorous living judge remarked that ‘he not only exhausted time, but encroached upon eternity!’

245. ‘Papa hates Whigs!’—At a dinner-party at the house of the well-known Sir John Sinclair, Lord Corehouse (George Cranstoun) happened to be among the guests, and on Sir John’s youngest daughter—a girl of nineteen—ascertaining his lordship’s politics in the course of the conversation, she abruptly said to him, ‘What! are you a *Whig?* Papa *hates* Whigs!’ Instead of turning off the remark with a joke, the learned judge was very much disconcerted.

246. Hell and heaven.—Baron Cockburn, the father of the well-known Scotch judge, during his residence at Caroline Park, near Edinburgh, while driving out to dinner one evening, was severely shaken by the carriage wheel striking against a large stone close to the lodge, and he instructed the gate-keeper to make a point of removing it before his

return. This, however, he neglected to do, and, as ill luck would have it, the wheel *again* came into collision with the stone, as the Baron was returning home. He called for the gate-keeper, and after a severe reproof, told him to 'go to hell!' The man quietly answered, 'I think, my lord, I wad be mair oot o' your lordship's way if you were to send me to heeven!'

247. The three 'estates.'—The same old worthy used to say that he came into the world with 'three *estates*,'—that he very soon got rid of one of them, namely Cockpen, in the county of Edinburgh; but that he still possessed the two others—*Sin* and *Misery*.

248. A heavy fire insurance.—A living Scotch judge, who is celebrated for his epigrammatic observations, said of a recent munificent contribution to the funds of a certain Church, that it was 'the heaviest insurance against fire on record!' The late manager of a Scottish fire office, who happened to be present when the remark was made, offered the following comment: 'Possibly, my lord; but you will admit that cases occur where the premium scarcely covers the risk!'¹

249. 'I to the HILLS,' etc.—The same learned judge, when one of the Lords Ordinary, had a somewhat heavy roll of business, partly owing to a vacancy on the bench having been kept open longer than usual. At last a new colleague was appointed, who, like the one immediately before himself, assumed as his designation a title termin-

¹ This anecdote recalls the following still more severe remark of a well-known living English lawyer to a successful brother barrister: 'Why should you work so hard with no one depending on you? Besides, you can't take your gold with you when you die; and if you could, it would all be melted!'

ating in 'hill.'¹ When the appointment was announced, the witty senator gratefully quoted the first two lines of the 121st Psalm:—

‘I to the *hills* will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid!’

250. The Scriptural period.—On a still more recent occasion, he happened to congratulate an octogenarian on his healthy and vigorous condition, when the old gentleman said, in a somewhat doleful tone, that he had more than fulfilled the Psalmist's ‘Scriptural period.’ On which the judge reminded him, by way of encouragement, that as King David had led a pretty fast life, he was probably a good deal influenced in his reflections by individual experience.

251. The gooseberry text.—The genial Henry Cockburn, when a rising young counsel at the Scottish bar, was in the habit of spending a few days (which usually included Sunday) with his friend Mr. Wauchope at Niddrie,² in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Mr. Wauchope was somewhat particular with regard to his family's regular attendance at church; and one Sunday, when he himself stayed at home, the young advocate started for the parish kirk along with one of the laird's handsome daughters. On their way, they strolled into the garden, where they were so beguiled by the gooseberry-bushes that the time slipped away, and they abandoned the idea of going to church. At the dinner-table, Mr. Wauchope asked his daughter to tell him the text; and when she failed to do so, he

¹ Lords *Craighill* and *Curriehill*.

² Ancestor of the brave and lamented General Wauchope. Cockburn alludes very touchingly to his happy days at Niddrie, than which ‘Eden was not more varied.’—*Memorials of his Time*, p. 17.

appealed to Cockburn, who readily replied as follows: 'The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat!'

252. 'Canty wi' MAIR.'—At one of the Edinburgh dinners of the Ayrshire Club, Mr. Ludovic Mair, one of the Sheriff-Substitutes of Lanarkshire, who is of rather short stature, was called upon to propose the toast of the 'Ayrshire lasses'; and after alluding to the honour that had been conferred upon him, he happily said that, 'provided his fair clients were prepared to be "contented wi' *little and canty wi' mair*," he had no compunction in performing the agreeable duty!'

253. A heraldic dilemma.—In the year 1849 a heraldic dispute (*Cuninghame v. Cunyngham*) between an heir-male and an heir of line was very elaborately debated before Lord Robertson, who, at the commencement of the case, announced that he was not particularly conversant with some of the many mysteries of the 'noble science' of Heraldry, and that counsel would therefore require to give him every assistance in his endeavour to pronounce a just judgment. The rival pleaders were Cosmo Innes and Mark Napier; and during an eloquent speech by the latter (who had incidentally mentioned that the family had at one time carried red lions, and at another white horses, as supporters), the judge gravely inquired what the successful litigant proposed to do—'Did he intend to place the red lions on the white horses' backs?'

254. The false quantity.—Charles Erskine—Lord Tindal, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk—was in his younger days a teacher of Latin in the University of Edinburgh. On one occasion, after his elevation to the bench, a young

advocate, in arguing a case before him, used a false Latin quantity, whereupon his lordship good-naturedly said, 'Are you sure, sir, you are correct in your quantity?' The young counsel was nettled by the question, and petulantly retorted, 'My lord, I never was a schoolmaster.' 'No,' replied the judge, 'nor, I think, a scholar either!'

255. 'With the author's compliments.'—After Miss Jane Wilson had indicated her willingness to become the wife of Professor Aytoun, she requested him to ask her father's sanction. The Professor, however, suggested that *she* would be the better medium; and accordingly she forthwith found her way to 'Christopher North's' study and anxiously solicited the paternal approval. Without making any remark, the old gentleman wrote a few words upon a scrap of paper, which he pinned to the back of his daughter's dress and told her to show it to her suitor. She hastily returned to the room where she had left him, and where he eagerly read aloud the following pleasing announcement: 'With the author's compliments!'¹

256. A Romish pervert.—A late member of the Scottish Bar became a Roman Catholic in his advancing years, and, like many perverts, held very extreme and uncharitable opinions. Walking up and down the Parliament House one forenoon with a moderate Free Churchman—the late Hugh Lyon Tennent,² afterwards Sheriff-Substitute at Greenock—the pervert warmly exclaimed, 'I would rather go to h—l with a Roman Catholic than to heaven with a Presbyterian!' 'My dear fellow,' Tennent calmly rejoined, 'I don't think you will have much choice

¹ In the first edition of the *Budget*, the point of this anecdote was entirely lost, owing to a stupid blunder in transcribing it for the press.

² The 'Anthony Whaup' of Aytoun's *How I became a Yeoman*.

in the matter, as I believe that the locality of your future abode is already pretty well settled.'

257. Brougham's challenged decisions.—When pleading, as a young advocate, at the bar of the House of Lords, a late eminent occupant of the Scottish bench ventured to challenge some early judgments of the House, on which he was abruptly asked by Lord Brougham: 'Do you mean, sir, to call in question the solemn decisions of this venerable tribunal?' 'Yes, my lord,' the pleader coolly replied; 'there are some people in Scotland who are bold enough to dispute the soundness of some of your lordship's *own* decisions!'

258. The contradictory postscript.—The late Sir Archibald Alison, in the capacity of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, had occasion to write to the secretary of a public department regarding a somewhat delicate legal question, and the opinion which he indicated in the body of the letter was completely contradicted in a postscript!

259. The judge's portrait.—A late distinguished Scotch judge, when sitting for his portrait, was asked by the artist what he thought of the likeness. His lordship immediately replied, 'Don't you think you might put a little more dislike to Gladstone's Irish Bills into the expression?'

260. The toast of 'The Navy.'—The late James Macnigh, Writer to the Signet, once unexpectedly found himself called upon to return thanks for the Navy at a public dinner. After some highly humorous remarks, he said, in a very serious strain, that he was at first very much at a loss to comprehend why he, a lawyer, should have been called upon to respond to such an honourable

toast; but after a little reflection he was pleased to remember that he was 'the fortunate owner of the fourth part of a share of a *canal boat*!' ¹

261. 'Quite the reverse.'—A gentleman already referred to, the late Mr. Thomson, Sheriff of Caithness—commonly called 'Bobby Thomson'—sometimes indulged in horse exercise, but was not particularly distinguished as an equestrian. One day, in the course of a ride, he had a rather bad fall; and on a lady inquiring if he had hurt his head, jauntily replied, 'Oh no, ma'am! quite the *reverse*!' ²

262. The lawyer's mansion.—The wife of a recently deceased senator of the Scottish College of Justice overheard the following conversation between two working men respecting a spacious mansion in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh: 'Wha's hoose is that?' 'I dinna ken the name, but it belongs to an Edinburgh lawyer.' On which the first speaker remarked, 'I'se warrant there's mony a puir bodie's walth in that beeldin'.'

263. Darkness rather than light.—The Sheriff-Substitute of a certain Scottish county was married to the very plain-looking daughter of a Scottish peer; and shortly after their union, when they retired for the night, one of the

¹ On a similar occasion, when Mr. Mackie, the well-known baker, and a member of the Edinburgh Town Council, was in the same position, he informed the company that in early life he had been a 'middy,' but was induced to leave the warlike profession 'in order to become a *piecemaker*!' Among the humbler classes in Scotland a bit of bread is frequently called 'a piece.'

² Dean Ramsay mentions the case of a slater who fell from the roof of a house in Perth, and gave a similar *sang froid* reply to an anxious inquirer.

servants overheard the bridegroom say to his bride, 'For God's sake, Molly, put out the light!'

264. A canny bridegroom—A learned Scotch advocate, who died a few years ago, after securing the affections of a young lady and agreeing to marry her, heard a rumour that a tendency to insanity was a characteristic of her family. He forthwith told her, confidentially, that something in the form of mental derangement had been exhibited by more than one of his *own* 'forebears,' in the hope that his lady-love might be induced to back out of her engagement. Instead of doing so, however, she quietly said, 'Pray, William, don't make any apology with regard to such a trifling matter, seeing that subjection to "lunar influences" has, for generations, been a distinctive feature in my family!'

265. The General and the Judge.—Some little time ago, a Scottish General and an occupant of the Scottish bench happened to meet at a dinner-party, when the soldier informed the judge that his weight was between fourteen and fifteen stones. The senator stated in reply that he was little more than one-half of that weight, on which the General promptly and happily rejoined: 'The difference is easily accounted for by the fact of your lordship putting all your weight into your learned judgments!'

266. 'I'll thank ye for tuppence!'—The late James Simpson, advocate, author of *A Visit to Waterloo*, and an enthusiastic phrenologist and physiognomist, was in the habit of examining the heads and faces of his servants before engaging them. Riding on one occasion in the country, he obtained a ticket at a toll-bar, with the view of *clearing* another through which he expected to pass. Before reaching the second bar, he happened to lose the

ticket ; and on mentioning the occurrence to the keeper—an old woman—in the belief that she would be quite satisfied with his statement, she rather bluntly indicated her incredulity. Throwing the reins on his pony's neck, he warmly said to her, 'Now, my good woman, just take a look of me, and tell me whether you think I look like a man that would cheat you for the sake of twopence?' Eyeing the lawyer from head to foot, she quietly held out her right hand, saying, 'I'll thank ye for tuppence!'

267. Conflicting evidence.—When the late Sheriff of Aberdeenshire (Mr. Guthrie Smith) was Sheriff-Substitute at Forfar, the relatives of a deceased wife raised an action against her husband for recovery of a chest which had formed part of her 'tocher.' Proof was led by the claimants to show that, on her deathbed, the deceased had said 'Im-hm,'¹ in answer to a question from her husband as to whether or not he was to restore the chest to her relatives. The husband, on the other hand, swore that the response of his late partner was 'huheca!' her voice having been perceptibly raised, in an offended tone, at the last syllable, so as to indicate a very decided 'No.' The decision was against the claimants.

268. 'Right to a t.'—At the inauguration of the statue of the late Sir Robert Peel at Montrose, the provost of the burgh gave utterance to the following remark: 'Uncover the *statute*. (*Sotto voce*) Am I right, Mr. Sheriff-Clerk?' 'Right to a t!' replied the legal functionary.

¹ 'Ye've heard hoo the deil, as he wauchled through Beith,
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot, 'Will ye tak mine the morn?'
He wagged his auld tail, while he cockit his horn,
But only said, 'Im-hm,'
That usefu' word, 'Im-hm'—
Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say 'aye.'

269. 'Me on bills.'—Mr. Robert Thomson, Sheriff of Caithness, the author of a well-known work on the Law of Bills, went one day into the Signet Library, and said to Mr. Fergusson, the assistant librarian: 'Have you got *me* on bills?' 'No such work in the library,' was Mr. Fergusson's curt reply.

270. The 'little horse.'—The late George Douglas of Tillwhilly, Sheriff of Kincardineshire, when asked to sing, frequently excused himself on the ground that he was 'a little hoarse,' pronouncing the last word as if it were spelt without the letter *a*. His intended marriage to Mrs. Carr, whose stature was considerably above the average, was announced a good while before it actually took place; and in allusion to the delay, a waggish friend one day said, 'I wonder when the *little horse* is to be yoked to the *great car*!'

271. A criminal's repartee.—At one of the provincial Sheriff Courts of Scotland, a man who was tried for some minor offence was acquitted owing to want of evidence, the verdict being 'not proven.' Before leaving the bar, feeling himself master of the 'situation,' he somewhat gratuitously said to the Sheriff, 'Where am I to go to, my lord?' The judge, not a little nettled by his impertinence, consigned him to a certain warm locality, on which the accused replied: 'If ye send me there, my lord, I'll be able to tell yer faither that ye cut doon the ploom-trees!' (In the Sheriff's father's settlement there was a special provision relative to the preservation of certain favourite fruit-trees.)

272. Butcher and lawyer.—A late worthy Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, a good many years before his death, had a call from a butcher, who asked him whether, in the event of a dog carrying off a piece of meat from his shop,

he was not entitled to claim the value from its owner. On the lawyer replying in the affirmative, the butcher said, 'Then, sir, you must pay me 5s. 6d., for your own dog was the culprit!' On this the man of the law rang the bell for one of his clerks, whom he instructed to make out the following bill:—

‘To giving a legal opinion to Mr. Johnston, butcher,				£	10	6
Deduct value of piece of meat,				0	5	6
				£	5	0'

Quickly handing the account to the butcher, he said, 'You will observe that you owe me five shillings.'

273. A forensic Adonis.—When pleading before the late Lord Deas, a certain living member of the Scotch Bar was not particularly distinct in his enunciation, on which the judge said sharply, 'Open your mouth, Mr. H.; young ladies, I believe, hesitate to do so through fear of spoiling their beauty, but I don't think *you* need be afraid!'

274. 'Women Lords.'—David Monypenny, Lord Pitmilley, a Lord of Session and Justiciary, was once travelling to Aberdeen to hold a Circuit Court there, accompanied by his wife and her sister, who were daughters of Sir George Abercromby of Forglen. On their way they stopped to dine at Stonehaven. After dinner his lordship arranged with the ladies that he should walk on, while they followed in the carriage. When he reached the top of the steep road from Stonehaven, a woman came out of a cottage and said to him, 'Can ye tell me if the Lords hae gane by yet, for I wad like to see them?' 'No,' said his lordship, 'they're no' by yet—they're just comin' up the brae; bide ye here an' ye'll see them. But

mind, they're no' men Lords this time, they're *women Lords*.' 'Women Lords!' she exclaimed. 'Ay, women Lords, and here they come.' When the carriage drove up, his lordship led the woman close to the door, and, addressing the ladies, said, 'Here's a woman very anxious to see the Lords.' The ladies smiled, which had no soothing effect upon the woman, who stood staring, the very picture of horror, and then lifting up both her hands, she cried out in a lamentable voice, 'It's owre true, it's owre true; God help the puir things to be tried the morn!' and fled to her abode.

275. 'Tickle the defender.'—The Hon. Henry Erskine (better known as 'Harry Erskine'), Lord Advocate and Dean of Faculty, once happened to be counsel for a lady rejoicing in the name of Tickle. In addressing the Court, he thus began: 'Tickle my client, the defender, my lord.' . . . 'Tickle her yersel', Harry,' interposed his lordship; 'ye're as weel able to do it as I am.'

276. 'Shand's Eleesay.'—During Lord Shand's residence at New Hailes, one of his brother senators heard the following conversation between two of his fellow-passengers, as the Musselburgh train stopped at New Hailes Station: 'Have you heard that the name of this station is going to be changed?' On the other replying in the negative, and asking the new name, his friend informed him that, in future, it was to be called 'Shand's Eleesay'! (*Champs Elysées*).

***277. A legal consultation.**—A Scotchwoman from the country applied to a respectable solicitor for advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, she was asked if she had stated the facts exactly as they had occurred. 'Ou ay, sir,' rejoined the applicant, 'I thought

it best to tell you the plain truth ; you can put the lees till 't yoursel'.'

***278. The crafty lawyer.**—While entertaining his law agent at dinner, a Scotch gentleman contrived to extract a great many important opinions from his guest. A day or two afterwards he received a formidable account from his adviser, in which his charges were articulately set forth. As a set-off, his host forthwith sent him a formal bill for the wine and viands which he had consumed ; but the man of the law 'capped' his friend's procedure by threatening to report him to the authorities for having sold strong drink without a licence.

***279. 'Conjointly and severally.'**—An old woman at Strathmiglo, in Fife, rented a garden along with two other tenants, for which the annual payment was £15—and for which all three were 'conjointly and severally' liable. The two other tenants having, on one occasion, failed to pay their proportion of £5 each, the woman was called upon, in terms of the contract, to pay the deficiency ; and having declined to do so, she was formally sued by the owner of the garden. She defended the action in person, and pleaded that it was very inequitable for her to be called upon to pay more than her own share. When the judge found her liable, she paid the entire sum with great reluctance, and thus indignantly addressed the various lawyers present : 'May ye a' be d——d, both conjointly and severally !'

***280. The *bumptious* barrister.**—On the occasion of a dinner party in the house of Lord Gordon—when Dean of the Faculty of Advocates—a well-known member of the Scottish Bar, who had the reputation of being somewhat 'bumptious,' arrived rather late. When he

was announced by the footman, the drawing-room door happened to come in contact with the head of one of Lord Gordon's small children, who—in accordance with Scottish practice—was playing about the room, and began to cry very piteously. The late arrival at once proceeded to apologise for having been the innocent cause of the collision; on which his host quietly remarked: 'We all know, B——, that you are somewhat *bumptious*.'

***281. The rival authors.**—The late Alexander Macknight, Advocate—known as 'Paganini' on account of his devotion to the violin—accosted Professor Aytoun, in the Edinburgh Parliament House, and informed him that he had just issued a shilling pamphlet (on some unimportant subject), suggestively adding the name of his publisher. The poet calmly replied: 'My dear Macknight, I have written a number of books, and *my* publisher is Blackwood!'

***282. The beadle's son.**—Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Edinburgh Parliament House was regarded as the exclusive preserve of the Scottish aristocracy. Shortly after Robert Forsyth was called to the bar, a pretentious young advocate, who was acquainted with Forsyth's humble origin, had the audacity to say: 'Who are you that would venture to thrust yourself into the Faculty? Are you not the son of the beadle of Biggar?' 'I am indeed,' sarcastically replied Forsyth; 'and I have a strong impression that if you had been the son of a beadle, you would have been a beadle too!'¹

¹ Although this anecdote is embraced in Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, besides being referred to in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, I venture to repeat it, with some slight alterations. In early life, Forsyth was a wild Radical; but the incidents of the French Revolution had the effect of entirely changing his political views, and he

*283. 'Better than a dozen.'—Some sixty years ago, Mr. David Welsh, a worthy Writer to the Signet, although a married man, happened to have no 'olive plants round about his table.' A visitor to Edinburgh asked him how many children he had. 'Better than a dozen,' replied the old lawyer, not meaning *more than twelve* (the proper interpretation), but slyly indicating that *no* children were preferable to a dozen.

*284. **Paraded knowledge.**—Towards the middle of last century, among the luminaries of the legal profession in the Scottish metropolis were two elderly brothers,—one a member of the Bar and the other a Writer to the Signet—who mixed a good deal in Edinburgh society, and who both happened to be present at a large dinner-party. They professed to be much more learned than they really were, and sometimes resorted to strange expedients, with the view of exhibiting their supposed accomplishments. On the occasion in question, the younger brother—who had contrived to introduce into the conversation some of the minor military struggles of the rival Houses of Huntly and Argyll—called up the table to the elder one: 'Am I correct, George, in stating 1593 as the date of the battle of Glenlivet?' 'Not quite,' responded the Advocate; 'it took place *one year later*.'

became a staunch Conservative, and a member of the 'Blackwood Clique.' He was a man of considerable humour, and frequently made very amusing remarks. He once told me that he had come to the conclusion that the Scotch word 'brose' was derived from the Greek *βρωσις* = meat, or the food of the gods. He died in 1845. His portrait will be found in Scott-Moncrieff's *Scottish Bar Fifty Years Ago*. Forsyth's only descendants are the two talented sons of his daughter Mary, who married the Rev. George Scott, minister of Dairsie, in the county of Fife—viz. Mr. Forsyth Scott, Bursar of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Mr. James-George Scott, C.I.E., Superintendent of the Northern Shan States.

285. A prudent inquiry.—An Aberdeenshire laird was unsuccessful in a legal action before the House of Lords, where Lord Chancellor Westbury gave the leading opinion against him. Some time afterwards, the laird and the Chancellor happened to meet at the house of a nobleman in the county aforesaid, and became so thoroughly reconciled that the laird asked the lawyer to pay him a visit at his ancient castle. In response to the invitation, the Chancellor slyly inquired whether he might reckon upon the *dungeon* being well aired!

***286. Judicial deficiencies.**—At the opening of the new Law Courts by the late Queen, in 1882, Lord Selborne, as Chancellor, prepared an address to her Majesty. Never having sat as a judge, except in the House of Lords, he submitted a draft of the address to the judges for their criticism. It contained the following characteristic passage: 'We are deeply sensible of our deficiencies.' Jessel, the Master of the Rolls, bluntly said, 'I am d——d if I have any deficiencies, and move that the passage be struck out.' The conflict over the words in question waxed warm, when Lord Justice Bowen suggested that their differences might be composed by leaving out the word 'our,' and substituting 'each other's.' The passage then read: 'We are deeply sensible of each other's deficiencies,' and was unanimously adopted.

***287. 'Served him right.'**—The late Lord Bramwell, who had a great dislike to a certain distinguished statesman, and a still greater dislike to his wife, was informed that after a very eloquent speech in the House of Commons, the legislator in question, on going home, was warmly received by his wife, who threw her arms round his neck and kissed him twice. The old lawyer promptly remarked, 'Served him right!'

*288. '**Eating the pipes.**'—Owing to a physical malformation, Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, dropped his *h's*. In the trial of a patent case, a French witness wandered from the point in question, and Sir George (as one of the counsel) asked the interpreter to call his attention to the fact that it had nothing to do with 'eating the pipes. The interpreter immediately said to the witness: 'Monsieur l'avocat vous prie d'observer qu'il se n'agit pas de *manger* les tuyaux.'

*289. **A sailor's retort.**—A jolly tar was once called into an English Court as a witness. 'Well, sir,' said the counsel, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?' 'I don't know the drift of them words,' answered the sailor. 'What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant,' continued the lawyer, 'a pretty fellow to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board ship it was that this man struck the other one?' 'Abaft the binnacle,' was the reply. 'Abaft the binnacle?' said the lawyer; 'what do you mean by that?' 'A pretty fellow,' responded the sailor, 'to come here as a lawyer, and not to know what "abast the binnacle" means!'

*290. **Two views of Hanwell.**—A celebrated lawyer, when travelling to the Manchester assizes, was anxious to obtain a compartment to himself that he might be undisturbed in his study of an important case. In spite of a liberal 'tip' to the guard, a mild-faced old clergyman entered the carriage, and soon displayed an inclination to talk. The barrister, greatly disgusted, set himself to frighten his companion, by feigning signs of madness—shuffling in his seat, rolling his eyes, and peering wildly out of the window. The clergyman soon became very nervous; and by way of distracting his fellow-traveller's attention, faintly remarked, as the train passed the great

lunatic asylum, 'How nice Hanwell looks from the railway !' 'Ah !' said the lawyer, with a snarl, 'you should see how the railway looks from Hanwell !' The poor parson left the compartment at the next station, and the barrister proceeded in peace.

***291. Alternative damning.** — When the Bishop of Bristol sent his chaplain to Chancellor Thurlow to claim the presentation of a living, the 'keeper of the King's conscience' replied: 'Tell the Bishop I'll see him damned first.' 'Oh ! my Lord,' exclaimed the chaplain, 'I cannot give him such a message.' 'True,' said the Chancellor, on reflection, 'to a *Bishop* it would not be respectful. Tell him instead that *I'll* be damned before he does it.'

XIII

THE CLERGY

DEAN RAMSAY refers to Lord Neaves's good-natured banter respecting his tendency to draw a large proportion of his specimens of humour from the sayings and doings of Scottish Ministers. Even in very recent times, the clergy, on *both* sides of the Tweed, contrive to furnish a very fair quota of characteristic anecdotes, as the following illustrations will amply prove.

I. PRESBYTERIAN

292. Military decorum.—The living incumbent of a parish in one of the Lothians was invited by a military friend in Newcastle to dine at the regimental mess; and on being asked what he thought of the entertainment, he solemnly replied: 'I feel perfectly assured that, if a similar number of ministers had sat down to an equally sumptuous repast, they would not have risen from the table with the same amount of decorum!'

293. Vanity and vexation.—The late Mrs. G—— of B——, after showing Mr. Tough, minister of Ayton, over her newly furnished house in Moray Place, Edinburgh, piously remarked: 'And after all, Mr. Tough, it's only

vanity and vexation of spirit.' 'True, madam,' rejoined the honest minister; '*your* vanity, and your husband's vexation of spirit!'

294. '**Tolls unco heavy.**'—A few years ago a member of the Free Kirk of Scotland was induced to return to the National Church, and on being asked by a friend whether he did not consider that he was travelling heavenwards by a good road? he frankly replied, 'Oh yes! by the very best of a' the roads; but I find the *tolls* unco heavy!'¹

295. **The divine call.**—When minister of Portmoak, Ebenezer Erskine was called to the larger and more lucrative parish of Stirling, and on being 'tackled' about the matter by an old woman, he gravely referred to the 'call' as the justification of his departure. His censor calmly rejoined: 'Ca' here, or ca' there, if the Lord had ca'ed ye to Bingry,² ye wad ne'er hae let on that ye heard Him!'

296. '**The sweep's deid!**'—The minister of a west-country parish, on calling at the house of one of his flock, a weaver by trade, found him in very low spirits and with the prospect of having to leave the abode which he had long occupied, in consequence of the unreasonable resolution of his landlord, who followed the dignified avocation of a chimney-sweeper. The minister advised his parishioner to appeal to the proprietor's better instincts, and, at the same time, to ask the intervention of his heavenly Father.

¹ A very good companion to this anecdote appears in some of the published collections. After a young Free Churchman had enumerated all the weak points of the 'Auld Kirk' to his father, who had firmly adhered to the National Sion, the latter calmly rejoined: 'When your lum, Andrew, has been as lang reekin' as mine, I'm thinkin' ye'll find that it will then need sweepin' tae!'

² Ballingry, a *poorer* parish than Portmoak.

On calling again, some little time afterwards, he found the weaver merrily plying his loom, and as lively as a cricket ; and on his expressing his satisfaction at the change of circumstances, and asking what had occurred, the weaver triumphantly replied, 'The sweep's deid !'

297. Food for worms.—In the course of a sermon delivered in the Tron Church, Edinburgh, where a number of the 78th Highlanders, accompanied by their officers, happened to be present, the preacher, after lecturing the men, thus plainly addressed the officers: 'And now I have a word to say to you officers! I have long been watching you, and I wish to ask why it is that you make a practice of pampering your bodies with dainty dishes, and adorning your persons with showy garments? Are you not thereby only preparing a more delicate morsel for the inevitable worm?'

298. Payment in kind.—A Scotch country minister, during a pretty long illness, was most assiduously attended by the village doctor, who ultimately sent in a large bill for medicines and attendance. The minister at once transmitted the money for the drugs; but 'as to the visits,' he wrote, 'now that I am well, I shall not fail to repay them *in kind*!'

299. The nasal trumpet.—The Rev. Dr. Binnie, the celebrated Independent minister, was extremely sensitive, and on one occasion, during his sermon, he was greatly annoyed by a young man loudly blowing his nose in the front gallery of the church. He pointedly alluded to the interruption, and announced that he would wait until the operation was duly concluded. On this the offender coolly stood up, sounded his trumpet *twice*, and then said,

‘Now, doctor, you may go on!’ The rebuke was never repeated.

300. A ‘fisher of men.’—A good many years ago, a Fifeshire minister having heard that Mr. Russel, the late editor of the *Scotsman*, was residing in his parish, told a friend that he would very much like to make his acquaintance. ‘Go to the river-side on Monday morning,’ said his friend, ‘and you will be sure to find him with his rod.’ The minister accordingly did so, and after introducing himself to Russel, said, ‘I believe, sir, you are very fond of fishing.’ ‘I am,’ the editor replied; ‘are not you?’ The minister answered in the affirmative, adding, somewhat sententiously, ‘but *my* fishing is of another kind; I am a fisher of *men*!’ ‘Judging from the state of your creel yesterday,’ the humorist rejoined, ‘you are not very successful!’

301. ‘God forbid!’—The Rev. Dr. Black, of the Barony Parish, Glasgow (Dr. Norman Macleod’s predecessor) once said to a Free Church minister, in reference to a rumour that had reached him, ‘Is it the case that you are coming back to us?’ ‘God forbid!’ was the indignant reply. ‘Just what *I* said when I heard the report,’ immediately rejoined the Doctor.

302. ‘Cutting’ a friend.—On another occasion, Dr. Black was ‘cut’ upon the street by an old friend, upon which the Doctor thus addressed him: ‘Don’t put yourself about; I had not the slightest intention of bowing to you!’

303. Eternity defined.—In order to test the Scriptural knowledge of an old parishioner, the minister of a parish

in the south of Scotland asked him the meaning of the term 'eternity.' The answer was as follows: 'Living as lang as God—and ye'll hae heard o' Him?'

304. A startling question.—A Highland minister on one occasion thus addressed a condemned criminal: 'Donald, man, the gallows are ready, the hangman's ready, the rope's ready—are *you* ready?'

305. 'Not the lame minister.'—As the Rev. Dr. Mac-Gregor of St. Cuthbert's Parish, Edinburgh, was walking along a street in Paisley, a boy audibly remarked, 'Here comes the lame minister'; on which the Doctor immediately replied, 'The lame *man*, not the lame minister!' 'Ah! but I've heard you preach,' was the urchin's reply.

306. The precocious boy.—One of the parishioners of a former minister of Kilspindie, in the Carse of Gowrie, informed him that she had a son of such wonderful talents that she was afraid he wouldn't live. The minister undertook to examine the boy in the Catechism, with the following result: 'Who made you?' 'God.' 'Who redeemed you?' 'Jesus Christ.' 'Who makes your porridge?' 'The Holy Ghost!' The worthy woman was then assured by her spiritual adviser that her anxiety was quite misplaced.¹

307. Avoid endless genealogies.—A certain Scotch minister once became somewhat impatient during the reading of our Saviour's genealogy in the first chapter of St. Matthew, and, after getting through a good many verses, abruptly concluded thus: 'And so on; they a' begat ane anither, to the end o' the chapter!'

¹ A somewhat similar story is told on the south side of the Tweed, in which the Creed takes the place of the Catechism.

308. The great principle.—The late Rev. Dr. Simpson, minister of Kirknewton, in the course of an official tour through a certain part of the Highlands, came across a parish minister with whom he had the following conversation :—

Dr. S. I hope, sir, you have regular diets of worship?

Minister. Na.

Dr. S. Why not?

Minister. Because the people won't come to hear me.

The Doctor asked several other questions, and the invariable answer was 'Na!' 'What, then, is the use of you?' inquired Dr. Simpson, with some warmth.

The Highlander replied, in the most dignified manner, 'I represent a great principle!'

309. 'Frail craters.'—On the same occasion Dr. Simpson was thus addressed by a Highland layman in another parish: 'I'm rale gled to see ye, sir, for I've a complent to mak' against the meenister.' As he hesitated to specify the delinquency, Dr. Simpson replied, 'Does he drink?' 'Na, na,' was the response. 'Is he otherwise immoral?' Again 'Na, na' was the answer of the complainer. 'Is he a Sabbath-breaker?' 'Ay, ay,' said the Highlander, 'that's just what he is.' 'In what way does he break the Sabbath?' Dr. Simpson inquired. 'Weel, sir, would you pelieve it? he tak's a waalk in his gairdin!' 'That's your charge,' said the Doctor; 'now, Mr. Macdonald, let me ask you a question. Were you ever up before the kirk-session for irregular conduct?' 'Maybe I was, sir; but we are frail craters!' 'More than once?' continued the Doctor. 'I think I was, sir, but, as I said before, we are all frail craters!'

310. The defunct 'cuddy.'—A worthy minister once called upon an old Scotswoman, who, he had heard, was

in great distress ; but he was glad to find that her affliction was only caused by the death of a favourite ‘cuddy.’ After detailing the various merits of the defunct animal, she touchingly added, ‘And ye see, sir, your voice puts me in mind o’ the puir baste !’

311. The ‘Ten Virgins.’—A former minister of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, used to preach the same sermon (on the ‘Ten Virgins’) year after year, in a neighbouring parish, on the Monday after the Communion. At length an old clerical friend gave him a pretty strong hint to choose a fresh subject, by expressing his belief that ‘his ten virgins must now be pretty auld maids !’ The sermon in question was never again repeated.

312. Good measure.—The minister of a certain rural parish in East Lothian once preached at Haddington, and on going into the vestry after service one of the elders said, ‘You have given us a very long sermon to-day.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the minister ; ‘but I know that you East Lothian farmers like good measure.’ ‘We do,’ rejoined the elder ; ‘but we like it weel dichted !’¹

313. Snuff interdicted.—A Scotch clergyman, much addicted to snuff, resolved to abandon the habit, and preached a sermon against it. Some little time afterwards, during the course of a sermon on another subject, one of the elders, sitting immediately under the pulpit, and within reach of the preacher, took a comfortable pinch, which so sorely tried the minister’s self-denial that he stretched out his hand, and seizing the box, thus addressed the astonished elder : ‘After the sermon that I so lately preached against the vice of snuffing, how can you venture, sir, to do this (*tapping on the lid*), and this (*opening the*

¹ To ‘dicht’ corn means to cleanse it by removing the chaff.

box), and this (*taking a copious pinch*)?' and then handed back the box to its owner.

314. Cures for nervousness.—Three Highland ministers—of whom Dr. Macleod of Morven was one—were once comparing notes, in the vestry of a church in Argyllshire, as to the best cure for nervousness. One said that he took a cigar before entering the pulpit; another, a glass of sherry; and the third, a dose of Epsom salts. On which a plain-spoken elder, who happened to be present, thus addressed the last: 'Weel, sir, if there's onything in ye, *that's* sure to bring it oot!'

315. 'Neither pretty nor well.'—'Glad to see that you are looking pretty well!' said a remarkably plain Scotch lady to the late Principal Lee, who immediately replied: 'I am neither *pretty* nor *well*, but I am happy to find that you are *both*!'

316. Wandering at prayer.—Alexander Moncrieff of Culfargie, one of the four founders of the Secession Church, and the ancestor of Sir Alexander Moncrieff, the inventor of the 'Moncrieff system of artillery,' was on one occasion remarking on the tendency to *wander* during prayer, when his beadle assured him that *he* was quite free from such a weakness. 'Well, John,' said Culfargie, 'you shall have the best horse in my stable if, after family worship this morning, you can honestly assure me that your thoughts did not go astray.' When the worthy minister rose from his knees, he said to the beadle, 'Now, what have you to say?' 'Indeed, sir,' he replied, 'I thought of nothing but my devotions till the very end of your prayer, when I began to wonder whether you would give me the *saddle* along with the horse!'¹

¹ From the author's privately printed *House of Moncrieff*, p. 106.

317. A 'servant of the Lord.'—During his residence at Mentone, in the winter of 1879-80, an individual called to see the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and on his confidential man-servant asking his name, he described himself as 'a servant of the Lord.' On this being mentioned to Mr. Spurgeon, he at once said, 'Tell him that I am so much occupied with his Master's work that I have no time to see him at present.'

318. A catholic supplication.—'And noo, ma freends,'—said an old Fifeshire minister, towards the end of a long prayer, in which he had not failed to remember all sorts and conditions of men,—'And noo, ma freends, let us pray for the puir Deil ; naebody prays for the puir Deil.'

319. Conscience and principle.—Robert Hall, the well-known Nonconformist, used to say that 'in matters of conscience *first* thoughts were best ; in matters of principle the *last*.' On a lady announcing that 'she would wait and see,' after being asked to subscribe to the funds of a charitable institution, he remarked as follows : 'She is watching not to do good, but to escape from doing it !'

320. Unhandsome language.—At a public meeting in the Edinburgh Music Hall, where the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie was one of the principal speakers, a very good-looking young Writer to the Signet made some rather unkind and sarcastic remarks. When the Doctor rose to speak, he thus referred to the lawyer's observations : 'Mister Chairman, I must take leave to remark that I have seldom, if ever, listened to such *unhandsome* language from the lips of such a *handsome* young man !'

321. Dr. Chalmers's handwriting.—The handwriting of the famous Dr. Chalmers was so very illegible that his fond

mother used to say to her husband when a letter arrived from her son, 'Juist pit it aside, and Tammas will read it to us himsel' when he comes hame!'

322. 'Aiblins a whale.'—An old Scotch minister, in the course of a sermon on Jonah, said: 'And noo, ma freends, let us inquire what kind o' a fish it was that swallowed up Jonah? "Aiblins a cod," some of you may say. Na, na, ma freends, no' a' the cod in the Moray Firth could hae swallowed the prophet Jonah. "Aiblins a saumon," some others o' ye may say. Na, na, ma freends, no' a' the saumon in the Tay could hae swallowed up Jonah.' On this an old woman sitting near the pulpit exclaimed, 'Aiblins a whale!' 'Aiblins ye're a b——,' rejoined the minister, 'to tak' the word o' the Lord oot o' His servant's mooth!'

323. Never taken in.—The late highly esteemed Dr. William Robertson, minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, at one of the early meetings of the 'Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor,' mentioned the case of a very canny Scotch gentleman who boasted of never having been taken in by a beggar. On Dr. Robertson making some further inquiries respecting his practice, he candidly acknowledged that he had never, during his whole life, given *anything* in charity!

324. The happy deliverance.—On a similar occasion, the same philanthropic minister, in alluding to the folly of indiscriminate almsgiving, told a story of a charitable old lady, who, on being accosted by a beggar, forthwith gave him half-a-crown. The grateful mendicant exclaimed, 'Thank God! madam, you have delivered me from the necessity of having recourse to a thing of which I have the greatest dread.' 'May I ask,' she replied, 'what I have

saved you from?' '*Work*, madam, *work*,' was the unabashed response.¹

325. '**No' a Raadical noo.**'—The late Rev. Dr. Macdiarmid, minister of Callander, was summoned to the deathbed of an old parishioner, who, before the worthy parson could open his lips on the subject of his eternal interests, abruptly exclaimed, 'I'm no' a Raadical noo, sir!' 'I don't understand your meaning, John,' the minister replied. 'Weel, ye see, sir,' he rejoined, 'some years ago I used to meet wi' Duncan Robertson, and Peter Maclaren, and Tammas M'Gregor, and a lot mair o' ma auld cronies at the "Rob Roy" public-hoose, to consider aboot the deveesion o' the lands o' the neebor lords and lairds. We begood wi' ma Lord Moray, and soon settled him; then we took Lady Willoughby, and disposed o' her; and then we cam' to Mr. Buchanan-Hamilton's bonnie bit property, and divided it to the saatisfaction o' a' pairties. But ma friends and cronies wadna stop there; they cam' a little nearer hame—to this very villach itsel'—and begood to divide ma ain little croft, that I and my forbears hae been sae lang proud o'. I couldna' stand *that*. I'm no' a Raadical noo, sir!'

326. '**Perfectly raavished.**'—A rigid Presbyterian farmer, residing in a western parish of Perthshire, happened to be in Birmingham some years ago, and embraced the opportunity of going to hear Angel James, the celebrated Nonconformist divine, taking it for granted that instrumental music was confined to the Church of England. He went early and secured a front seat in the gallery of the church; and 'While the congregation was assembling'

¹ I have recently heard that the great John Kemble had a similar experience.

(he thus described his experiences), ‘to my utter amazement, I heard first one *bum* and then another *bum*! and thinks I to mysel’, “Now, John, is this consistent with your Presbyterian principles?” With considerable hesitation I resolved to sit still, and listened to very beautiful prayers and a most edifying sermon—and as for the *moosic*, I was perfectly raavished!’

327. The ‘sinfu’ little fiddle.—A Burgher or Anti-burgher minister, named Wilson, who resided in Greenock, was a very skilful player on the violoncello. A female member of his congregation once called upon him, and abruptly said, in a reproachful tone, ‘So I hear ye play the fiddle!’ ‘I do,’ said the minister, as he rushed out of the room, ‘and I’ll give you a tune!’ Returning forthwith with his violoncello, he played an exquisite air in a brilliant manner, and then said to his visitor, ‘What think you of that?’ ‘Very beautiful,’ she replied; ‘but then, ye see, it’s no the sinfu’ *little fiddle*!’¹

328. The minister’s resting-place.—The translation of the Rev. Donald Macleod from Linlithgow to Glasgow was deeply resented by the beadle, who also held the office of sexton. When Dr. Macleod first went to Linlithgow, the beadle took him into the graveyard, and, showing him the resting-places of his predecessors, said, ‘There’s where Dr. Bell lies; and there’s where Dr. Dobie lies; and there’s where *you* will lie, if you are spared.’ As Dr. Macleod was taking his departure, the beadle said, ‘Well, sir, ye are the first minister that was ever lifted out of Linlithgow, except to the grave.’

¹ In the Hebrides, an Established Church minister may play the accordion, while a Free Churchman is restricted to the Jew’s harp.—Seton’s *St. Kilda*, p. 285.

329. The sceptical 'caddie.'—The Rev. James Barclay of Montreal, formerly colleague of Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, is an adept at games and manly exercises. Shortly after taking to golf, he became a very skilful player; and happening one day to be at North Berwick, he was asked by three gentlemen, who did not even know his name, to complete a 'foursome' match. Before a start was made, Mr. Barclay stated that he was only a beginner; but as the game proceeded, he played so remarkably well, that one of the party asked a 'caddie' by whom they were accompanied if he knew who the stranger was. The boy replied as follows: 'They say he's a *minister*, but I think he's a *big leer*!'

330. 'An auld wumman's throat.'—During the Rev. Dr. John Hunter's¹ first incumbency, in the parish of Swinton, Berwickshire, an idiot was in the habit of attending the church and of occupying a chair immediately under the pulpit. One hot Sunday in summer, the idiot failed to appear, and an old woman, a stranger in the locality, took advantage of the vacant chair, and fell fast asleep with her head resting on the back of the chair, and her mouth wide open. In the course of the sermon the idiot entered the church and found his usual seat occupied. Embracing what he considered to be a rare opportunity, resting his hands upon his knees, he proceeded to look very carefully down the old woman's throat; and after a prolonged survey, he looked up to the young minister triumphantly and said, 'Ye see, sir, it's no' every day ye can see doon an auld wumman's throat!' Further edification was hopeless, and the minister dismissed the congregation.

331. The measured sermon.—The late Mr. John Proctor

¹ Afterwards minister of the Tron Parish, Edinburgh.

of Glammis¹ and another old gentleman who was paying him a visit were comparing notes one Sunday evening as to the length of the sermon which they had heard in the parish church. Mr. Proctor asserted that it occupied forty-five minutes, while his friend was quite certain that it extended to forty-eight. Each was very positive as to the precise duration of the discourse, as both of them, in accordance with their invariable practice, had looked at their watches when the minister began and when he concluded; but it turned out, upon further discussion, that while Mr. Proctor reckoned from the commencement of the sermon proper, his friend always included the *text*; and as it happened, on the occasion in question, to extend to a good many verses, the three additional minutes were satisfactorily accounted for.

332. The lost wig.—On a hot Sunday in summer, one of the occupants of the front seat in the gallery of a Scotch country church fell fast asleep during the sermon, and his wig dropped off and fell into the lap of a decent woman who was intently listening to the preacher. Startled by the occurrence, on looking around she saw behind her a man who happened to be very bald, and forthwith clapped the wig upon his head. As he did not wear such an appendage, he at once removed the wig; and, looking up to the gallery, discovered the owner gazing wistfully down upon his lost property. Placing the wig on the end of his walking-stick, he handed it up to the gallery, from which the owner stretched out his arm to recover his property, but just as he was in the act of securing it, the point of the stick passed through the vent-hole at the top of the wig, which slipped down upon his hand. The clergyman, who witnessed the occurrence, declared that on no other

¹ Uncle of the lamented and accomplished Patrick Proctor Alexander, whose death occurred a few years ago.

occasion had he found it such a hard task to maintain becoming gravity.

333. 'O ye of little faith !'—The Rev. Peter Brotherston, a former minister of Alloa, and the author of a *very small* treatise on 'Faith,' once crossed the Forth in a ferry-boat, which was caught by a sudden squall. On his anxiously asking the skipper whether there was any danger, the latter quietly replied, 'Maister Brotherston, keep yer mind quite easy ; ye'll be in heeven in half an oor !' 'God forbid !' was the minister's immediate reply.

334. A twofold character.—The late Rev. Maxwell Nicholson thoroughly enjoyed a good story, even when it told against himself. He used to quote a description of his character by one of his parishioners at Pencaitland, with whom he had frequent dealings. 'Ay, I ken Mr. Nicholson fine ; he's a grand man in the pulpit, but, eh, he's a dour deevil oot o't !'

335. Cause and effect.—One of two Scotch ministers, in the course of a friendly walk, fell to the ground, and, on recovering his legs, said to his companion, 'My head is ringing !' on which the other sarcastically remarked, 'That's because it's *toom* !' 'Does yours not ring when you fall ?' he inquired. 'Never,' was the reply. 'That's because it's *cracked* !' said the other.

336. The misdelivered missive.—The uncle of a distinguished professor in the University of Glasgow had occasion, when a young man, to ride over, one Sunday morning, from his usual place of abode, to see some ladies who were in the habit of attending a certain parish church in the south-west of Scotland. On reaching his destination, he found that the congregation had assembled ; and after

getting hold of the beadle, he ascertained that the officiating minister was a stranger, who had become notorious for having repeatedly preached a 'stock' sermon from 2 Peter ii. 22. The visitor accordingly wrote a note on a slip of paper, folded but open, to the following effect, which he requested the beadle to give to the *ladies*: 'Leave the sow wallowing in the mire, and come and see your friends at——.' He then went to the rendezvous, to await the arrival of the ladies; but, unfortunately, the beadle had mistaken the object of the note, which he took up to the pulpit and handed to the minister!

337. Les deux extrêmes.—A Scotch Methodist minister, being somewhat exhausted after preaching a rousing and highly orthodox sermon, on his way home inadvertently sat down upon an ant-hill. On realising his unpleasant position, he hastily left the spot, and encountered one of his audience, who congratulated him on the character of his discourse, saying, 'God was in your head, sir, when you preached that sermon.' 'If God was in my *head* then,' he replied, 'the devil is at my *tail* now!'

338. Vox et præterea nihil.—A young Scotch clergyman, after having been appointed to a rural parish, was asked by a neighbour to 'exchange pulpits.' He arrived at his friend's church about half an hour before service began, and found nobody except the old beadle, with whom he had a conversation concerning the various ministers of the district. Naming one (Mr. A.), he asked what was thought of him? 'Gey dreich,' said the beadle. 'And what is the public opinion of Mr. B.?' he continued. 'He's considered to be verra soond,' was the reply. Then mentioning himself, he inquired, 'What do they think of Mr. C.?' 'Deed, sir,' answered the beadle, 'they tell me he's a' *soond* thegither!'

339. A word of encouragement.—Another young Scotch minister, when about to officiate for the first time, exhibited great nervousness in ascending the steps of the pulpit. As the beadle closed the door, he was heard to whisper to the juvenile divine, ‘Cheer up yer hert, sir ; I wadna gie a d—n for ony o’ them !’

340. ‘Coming, sir !’—An old Scotchwoman, the keeper of the village ale-house, one Sunday fell fast asleep during the sermon in the parish church. After making several ineffectual attempts, by means of knocking and shouting, to arouse her from her slumbers, the minister exclaimed, ‘A hap and a bottle of ale, Betty !’ Starting up very suddenly, she immediately replied, ‘Coming, sir !’

341. ‘It’s a’ deen.’—About the beginning of the last century, it was the custom in Aberdeenshire for the precentor to call at the manse on Saturday evening to get a list of the psalms that were to be sung in church the following day. A certain minister was rather fond of a ‘dram,’ and he and the precentor frequently had a friendly glass together, while adjusting the service of praise. On one occasion, after finishing an unusually long psalm, the precentor sat down ; and there being no indication of the minister rising to pray, the man of song stood up in his desk, and, turning to the minister, exclaimed loudly, ‘It’s a’ deen !’ The minister, who had fallen asleep, was aroused by the precentor’s voice, and immediately replied, ‘Is’t a’ deen, John ? Ye’ll find mair in the “greybeard” in the press !’

342. Imperfect evidence.—A Scotch minister, who was a great favourite with his parishioners, was brought before the Presbytery on a charge of drunkenness. One of his elders, as a witness for the prosecution, was asked if he

had ever seen the minister the worse of drink? ‘I couldna weel dae that,’ he said, ‘for lang afore the meenister hes time to get fou, I’m under the table mysel’!’

343. The rival preachers.—An old Edinburgh woman was once asked why she seemed to prefer Dr. Guthrie’s preaching to that of Dr. Candlish. ‘Because,’ she immediately replied, ‘he is far mair *divertin’*!’

344. A Gaelic sermon.—A party of English tourists happened to spend a Sunday in a Highland parish in which the service was usually in Gaelic, and they resolved to attend the church in order to hear a Gaelic sermon. The minister, on observing the visitors, determined to depart from his ordinary practice, and to preach an *English* sermon. His pronunciation was somewhat different from that of the strangers, who left the church under the impression that the language was Gaelic, and felt extremely gratified by the reflection that they had been able to follow a considerable portion of the discourse!

345. ‘The terrors o’ the laa.’—An Edinburgh gentleman, when on a visit to Arran a good many years ago, asked a native whether it was the case that a certain well-known Free Church minister in that romantic island was in the habit of preaching sermons of a highly Calvinistic flavour. ‘Ou ay!’ he replied; ‘but, ye see, the Arran folk are rale fond o’ the terrors o’ the laa!’ On one occasion when commenting on the gaiety of female attire, the same minister suddenly noticed a young girl with an elaborately decorated bonnet. ‘Wumman,’ he exclaimed—pointing in her direction—‘there’ll be nae gum floowers in hell!’

346. The irate bailie.—A magistrate of Greenock, who flourished at the commencement of the last century, some-

times gave way to passion, and used very strong language. One day, on the quay, he burst out with great violence, much to the annoyance of his companions. 'Leave him to me,' said an Irishman who happened to be present; whereupon he thus respectfully saluted the bailie: 'Pray, sir, are you the Reverend Dr. Scott?'—the minister of the middle parish of Greenock, who was noted for his sedateness and propriety. The irate magistrate forthwith became as quiet as a lamb.

347. A perfect sermon.—A gentleman and lady once attended a parish church in Scotland, and after the benediction, on going out among the last of the congregation, the former remarked, 'That's just what a sermon ought to be.' Being overheard by the minister, the latter politely told him that his approval of the discourse afforded him the highest satisfaction, and he took the liberty of asking in what respect the sermon pleased so intelligent a visitor. 'Its brevity,' was the gentleman's laconic reply.

***348. The pathetic preacher.**—In a Presbyterian church Dr. Garth once found a preacher shedding tears over the iniquity of the world. 'What makes the man greet?' asked Garth of a worshipper. 'By my faith,' was the reply, 'if you were in his place and had as little to say, you would greet too.'

***349. 'Fencing the tables.'**—On the occasion of a communion service in a Scotch country parish, the minister proceeded to 'fence' the tables in accordance with the ordinary practice, and in the course of his remarks, he contrived to debar so many different classes of persons that at last an old lady was heard to say: 'Deed, doctor, if ye gang on at that rate, it'll no' be necessary for ye to draw a cork.'

***350. The haunted chamber.**—A Scotch minister was visiting the country houses in his neighbourhood, collecting subscriptions for a new manse. He arrived at a distant one late in the day, when the house was full of visitors, and the hostess was obliged to put him into a room that had the reputation of being haunted. Next morning the lady inquired rather anxiously how he had slept. He replied, 'Pretty well, only just once he was disturbed by a bogle.' 'What was it like?' the whole party exclaimed. 'Well,' he said, 'it was a female figure dressed in white' (the costume of the hostess). 'And did she say anything?' they inquired. 'No,' said the minister; 'when I saw her, I whipped out my book and asked for a subscription to the manse fund, on which she immediately disappeared.'

***351. 'Dear Cork souls.'**—During a pilgrimage through Ireland, a Scotch minister (the Rev. Dr. Guthrie?) was in the habit of addressing his audience by the name of their place of abode, thus: 'Dear Dublin souls,' 'Dear Belfast souls,' etc. On reaching a certain city in the south of the 'Emerald Isle,' he followed his usual course by saying 'Dear *Cork souls*' (soles).

***352. A 'Saabath' salmon.**—A late minister of the parish of Cargill, near Perth, was a keen salmon-fisher. One Sunday morning, on his way to church, he saw a fine salmon rising in the river (Tay), and sending a message to the precentor to give out and sing the 119th Psalm, he hurried home for his rod, and after twenty minutes' skilful play, succeeded in landing a large fish. On reaching the church, he was met by the beadle, who thus addressed the minister: 'Come awa', sir, 156 verses have been sung, an' they are a' cheepin' like mice!'

***353. Living and dying.**—Dr. Burns, minister of the

Barony parish, Glasgow, once said to his assistant and successor, Dr. Black, 'I am afraid you are wearying for my death.' 'Not at all,' replied Black; 'I am wearying for your *living*'!

***354. Clerical gardening.**—While working one day in his manse garden, at Lesmahagow, the Rev. Dr. Gillan was asked by one of the heritors, as he rode past, what he was doing. 'What *you* ought to have done long ago' (was the reply); 'trying to raise my *celery*.'

***355. A dealer in brimstone.**—A German vessel, laden with brimstone, was stranded near Cramond, in the Firth of Forth, and the skipper made an ineffectual attempt to get off. While considering what course he ought to follow, he was told by a casual acquaintance of a dealer in the commodity which the ship contained, residing at Alloa, whose address was duly furnished to him. He lost no time in finding the 'dealer's' place of abode, which proved to be the parish manse, and on his being shown into the study of the occupier (the Rev. Peter Brotherston already referred to) he said in broken English to the minister that he understood he dealt in 'brimstone.' It turned out that the casual acquaintance was a bit of a wag, who knew that the worthy minister was in the habit of dwelling on the 'terrors of the law.'

***356. Two kinds of glasses.**—In the vestry of a clerical friend, the Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd (who was very particular about his hair being properly brushed and combed) asked the beadle for a 'glass,' on which that functionary went to the manse, and brought back a *wine-glass* filled with whisky, saying, 'If it hadn't been that you were a minister, I wadna hae got it.'

***357. An interrupted sermon.**—In a country church in Dumfriesshire, somewhere about forty years ago, a well-known laird (whose mind had become slightly affected), while sitting in one of the galleries, fancied that he noticed a man with his hat on in another part of the church. During the delivery of the sermon, the laird calmly stood up, and thus addressed the minister: ‘I am sorry to disturb our devotions, but, in the house of God, I cannot allow any of my male fellow-worshippers to sit with his hat on.’ Upon this the individual in question—who proved to be a *lady* and a member of an ancient Scottish family—rose from her seat and revealed her sex, by exhibiting her riding costume, which embraced a *hat* as well as a habit. The disturber of the service then quietly resumed his seat, and the minister proceeded with his discourse.

***358. Over the hills to Glammis.**—At a meeting of heritors, when a former minister of Kinross asked for certain improvements on his manse, one of their number suggested that perhaps he might not remain long with them. The parson assured the meeting that he had no intention of leaving. Shortly afterwards, however, he got a ‘call’ to a better living (Glammis), and announced his intention of accepting it. Before taking his departure, he visited a number of his parishioners to say ‘good-bye’: and at a certain house he catechised the children of the family. Among other questions he asked, ‘Where do the liars go to?’ One sharp boy looked up and said: ‘Ower the hills to Glammis!’

***359. A muscular Christian.**—A well-known Aberdeenshire minister of former days had the misfortune to offend some youths of his parish, whose misdeeds he had denounced from the pulpit. One evening they collected

at the door of the manse, and shouted for the minister. When he appeared, they informed him that they had come to seek satisfaction for the insults he had heaped upon them in his sermon, and demanded a duel with one of their number. 'My friends,' said the old gentleman, 'I'm a man of peace, and fighting's no' my profession, and I haven't a sword, nor have I a pistol in the house. But one thing I have, and that is this pike-staff, and if any of you will come within reach of this pike-staff, I'll make you to know that on the day that I was born it was a man-child that came into the world.'

***360. A strange combination.**—A Highland minister was preaching to his people on the subject of the Judgment Day, and ended with a practical application: 'And He will say to you, "Where do you come from?" and you will say, "I come from Dingwall." "A godly servant of mine there, good Dr. Kennedy. Have you profited by his preaching?" and you will say, "No, I have not profited by my privileges." and He will say, "Then you go town and town."' In this manner he ran through all the neighbouring parishes, in each case ending, 'Then you go town and town.' At last he came to his own parish: 'And He will say to you, "Where do you come from?" and you will say, "Oh, I just come from (let us say) Stronbuy." "A very godly servant of mine there, have you profited by his preaching?" And you will say, "No, I have not profited by my many and great privileges," and He will say, "Then you go town and town and town, town to the bottomless pit, with the Papists and the U.P's. and the teetotallers."'

***361. Drawing inferences.**—A country minister, when preaching for a colleague in a neighbouring parish, got into conversation with the beadle at the close of the

service. 'Well, John,' he inquired, 'how long have you been beadle?' 'Thirty-five years, sir,' was the reply. 'Dear me,' said the minister, 'that's a long time; why, you must be capable of writing a good sermon yourself, I should say.' 'Ou, I wadna say that, sir, but I'm a good hand at drawin' eenferences.' 'Indeed?' said the parson; 'I should like to hear you. Now, what inference would you draw from this text: "A wild ass, used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure"? (Jer. ii. 24). 'Weel, sir,' replied the beadle, after some thought and head-scratching, 'it's a kittle ane; but the first eenference I wad draw frae that is, that it wad be lang afore he filled his belly; and the second is, that if he hadna been an ass, he wadna hae dune it.'

***362. A qualified acceptance.**—A Scotch minister when calling upon one of his lady parishioners, was asked to come and dine with her on a certain day. He said he would be very happy to do so, 'if he was spared.' On which she replied, 'Very weel, doctor, if ye're no' spared, we'll no' expect' ye.'

***363. Edward Irving.**—In the course of one of his many powerful discourses, this remarkable man very forcibly described the various blemishes and misfortunes of the Roman Catholic Church, and graphically set forth her numerous heresies and persecutions — winding up his eloquent recital with the following startling words: 'And do I pity thee, old Rome? I trow not!'

***364. Scottish Hegelianism.**—A young minister of Broad Church tendencies was settled in a Morayshire parish, and had been preaching for several successive Sundays on Christianity as the 'reconciliation of contradictories.' His

hearers did not sympathise with his 'Hegelianism,' and were manifesting their disapprobation by absenting themselves from church. The minister taking it to heart, resolved to consult his beadle on the subject; and one Sunday, after the congregation had dispersed, he asked that worthy the cause of the people's absence. The beadle at once replied: 'I've been wantin' to gie ye a bit o' my mind for many weeks, and noo that ye hae asked me, minister though ye are, ye'll jist get it. Ye've been preachin' to us on what ye ca' the "reconciliation of contradictories." Noo, sir, we dinna ken what that is, and we dinna *want* to ken; besides, sir, ye've been tellin' us that there's nae deevil. Noo, sir, we believe in a deevil, in A—— here; and relegion withoot a deevil is no' worth a damn!'

***365. The 'grace o' God.'**—The well-known Seceder minister, Mr. Shirra of Kirkcaldy, one Sunday observed that one of his hearers was sound asleep. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he exclaimed: 'Wauken up, Jock Scott, and no' sleep under the word o' God.' The man woke up with a start and cried out, 'I wasna sleepin', minister!' 'But ye *were*,' Shirra replied; 'I saw ye.' 'I wasna sleepin',' he repeated; 'but look at yer ane seat,' and there, to his consternation, the luckless preacher saw the wife of his bosom, 'nod, nod, nodding,' in a fitful slumber. 'Ah! Kate, Kate,' he cried, in a mournful tone, 'a'body kens that when I mairrit you, ye brocht me nae beauty, and I ken that ye brocht me nae sillar, and if ye haena brocht the grace o' God, I've made an ill bargain!'

***366. 'Mr. Paul's epistle.'**—A Scotch minister rejoicing in the name of Paul was one evening disturbed by a loud ring at the manse bell. Happening to be alone, he went

to the door himself, and found a man in a somewhat bibulous condition, who, in answer to his query, exclaimed, 'I want to come in, this is ma hoose.' 'Be off, you drunken wretch,' said the minister, 'this is not your house; it belongs to me.' 'Who are you?' inquired the visitor. 'I am Mr. Paul,' he answered, and shut the door in his face. Ere long he was once more disturbed by a furious assault on the bell, and, much to his annoyance, found that his drunken visitant had returned. The previous conversation was repeated, and the fellow retired, grumbling out, 'this *is* ma hoose, not Mr. Paul's.' The minister was undressing when a *third* summons aroused him. This time he threw up the window and ordered him to be off. 'Weel,' said the man, with a drunken gurgle, 'I'm jist gaun, but I wanted tae ask ye whether ye ever got ony answer to that 'Pistle ye wrote to the 'Pheeshians?'

*367. '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'—At a manse dinner on the 'Sacrament *Monday*,' one of the ministers from a distance, at the close of the feast, regretfully exclaimed: 'Sic transit gloria mundi!' An elder who sat beside him asked him to repeat his statement, which he duly did. Upon this the elder, with the view of leading the company to infer that he knew the meaning of the Latin words, solemnly said: 'Ou ay, *Sic* a like denner for a Sacrament *Monday*!'

*368. '*A wheen pizz.*'—At one of the spring dinner-parties at Holyrood, given by one of her late Majesty's Commissioners, among the delicacies of the season was a very small dish of green peas. On a country minister being asked what vegetable he preferred, he expressed a liking for green peas; and on the solitary dish being presented to him, he nearly scooped out the entire supply,

much to the annoyance of the other guests—quietly saying, ‘I just like a *wheen*¹ pizz.²

*369. ‘**Deevils and damns.**’—A Presbyterian minister was very much concerned about the *swearing* propensities of one of his parishioners, who himself had expressed a strong desire to abandon the evil habit. The minister suggested that after every oath he should put a pebble into a bag, and, at the end of a specified period, bring it to him, in order that he might ascertain the result. One afternoon he arrived at the manse with a heavily laden bag, which he removed from his shoulders with considerable difficulty, and placed it on the table. The minister remarked: ‘This, John, is very serious. I am sorry to observe that you have so many pebbles.’ On which John replied: ‘Hoot, minister, this is only the *deevils*—the *damns* are at the dyke-side in anither bag, ower heavy to carry up.’

*370. **Hades and haddies.**—In a fisher village in the north of Scotland, noted for the excellence of its smoked haddocks, the minister once concluded his sermon as follows: ‘While the righteous shall ascend on high, the wicked shall be turned into Hades.’ Like most Scottish ministers, he pronounced the *a* in Hādes long, so that the word sounded exactly like the favourite fish of the village, *haddies*. An old fishwife had been accommodated in a pew close to the pulpit, and as the minister finished, she exclaimed, in a stage whisper audible to the whole congregation, ‘Ay! an’ weel smokit they’ll be, I’s’e warrant.’ The worthy minister never again, when preaching to fisher

¹ *Wheen* or *Quhene*=few. The latter form frequently occurs in Barbour’s *Bruce*. See Jamieson’s *Scottish Dictionary*.

² The pronunciation of the word *peas* in Fife and some other Scottish counties.

folk, used the classical term, but consigned sinners, in Anglo-Saxon, to hell.

***371. Change of service.**—Professor Playfair of Edinburgh and his brother William (who wrote numerous works on a great variety of subjects) were born at the manse of Benvie. The future professor succeeded his father as minister of the united parishes of Liff and Benvie, which he left about 1783, and became tutor to Mr. Fergusson of Raith. While at Raith, one of his old elders at Liff had occasion to write to him, and thus addressed his letter: ‘For Mr. John Playfair, formerly servant to the Lord Jesus Christ at Liff, now servant to Mr. Fergusson at Raith.’

II. EPISCOPALIAN

372. Jacob’s ladder.—Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, when Bishop of Oxford, happened to be present at a Sunday school where the verses descriptive of Jacob’s ladder were read. ‘Is there any little boy or girl,’ said the Bishop, in his most persuasive tone, ‘who wishes to ask any question relative to the passage which has just been read?’ As no response was given, the Bishop again said, in a still more seductive voice, ‘Is there *no* little boy or girl, etc.?’ After a short pause a small boy said, ‘Please, sir, the angels must have had wings, and why did they require a ladder?’ ‘A most natural question,’ said the Bishop, considerably puzzled as to a suitable reply. ‘Is there any *other* little boy or girl who can give an answer to that very reasonable question?’ On which a little girl modestly suggested, ‘Perhaps, sir, they were moulting!’¹

¹ Since the publication of the first edition, I have ascertained that a similar anecdote appears in Hans Sachs’ *Table-talk*, printed in 1517.

373. **'Bishop though he be!'**—The same well-known Bishop, while paying a visit at Taymouth Castle during the lifetime of the second Marquis of Breadalbane, a devoted adherent of the Free Church, was taken by Lady Breadalbane (*née* Baillie of Jerviswoode) into one of the cottages on the estate occupied by an old Highland woman—a 'true blue' Presbyterian—who was greatly pleased by the Bishop's frank and friendly manner. A few days afterwards the Bishop left the castle, and Lady Breadalbane paid another visit to her old friend, when the following conversation took place: 'Do you know who that was, Mary, that came to see you last week?' 'No, my lady,' was the reply. 'The famous Bishop of Oxford,' said her ladyship. On which the denizen of the mountains quietly remarked, 'Aweel, my lady, he's a rare fine man; and a' I can say is, that I trust and pray he'll gang to heeven—bishop though he be!'

374. **Clerical preferment.**—A certain Archbishop of York told Bishop Wilberforce that, on every occasion of his ecclesiastical promotion, his wife had presented him with a son or a daughter. 'Rest assured,' rejoined the Bishop, 'that you will have no more children; for only two things are now left for you—Canterbury and Heaven—and you have no prospect of getting either.'

375. **The oft-repeated sermon.**—A clergyman of the Church of England repeated the same sermon so frequently that some members of his congregation complained to the Bishop, who remonstrated with the parson accordingly. He unhesitatingly replied, 'Well, my lord, it is quite true that I do preach the same sermon very frequently; but, looking to the barren results, I feel perfectly warranted in doing so.' As this explanation was not considered quite satisfactory, the Bishop arranged an

interview at the palace with the rector and two of his churchwardens, who concurred in the complaint. After referring to the object of the conference, the rector turned suddenly to one of the churchwardens and asked, 'What was the text?' The churchwarden, after considerable shuffling and evasion, was unable to give it. Turning to the other intelligent functionary, he asked the same question with a similar result, and finally appealed to the Bishop as to whether he was not fully justified in repeating the sermon under the extraordinary circumstances.

376. 'The green bay HORSE.'—An old English parson was reading to his congregation the psalm in which occurs the verse, 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree' (Psalm xxxvii. 35). 'Bay' being the last word in the page, he accidentally turned over two leaves, and the first word which presented itself happened to be 'horse.' He read the passage two or three times as far as the word 'bay,' without discovering his mistake, and at length was overheard saying, 'Hang it, it *is* horse!' After which he boldly proceeded: 'and spreading himself like a green bay *horse*!'

377. 'Give him the kettle!'—Somewhere in the 'black country' (Staffordshire), the Bishop of the diocese happened to come across a number of labourers standing round a kettle; and on asking what they were doing, he was informed that the kettle was to be presented to the man who could tell the biggest lie! The Bishop remonstrated with them on the impropriety of lying, and said that such had always been his aversion to that sin, that he did not think he had *ever* told a lie in his life. Upon this, one of the party immediately said to the arbiter, 'Give him the kettle, Bill!'

378. Cover and game.—Lord Henry Bentinck, brother of the fifth Duke of Portland, once happened to attend a country church in the north of England, on a week-day festival, when the interior was most elaborately decorated with flowers and evergreens, while very few worshippers were present. After the congregation had been dismissed, the parson said to Lord Henry, ‘May I ask what you thought of the service?’ His lordship immediately replied, ‘As you have asked my opinion, you shall have it in a very few words—plenty of cover, but very little game!’

379. Caledonian idolatry.—The late John Hunter of Stoneyflat was one of the principal supporters of an Episcopal chapel in a certain town in the north of Scotland. An old woman of Calvinistic proclivities was once induced to attend the service, at the close of which she remarked to a friend: ‘What awfu’ idolatry! to think o’ having the initials of John Hunter of Stoneyflat (I.H.S.) on the corner o’ the altar-cloth!’

380. The ‘Lord Bishop.’—The late estimable Bishop Terrot of Edinburgh, on calling for his coadjutor Dr. Morell, inquired whether Dr. Morell was at home. The footman pompously replied, ‘No, sir, the *Lord Bishop* is not at home.’ ‘Tell him,’ said the visitor, ‘that *Mr. Terrot* called!’

381. Tait v. Terrot.—At a dinner-party in Stirling, at the house of the late Sheriff Robertson, at which Mr. John Tait, Sheriff of Perthshire, and brother of the then Bishop of London, was one of the guests, there was some general conversation on the sermons in *St. Paul’s*, where the Bishop had been preaching. Mrs. Robertson, who was rather deaf, and had not joined in the first part of the

conversation, said that she had heard the Bishop not many weeks ago. 'And how did you like him?' inquired the Sheriff of Perthshire. 'It was a most pitiable spectacle,' the lady replied, incidentally adding that, on the occasion in question, the Bishop wore a black silk skull-cap. 'What!' said the Sheriff; 'my brother *never* wore anything of the kind!' 'Your brother!' rejoined Mrs. Robertson; 'I am speaking of old Bishop Terrot, and of St. Paul's in the capital of Scotland!'

382. **The wrong leg.**—Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, when threatened with paralysis, was told that, in order to ascertain whether the malady was making progress, he ought to *pinch his leg*, with the view of discovering whether he still retained sensation. Dining at a friend's house, he hastily left the room, and on being afterwards asked by the hostess his reason for doing so, he mentioned his cause of alarm. 'Don't be afraid,' the lady answered; 'it was *my* leg that you were pinching!'

383. **A questionable compliment.**—At the close of a church service at which the Rev. Dr. Pusey officiated, he was addressed by one of his auditors (who did not know who he was) in the following terms: 'If we had more sermons like that, there would not be so many *Puseyites*!'

384. **'No place like Old England.'**—A certain English bishop, when very near the close of his earthly career, was thus addressed by his faithful valet: 'I am sorry to learn, my lord, that there is little hope of your recovery; but you ought to be quite happy, for you are going to a much better place.' 'Ah, John!' responded the prelate, 'there is no place like Old England!'

385. The road to hell.—An unfortunate traveller, after making at least one mistake at a railway junction, got into what he believed to be the train that would convey him to his destination. In describing to his fellow-passengers the worry that he had experienced, he used such very strong language that a clergyman, who happened to be in the same compartment, bluntly informed him that a man who indulged in such expressions was assuredly on the road to hell! On this the rebuked party hastily said, 'Good God! then I am in the wrong train again!' and made a rapid exit.

386. 'The only spoon left!'—Speaking in praise of the ticket-of-leave system, the late philanthropic Lord Carlisle said to Archbishop Whately, 'I have resolved to have no male servants in my house but returned convicts.' To which the Archbishop replied: 'Then, my lord, you will probably awake some morning to find yourself the only *spoon* left!'

387. The ass and the archbishop.—'What is the difference,' said a youthful Son of Mars to the same ecclesiastical dignitary, 'between an ass and an archbishop?' On receiving no reply, he himself answered as follows: 'An ass has a cross on his *back* and an archbishop on his *breast*.' 'Just so,' said Whately; 'and what, pray, is the difference between an ensign and an ass?' 'I cannot say,' was the rejoinder. 'No more can I,' added the Archbishop.¹

388. 'Parson Thompson's flock.'—A Lancashire operative when on his deathbed became rather tired of the frequent visits of his parson, and adopted the following mode of

¹ I have been told that this anecdote is erroneously attributed to Archbishop Whately, and that the conversation in question actually took place between a young French officer and an *Abbé*.

giving him a hint to that effect. 'How are you this morning, John?' said the parson. 'Well, sir,' he replied, 'I have had a dream. I dreamt that I had arrived at the gate of heaven, and St. Peter asked me who I was and where I came from. I told him my name, and also that I was one of Parson Thompson's flock. On which he at once said, 'Come in, come in, for you are the *first* we have had from that quarter!'¹

389. The 'bloody shovel.'—Two roughs in a third-class carriage used very coarse language in the presence of a fellow-passenger, in travelling costume, who happened to be a clergyman of the Church of England. He revealed his profession by opening his coat and displaying a white tie; upon which one of the roughs made an immediate apology, adding, by way of palliation, that he and his friend were in the habit of calling a spade a spade. 'Indeed!' replied the parson; 'judging from the style of your conversation, I should have thought you would have called it a "bloody shovel!"'

390. 'Parts and poverty.'—Lord Southampton once said to the Bishop of Llandaff, 'I want your advice, my lord: how am I to bring up my son so as to make him get forward in the world?' 'I know of but one way,' answered the Bishop, 'give him parts and poverty.' 'Well, then,' replied the nobleman, 'if God has given him parts, I will manage to give him poverty!'²

¹ There is a somewhat similar story in which Irving and Toole, the actors, play a part.

² It was a favourite saying of Daniel Webster, the celebrated American orator (described by Sydney Smith as 'a steam-engine in trousers'), that '*naiteral pairts* is better nor all the larning on the earth.'

391. Palestine and heaven.—A provincial dignitary of the Church of England went one Sunday morning to Westminster Abbey, as it had been announced that the Dean (Stanley) would preach. ‘How did you like the sermon?’ inquired the lady with whom he was staying. ‘Oh!’ he replied, ‘it was very eloquent, but not what I went to hear. I went to hear about the way to heaven, and I only heard about the way to Palestine.’

392. A mistaken liberty.—At an English Church congress, about thirty years ago, the present Primate of Ireland (Dr. Alexander), when Bishop of Derry, happened to meet an old Oxford friend of lofty stature, whom he had not seen since their undergraduate days. After a hearty recognition, the tall man said to the Bishop, ‘I am glad to find that you have not forgotten me.’ ‘Forgotten you!’ the divine replied, ‘I was once nearly knocked down in London, *on your account*! In passing along Regent Street, a few years ago, I overtook a very tall man, whose figure so strikingly resembled yours, that I gave him a friendly slap on the back, and very soon discovered my mistake. A strange face turned sharply round, and gave me an indignant look that I have never forgotten—I was very nearly knocked down *on your account*!’

393. A scene at Monte Carlo.—A retired clergyman of the Church of England spent several winters at Monte Carlo, and occasionally looked in to the Casino. One day, while standing close to one of the gambling-tables, he distinctly noticed a gentleman—who proved to be the mayor of an English provincial town—win a very considerable sum of money, which a female sitting beside him most coolly appropriated. The parson immediately called the attention of the croupier to the occurrence, and the latter, without a moment’s hesitation, handed an

equivalent sum to the true winner, without demanding repayment from the 'lady,' who was forthwith marched out of the Casino by two of the attendant officials, with an intimation that she could never be permitted to return.

394. 'Dear Archy-Bishop.'—The late Thomas Constable, the well-known publisher, was an old schoolfellow and intimate friend of Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, Bishop of London; and having occasion to write to his lordship after his promotion to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, he had some hesitation as to whether he would be justified in adopting his usual familiar mode of address, 'My dear Archy.' He happily solved the difficulty by the substitution of 'My dear Archy-Bishop!'

395. Wife *v.* Lady.—The wife of a former Archbishop of Armagh once made a purchase in a shop in Sackville Street, Dublin, and on proposing to carry away the articles she had bought, she was told that nothing was allowed to be removed till paid for. 'Do you know who I am?' she indignantly inquired; 'I am the Archbishop of Armagh's lady!' 'Even if you were his *wife*,' rejoined the shopman, 'it would make no difference!'

396. Church orientation.—An old English admiral, after having been present at a church service, where the officiating clergyman was very particular about turning to the east, quietly announced to the parson that on no single occasion had he been nearer the desiderated 'airt' than 'nor'-east by nor!'

397. 'Out of the mouths of babes,' etc.—At the close of an impressive sermon on the influence of the weak and the humble, preached in Christ Church, Cannes, by the

late Rev. Percy Smith, he told the following touching story:—

An elderly gentleman once travelled on an English railway in company with a young widow and a boy of six years of age, and became very much interested in the latter. On the gentleman leaving the train, the child said something to him, without being overheard by his mother, while she gave him her address, and requested him to come to see his little friend the first time he happened to be in the locality. Some two years elapsed before the gentleman was able to comply with the invitation, and on calling at the house, he found the lady in deep distress in consequence of the recent death of her boy. Taking him into the little one's apartment, she showed him a number of his favourite books and toys, sorrowfully adding, 'And this is all that is left of my darling child!' 'Not all, madam,' the visitor replied; 'as I was leaving the train, the little fellow said to me softly, "Does oo love God?"—and from that moment I became a changed man!'

398. Mind changing.—A common friend of the late Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Goodwin) and Dr. Thompson, the late master of Trinity College, Cambridge, had taken a very unwise step, which they endeavoured to persuade him to retrace. 'Do you think,' said the Bishop, 'that —— will do as we wish?' 'No,' replied Thompson, 'I think not. I have frequently known him change his mind when he was right, but never when he was wrong.'

399. Splitting the difference.—Sitting at the Hall-table one day, Dr. Thompson heard two of his brother fellows discussing, with great animation, whether the father of a certain man was a lawyer or a coach-builder. Neither combatant yielding his contention, Thompson interposed

as follows: 'Why do you not split the difference, and say that he was a *conveyancer*?'

400. 'Below Nero.'—On one of the coldest mornings of the severe winter of 1838, the Bishop of London asked his gardener at Fulham what sort of night it had been. 'Oh! cruel cold, cruel cold indeed, my lord; five degrees below *Nero*!' was the reply.¹

401. A clerical pickpocket.—An English archdeacon, by way of a joke, abstracted a handkerchief from the pocket of a friend (as he supposed) walking in front of him in Oxford Street, London. He was horrified to discover that the owner of the handkerchief was a perfect stranger, who immediately placed the unfortunate parson in the hands of a policeman. On his assuring the officer that he was an archdeacon, and that he had mistaken the complainer for an intimate friend, the guardian of the peace calmly replied, 'God bless you, sir, we had a *bishop* yesterday!'

***402. The milk and the cow.**—A former Bishop of Chester (Dr. Graham), as chairman of a large missionary meeting in that city, gave expression to his well-known suavity and optimism by thanking absent as well as present, and non-subscribers as well as subscribers, for actual or intended support. A gentleman present, observing Bishop Wilberforce's evident astonishment at the optimism of the chairman, said, 'What did your Lordship think of the chairman's address?' 'I have often heard of the milk of human kindness,' was the reply, 'but I never expected to see the cow.'

***403. Dorsetshire lingo.**—A clergyman returning home,

¹ From Sir Francis H. Doyle's *Reminiscences*, p. 411.

after a long day's work, called at a poor widow's cottage. She offered him a cup of tea, and asked whether he took milk and sugar. On his replying, 'Neither, thank you,' she said, 'That's like my dear John, who always preferred his tea *stark naked*.'

***404. Christian unity.**—Bishop Selwyn endeavoured to persuade a Maori chief to become a Christian. The chief said to the Bishop, 'This is not the first time that I have been urged to change my faith,' and referred to similar proposals by Presbyterian, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic missionaries, each of whom maintained that *his* religion was the right one. 'Since you cannot agree amongst yourselves,' the chief continued, 'I prefer to follow the old Maori customs.'¹

***405. Grandmother's back-kitchen.**—When Bishop (Samuel) Wilberforce was riding in a country lane, a small boy threw a stone at his Lordship. On the Bishop reprimanding him and reminding him that God was a witness of all his actions, the urchin inquired whether God could see him in his grandmother's back-kitchen. 'Certainly,' said the Bishop; on which the boy replied, with a provoking grin, 'She ain't got one!'

***406. Modern amusements.**—An Irish clergyman (Rev. T. Mills), in expatiating upon the evil consequences of modern amusements, spoke as follows, bringing his right hand down with great violence on the pulpit-desk, at the close of each statement. 'Those who attend theatres will certainly go to hell; those who play at lawn-tennis will

¹ This noted chief, who was six feet four inches in height, met with a serious accident a few years after his interview with Bishop Selwyn—his village having been overwhelmed by a landslip, which destroyed all the inhabitants, including himself.

certainly go to hell ; those who dance night after night will certainly go to hell ; and those who sit up late and keep bad *time* will certainly go to hell.' While making the concluding statement, the preacher's hand descended violently upon his watch, as it lay on the desk, which suddenly disappeared in the *regions below*.

***407. Maori hospitality.**—When the late Bishop Selwyn paid his first visit to Te Heu Heu, the celebrated chief of Tanpo, New Zealand, a native messenger went to announce the arrival of the Bishop and his party ; and a discussion immediately arose as to the proper entertainment of the distinguished strangers. The old chief gave orders that the greatest hospitality should be shown, including the killing of the 'fatted *pig*,' and other delicacies ; and as he was a staunch stickler for ancient Maori customs, he added, 'Let each of the visitors be provided with an "ahipo" (or sweetheart) for the night.' The messenger remonstrated, saying that 'Te Herewein' (Selwyn) was a *Bishop* ; on which the chief forthwith replied, 'Yes, I had forgotten that circumstance ; let the Bishop have *two*.'

***408. Soporific sermons.**—Professor Haughton of Trinity College, Dublin, when asked by Dr. Stubbs, a senior fellow of the same college, what he thought of the sermon preached that morning by the Bishop of Meath (Dr. Reichel), replied, 'Well, Stubbs, it was admirable, but not comparable to your own of last Sunday.' 'How so ?' said Stubbs, in a highly gratified tone. 'Because,' the professor rejoined, 'the Bishop took forty minutes to put me to sleep, whereas you accomplished the same result in *ten* !'

***409. An interrupted grace.**—A Cornish clergyman, while handing a lady in to dinner, was carrying on a very

lively conversation which he was suddenly compelled to interrupt, in order that he might say grace. After giving the usual benediction—‘For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful’—he continued his discourse by saying, very emphatically, ‘Not that I mean it in the very least.’

***410. A charity sermon.**—An English clergyman was asked to preach a sermon on the duty of almsgiving to a congregation not particularly addicted to liberality, and specially to plead in behalf of an important charity. He expressed a hope that every one would contribute according to his means, and then proceeded to qualify his statement by adding, ‘If, however, there is any one present whose Christmas bills are not paid, let him pass by the church plate without giving.’ A very liberal collection was the happy result.

***411. Ritualistic pheasant.**—At a luncheon following the opening of Bloxam Church, near Banbury, a portion of a pheasant which had been kept rather too long was offered to Bishop Wilberforce, who immediately passed it on to the Rev. A. H. Maconochie (the well-known ritualist), saying, ‘It is too *high* for me.’

***412. Stepmother defined.**—The eldest daughter (when aged fourteen) of the Rev. Edgar Huxtable, Vicar of St. John’s, Truro, on being asked to define a stepmother, said, ‘A woman who *steps* in where she has no right to be.’

***413. ‘No go.’**—An undergraduate of Hertford College, Oxford, named Field Flowers Goe (afterwards Bishop of Melbourne) failed to pass his first examination for his degree—on which a waggish friend remarked as follows:

'*Field* was ploughed ; the *Flowers* were plucked ; and it was No *Go*.'

*414. **Two kinds of translation.**—In the course of a conversation at the Residence House, Southwell, some one referred to the remarkable fact of Lord Derby, when Prime Minister, having been able, amidst his many engagements, to translate Homer—thus giving a proof of rare intellect and versatility. Bishop Wilberforce, who happened to be present, assented to the statement, but added, 'One *translation*, at any rate, he has not yet accomplished—viz., that of *Samuel*.'¹

*415. **Nimrod and Ramrod.**—Martin, the gamekeeper at Weold Park, Sussex, married Emma, the parlour-maid at the adjoining rectory. In due course a son was born, and the father called upon the Rector to consult him about the child's Christian name. 'You see, sir,' the keeper said, 'I have been connected with the chase all my life, and I am now gamekeeper to Colonel Parker ; I want a name connected with the *chase*, and Emma wants a *Bible* name ; now, sir, can you help us in the matter ?' 'Well, yes,' said the parson, 'I think I have got it. There was a mighty hunter, named "Nimrod," who is mentioned in the Bible, how will that name do ?' 'Thank you, Doctor,' replied the gamekeeper, 'that will do very well, and the boy will be baptized next Sunday afternoon.' A year passed away, and another son arrived at the house of Martin. 'There's a baptism this afternoon, Dr. Stevens,' said Jefferies, the clerk, to the Rector. 'Whose child ?' inquired Dr. Stevens. 'The child of Emma, the wife of the gamekeeper,' was the reply. 'Well, Martin,' said the

¹ Referring to his generally expected advancement to the Archbishopric of York.

parson, 'you have not consulted me about the name this time.' 'No, sir,' rejoined the keeper, 'but I have got a name connected with the chase, although, I am sorry to say, it is not a Bible name; as we called the first boy "Nimrod," we are going to call this 'ere second boy "Ramrod!"'

*416. '**How long, O Lord?**'—While driving round his estate, with Mason his agent, Lord St. Leonards came across a tumble-down cottage, and inquired to whom it belonged. Mason replied, 'It belongs to Richard Parkins, your Grace; he is clerk at the parish church, a carpenter by trade, and a very respectable man.' Lord St. Leonards lost no time in calling upon Parkins, and inquired how long he had been in the locality. 'Well, your Grace,' he replied, 'I have lived here all my life, and my father before me, and my grandfather before him.' 'I am sorry,' said his Lordship, 'to observe that your cottage is in a very dilapidated condition; I will give instructions to Mason to have it put into thorough repair, and don't fail to remind me if I should forget my promise.' Lord St. Leonards returns to town, and does not find his way to the country till the Easter recess. He goes to church on Sunday morning, and hears Parkins give out the Psalm, 'How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord?' His Lordship goes again to church in the afternoon and evening and hears the same Psalm given out on each occasion. Early on Monday morning he drives over to see Dr. Adkins, the Rector, whom he thus addresses, 'Adkins, I have got some very bad news for you, that poor fellow Parkins is going out of his mind—he gave out the same Psalm yesterday at morning, afternoon, and evening service.' 'Not at all,' replied the Rector; 'you promised that his cottage should be repaired and nothing has been done to it, so Parkins calls upon the *Heavenly* Lord to jog

the memory of the Earthly Lord!’ ‘Capital,’ said his Lordship, ‘I will see to the matter at once,’ and the cottage was put in thorough repair. Lord St. Leonards returns at the shooting season, and the first Sunday goes to morning prayer, as usual, when Parkins gives out the Psalm, ‘How lovely is our dwelling-place, all thanks, O Lord, to Thee!’

***417. Norfolk parsons and bishops.**—A stranger travelling in Norfolk asked a countryman the way to a particular place and was directed to go along a road till he came to a ‘parson,’ and then to turn to the right, going on till he reached a ‘bishop,’ when he would be close to his destination. ‘But I may walk a long way,’ said the traveller, without meeting either a parson or a bishop.’ The native replied, ‘I see you don’t belong to these parts. Here we call a sign-post a ‘parson,’ because he points the way to others, but does not go himself, and a broken-down post a ‘bishop,’ because he neither points the way nor goes himself.’

***418. Outraged propriety.**—A ritualistic clergyman, at Kilburn, was one day observed tucking up his elaborate vestments in consequence of the muddy condition of the streets, and a London gamin exclaimed: ‘Let down your petticoats, guv’nor, for you’re no longer a child, and too big for that sort of thing!’

***419. The Bishop and the Cabby.**—Archbishop Temple, when Bishop of London, on reaching Fulham Palace in a hansom cab, tendered the bare fare, amounting to two shillings, when ‘cabby’ ventured to inquire whether, if St. Paul had employed him, he would not have acted more liberally. ‘No,’ said the Bishop, ‘he would have been Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fare to Lambeth is only *one* shilling.’

*420. **Almost improper.**—A young lady gave a representation of a ballet dancer, by covering one of her hands with a handkerchief and throwing out her fingers so as to represent arms and legs. A venerable Bishop, who was present, calmly said: ‘Pray do it again, it is *almost* improper.’

*421. **Beagles and Foxhounds.**—The father of Mr. Stuart Gray (afterwards Earl of Moray), a clergyman of the Church of England, kept a pack of beagles. On the Bishop of Salisbury (Hamilton) reprovably asking him why he did so, he bluntly replied: ‘Because I can’t afford to keep a pack of foxhounds.’

*422. **A select congregation.**—A High-Church curate on proposing to hold a service at a distant church, on a very stormy day, was advised by the vicar not to think of doing so, as almost nobody would be present. He insisted, however, upon going, and hired a cab for the purpose. He found that the church officer was unwell, and with considerable difficulty procured the key, and thus got admission. After waiting for a few minutes, a solitary worshipper appeared, very much muffled up. The curate asked him to come nearer the pulpit, which however he declined to do; and on the parson suggesting that it was hardly necessary to preach a sermon, the worshipper informed him that he had specially come to listen to a discourse, which was accordingly duly delivered. The mysterious worshipper shuffled out of church, and the curate, on regaining his cab, discovered that he was the driver! The cab was hired by the hour.

*423. **Rival smokers.**—A popular clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, while travelling in the smoking compartment of a railway carriage on the coast of Fife,

observed a very untidy fishwife proceeding to become his fellow passenger. He called out, in a loud voice, 'This is a smoker!' but taking no notice of the announcement, she calmly placed her basket on one of the seats, and sat down beside the parson. She then produced a cutty-pipe, and after filling it with tobacco, she struck a light, and looking the clergyman full in the face, coolly said: 'Do you think, my little mannie, that naebody can smoke but yoursel'?'

***424. 'Nae Presbytery here.'**—Another well-known clergyman of the same communion having, on one occasion, a considerable time to wait for a train at Carnoustie station, resolved to embrace the opportunity of taking a dip in the sea. When resuming his garments, two fuddled Dundee men happened to pass, and noticing that the bather was looking very cold and wretched, they offered him a drop of whisky, which he gratefully declined. When the operation of dressing was nearly completed, they observed that he was donned in clerical costume, and again pressed him to partake of the stimulant, saying, 'Hoots, man, what are ye frichted for, there's nae Presbytery here!'

***425. High and Broad Church.**—When visiting at Megginch Castle, in the Carse of Gowrie, Dean Stanley and a clerical friend of High Church proclivities were taken by the late Dr. Alexander Laing of Newburgh to Lindores Abbey. Coming across a large stone slab bearing the effigy of an ecclesiastic, Stanley's friend eagerly exclaimed: 'Looking to the dimensions of the stone, the priest whom it commemorates must have been a *High-Churchman*!' on which Stanley calmly proceeded to measure the *breadth* of the slab, and finding it to be somewhere about four feet, he triumphantly added, 'and a *Broad-Churchman* too.'

***426. Ahmen u. Ehmen.**—An old English peeress, who

had always been accustomed to the *soft* pronunciation of the word Amen, was very much annoyed when a new curate at her parish church introduced the *broad* pronunciation, which is now generally adopted by the clergymen of the Church of England; and on every occasion of his using the word, she very audibly responded with her own version.'

*427. **Paris and Rome.**—A distinguished and popular London clergyman frequently arrests the attention of his numerous hearers by the quaintness and originality of his sermons. A few years ago, when discoursing on certain weaknesses of the present day, he graphically described the enthusiastic admiration of a fashionable lady for extreme ritualistic practices, and her determination to pay a visit to Rome, in order to gratify her ecclesiastical tastes. 'Well, my friends,' he said, 'she started on her journey; but, would you believe it, she failed to get further than Paris!'

*428. **A Scottish Primate.**—When Dr. Tait was elevated to the See of Canterbury, the lines spoken in an epilogue by Richard Burbage at the Globe Theatre, in 1601, were, in connection with the introduction of underground railways, most literally fulfilled:—

'A Scot our King? The limping State
That day must need a crutch.
What next? In time a Scot will prate
As Primate of our Church.

'When such shall be, why then you'll see
That day it will be found
The Saxon down through London town
Shall burrow underground.'

XIV

MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS

IN the previous editions I referred to the comparatively small number of anecdotes which the medical profession appeared to contribute, and accordingly the few examples that I was able to produce were embraced in the Miscellaneous section. During the last few years, however, I have succeeded in collecting a considerable number of very creditable examples, which are here introduced, in a separate section, along with the few formerly given.

429. A laconic consultation.—The celebrated physician, Dr. Abernethy, used to say that he only once encountered a really sensible woman, with whom he had the following conversation respecting an injured hand :—

Abernethy. Bruise?

Patient. Bite.

Abernethy. Dog?

Patient. Cat.

430. The dejected clown.—Abernethy was once consulted by a patient in very low spirits, who, after recounting all his distressing symptoms, anxiously asked the skilful doctor what he would advise him to do. ‘Go and see

Grimaldi,' was the reply ; on which the poor hypochondriac sorrowfully rejoined, '*I myself am he !*'

431. 'Sensible to the last.'—An old Scotch lady, during her last illness, was assiduously attended by a physician, to whom she invariably gave a guinea when he came to see her. He told the friends with whom she lived that her death would probably be very sudden ; and one day, when she seemed to have become unconscious, the doctor was hastily sent for. On his arrival he found that his patient had ceased to exist ; and taking hold of her right hand, which was closed but not rigid, he calmly extracted from it the customary fee, remarking, as he did so, to the attendant friends, '*Sensible to the last !*'

***432. Presence of mind.**—A youthful candidate for the post of naval surgeon was asked by one of the members of the Examining Board what he would do if a man was brought to him during action, with his arms and legs shot off. On his exhibiting a little hesitation, he was told not to keep the examiners waiting, and to give an immediate reply. '*By Jove,*' he rejoined, '*I would pitch him overboard, and proceed to tackle some one else to whom I could be of service.*'

***433. Tit for tat.**—'What would you do,' said Dr. Abernethy to a young medical student, 'if a man was placed in your hands with a broken leg?' 'Set it, sir,' was the reply. 'Good, very good, you are a witty young man, and doubtless you can tell me what muscles of the body I would move if I were to kick you, as you deserve, for your impertinence?' 'You would put in motion,' replied the student, 'the flexors and extensors of *my* right arm, for I would forthwith knock you down !'

***434. A dangerous question.**—‘Good morning,’ said a physician, as he met three children on their way to school, ‘how are you to-day?’ ‘We daren’t tell you,’ answered the eldest. ‘Why not?’ inquired the doctor. ‘Because papa says that your calling last year, and asking how we were, cost him £3.’

***435. A canny customer.**—One afternoon a medical practitioner had a call from a country patient, who happened to be in town attending the market, and who requested him to drive out forthwith to see a member of his family. As the case did not appear to be an urgent one, the doctor said he would call the following day. ‘That won’t do at all,’ replied the countryman, ‘because I want a lift home, and the hire of a “trap” would cost me more than a visit from you.’

***436. The crafty physician.**—In the course of examining conscripts for war, a German farmer was brought before an Ohio physician. ‘Doctor,’ he said, ‘I am not fit to go to the war, as I am crippled with rheumatism in my right arm. I can only raise it so high’ (raising it about two inches, and apparently with great effort). ‘How high could you raise it previously?’ inquired the doctor. ‘So high,’ he at once replied, raising his arm far above his head. ‘That is just what I expected,’ said the physician, who gave him a smart slap, and declined to exempt him.

***437. Blissful innocence.**—A little girl told a doctor’s servant to send her master to see her mother. ‘But who is your mother?’ asked the servant. ‘Oh,’ said the child, ‘the doctor knows, for we are customers of his, and he brought us a baby last week!’

***438. The ruling passion.**—A betting man who had ruined

his health by drinking was told by his doctor to prepare for death, as he would be dead by eight o'clock the following morning. As the doctor was leaving his bedside, the sick man raised himself on his elbow, and said with difficulty, 'Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle of wine, I'll live till *nine*.'

***439. 'Following' a prescription.**—One day Dr. Cheyne was summoned to prescribe for 'Beau Nash.' On calling the next day to inquire whether his prescription had been followed, Nash languidly replied : 'No, i' faith, doctor, for if I had *followed* it, I should have broken my neck, as I threw it out of my bedroom window.'

***440. 'Thou art the man.'**—Dr. Dawson of Hackney was a preacher as well as a physician. Among his patients was a certain Miss Corbett ; and one day when he went to see her, he found her reading the Bible, with the forefinger of her right hand pointing to the words of Nathan to David —'Thou art the man.' The doctor took the hint, and became the husband of the devout lady.

***441. 'Drunk. by God.'**—Doctor F. frequently visited his patients in a state of intoxication. On one occasion, when he was called to see a lady of high rank, he was in such a confused condition that he could only mumble to himself, 'Drunk, by God !' Fortunately for the doctor, the fair patient was in the same state as himself, and learned from her maid the nature of the doctor's comment on her case. The following day, while the doctor was considering what apology he ought to make to the lady, he received a note from her, along with a liberal fee, imploring him to keep the matter secret, and to visit her in the course of the day.

*442. **The consequential grocer.**—Canvassing for the post of one of the physicians to Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr. Barronby called on one of the governors, a grocer by trade, to solicit his vote and influence. The grocer, bursting with importance, strutted up to his visitor, and with a mixture of insolent patronage and insulting familiarity, said, 'Well, friend, what is your business?' Barronby, looking straight at him, calmly said, 'I want a pound of plums.' Confused and flushed, the shopkeeper put up the plums, which the doctor placed in his pocket, and walked away without asking for the vote.

*443. **Curran's cough.**—During his last illness, Curran was one day told by his medical attendant that he appeared to cough with more difficulty than on the previous day. 'That's odd enough,' replied the humorous Irishman, 'because I have been *practising* all night !'

*444. **'The inevitable.'**—Calling one day at the house of a family whom he was attending in the absence of their regular physician, a medical practitioner found the inmates pitifully lamenting a recent death, which, on inquiry, proved to be that of an old lady of ninety-two. With the view of soothing the feelings of the bereaved friends, the doctor said, 'My dears, you should just take *the inevitable*;' on which one of the family replied, 'We'll tak' onything you prescribe, if it will do us good.'

*445. **Flodden vengeance.**—In the course of one of his journeys in the North of England, an attendant of Sir Walter Scott suddenly required medical aid in a small country town. The local doctor—a new comer—was duly sent for, and he forthwith appeared in the shape of a grave, sagacious-looking personage, in a black suit and shovel-hat, whom Sir Walter immediately recognised as a blacksmith

who had formerly practised as a veterinary surgeon at Ashestiel. 'Can this possibly be John Lundie?' exclaimed the author of *Waverley*. 'In troth it is, your honour,' he replied. 'You were once a horse doctor,' Sir Walter rejoined, 'now it seems you are a *man* doctor—how do you get on?' 'My practice,' he answered, 'is very sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon two simples—*laudamy* and *calamy*.' 'Simples, with a vengeance,' replied Scott; 'but, John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?' 'Ou ay,' he answered, 'whiles they dee and whiles no;' but it's the will o' Providence. Onyhow, your honour, it would be lang before it made up for Flodden.'¹

*446. **A NATURAL death.**—A well-known physician and two other gentlemen occupied the same compartment in a railway carriage. One of them mentioned the recent death of an old friend, and on the other asking the cause, he answered, 'Nothing particular, he just slipped away.' 'What doctor was attending him?' inquired the former. 'He had no doctor at all, he just died a *natural* death.'

*447. **A posing question.**—Immediately after the death of the son of a Scotch hotelkeeper, the country joiner called to ask for the price of the coffin. He was informed that the deceased had executed a trust-disposition, and that the payment would be made in due course. 'I am not going away without the money,' said the carpenter, 'for I require it to-day.' The innkeeper replied that he was then unable to make the payment, and concluded by asking, 'What wad ye hae dune if my laddie had na' deed?'

¹ Although this anecdote is even more fully recorded in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, I have ventured to repeat it for the benefit of those who may not be likely to peruse that valuable biography.

***448. Question and answer.**—During a recent medical examination, a question was put to a nervous student, who sat meditating so long that the examiner asked whether the question puzzled him. ‘No,’ replied the student, ‘but the *answer* does.’

***449. Complicated affections.**—A consequential masher lately went to see a physician, to whom he said, ‘I, ah ! have come to, ah ! ask you, ah ! what is the confounded matter with me ?’ After examination, the doctor told him that his heart was affected. ‘Ah ! anything else ?’ he inquired. ‘Yes, your lungs,’ said the doctor. ‘Ah ! indeed,’ the masher replied, ‘is there anything else about me that is affected ?’ ‘Yes, your *manners*,’ rejoined the physician.

***450. A cure for gout.**—A luxurious nobleman once asked Dr. Abernethy if he could give him a cure for his gout. ‘Live on sixpence a day and earn it,’ was the doctor’s jocular reply.

***451. A discontinued toast.**—A certain Dr. Brown unsuccessfully courted a lady for many years, and frequently drank her health. One evening when he neglected to do so, a friend inquired the reason. ‘I have toasted her,’ he said, ‘for many years, and I can’t make her *brown*, so I shall toast her no longer !’

***452. Abandoned hope.**—An old Scotch lady in the country was so seriously ill that a messenger was sent to the Lodge to inquire as to her condition. The lodge-keeper said, ‘I had ay hopes that she would come round till to-day.’ ‘Why have you changed your opinion ?’ asked the messenger. ‘Because, to-day, there are *three* doctors up seeing her !’

***453. Confirmed convalescence.**—Dr. Abernethy had attended a wealthy patient during a very severe illness, and visiting him one day, the invalid thus addressed him: ‘Good-day, doctor, I feel quite in good spirits; I think the fever has left me.’ ‘I am sure it has,’ replied the doctor, ‘your mode of address convinces me.’ ‘Pray explain,’ said the patient. ‘At the beginning of your illness, when you were in danger, I was your “dearest friend”; when you began to get better, I became your “good doctor”; now I am “doctor” only. Depend upon it, your recovery is complete.’

***454. Flynn *vice* Sullivan.**—An army surgeon, on examining a recruit previous to his entering the service, asked his name. ‘Michael Flynn,’ was the reply. After stripping him, the doctor observed “John Sullivan” clearly tattooed on his arm. ‘How is this?’ said the surgeon; ‘you told me your name was “Michael Flynn!”’ ‘So it was,’ replied the recruit, ‘but I’ve been married twice, sir!’

***455. The biter bit.**—A quack doctor once sent for a physician, who found him very much alarmed about himself, although no symptoms of danger presented themselves. ‘My case,’ he said, ‘is not so trifling, doctor, as you suppose; for, to tell you the truth, I have swallowed some of my own nostrums by mistake.’

***456. A difficult operation.**—‘Well, Ethel, how did you get on?’ said a man to his wife, who was under the treatment of a specialist for her voice. ‘I did not like it at all,’ she replied; ‘I don’t see why the doctor finds it necessary to run his instrument so far down my throat that it seemed to touch my heart.’ ‘He was probably trying, my dear, to find the end of your tongue!’

***457. The sergeant's heart.**—As an army surgeon was going his rounds, he came to a sergeant who had been struck by a bullet on the left breast, immediately over the region of the heart. 'My man,' said the doctor, 'where, in the name of goodness, could your heart have been?' 'I guess it must have been in my mouth,' replied the poor fellow, with a sickly smile.

***458. An erroneous application.**—A woman who complained of a pain in her chest was told by her doctor to put a fly plaister on her chest, and let it remain all night. On calling next day, the doctor inquired whether she had followed his instructions. 'No,' she replied, 'I had na' a chest in the hoose, and I just clappit it on the auld tin box.'

***459. A strange precaution.**—A medical practitioner was lately summoned to see a patient with the view of granting a certificate of insanity. The patient was not at home when the doctor arrived, but the latter was informed that he had gone into the adjoining stair. On the doctor approaching him, he inquired what he was doing there; on which the patient replied that 'he was waiting till the rain ceased before proceeding to drown himself.'

***460. 'Memento mori.'**—A medical practitioner was called in to see a lady who had made herself very ill by eating too much mulberry tart; and on being asked by her whether he thought she would recover, he said he thought she probably would, but that henceforth she must give more heed to '*Memento mori.*'¹

***461. Sunday reading.**—On Sunday morning, during

¹ *Morus* is the Latin for mulberry.

his confinement to the house by a very sore foot, an Edinburgh working man had a call from his medical adviser, who, finding him with a book in his hand, asked what he was reading. 'I'm just takkin' a spell o' Sir Walter,' he replied. On which the doctor mildly suggested that his Bible might have been more appropriate under the circumstances. Pointing to the painful limb, he warmly exclaimed: 'Bible, indeed, wha cud read the Bible wi' a fut like that?'

***462. The professor's lockjaw.**—A medical professor in the University of Edinburgh was addicted to yawning, which frequently brought on lockjaw, and he was thus quite prevented from proceeding with his lecture. Knowing this unfortunate weakness, the students occasionally succeeded in shortening their hour's confinement by pretending to yawn, which had the invariable effect of giving the professor an attack of lockjaw.

***463. Abernethy and the tailor.**—A rich London tailor, after gorging himself at city feasts, used to worry Abernethy by consulting him as to the recovery of his digestive powers. The doctor was so wearied by his applications that he bethought himself of some pretext for getting rid of him. Accordingly, he advised him to go to the country for a while, which the tailor eagerly agreed to do. He engaged a carriage and four to transport him to a distant part of Cornwall, in the neighbourhood of Land's End. Before leaving town, he asked Abernethy to give him a letter of introduction to a good local doctor, which the physician duly did. In the course of his journey, he took out the letter and looked at it, thinking that he would like to know what Abernethy had said about him. Unfortunately, the missive was securely sealed, and he put it back into his pocket. A little while afterwards, he again took out the

letter, saying to himself that he was quite entitled to ascertain its contents. He then broke open the seal, and read as follows: 'Dear Jenkins, the bearer is a rich London tailor, make the most of him.—Yours, etc.'

***464. An original cure.**—Dr. Jephson, the well-known physician at Leamington, sometimes resorted to rather strange expedients for the cure of imaginary invalids. On one occasion he asked a lady patient to accompany him for a drive; and, after taking her some six or seven miles, he and the lady got out of the carriage to have a short stroll. He contrived to leave her for a few minutes, and jumping into his 'brougham,' he drove home without her, and thus compelled the poor patient to *walk* all the way to Leamington. The enforced exertion was the means of restoring her to health.

***465. Kill or cure.**—After the comparatively recent death of an old man at Kirkcaldy, his son called upon the medical attendant to obtain the certificate relative to the cause of death. In referring to the painful character of his disease, the doctor said, 'Your poor father must have had a great deal of suffering.' 'Aye,' replied the somewhat undutiful son, 'if he had been a brute beast, he would just have been shot!'

***466. A medical decision.**—Mr. Lynewood being at the point of death, his friends and relatives sent for Dr. Long, who wrote a letter to Dr. Short imploring his assistance. A consultation followed his arrival; after which Dr. Long and Dr. Short concurred in stating that 'Lynewood died!'

***467. An eccentric patient.**—The late Dr. Laing of Bridge of Earn had a somewhat eccentric patient in an elderly

labourer—Lawrence by name—for whom the doctor occasionally prescribed. One day, calling to see him, he inquired whether he had duly taken his various prescriptions. Lawrence declined to give anything in the way of a reply; and the doctor accordingly proceeded to look into an old-fashioned cupboard, where he found several phials, from which the wrappers had never been removed. On asking for an explanation, the old man coolly said, ‘When I am ill, I never touch your medicines; but when I am well, I empty every bottle.’

XV

MISCELLANEOUS

IN the case of numerous compilations, a miscellaneous or *omnium gatherum* section is generally found useful as the receptacle of everything that cannot be properly referred to any special division. Scotch readers know the meaning of the expression 'free toom'; but I trust that none of mine will regard the contents of this section as *rubbish*. Indeed, I incline to think that some of the best anecdotes in the collection will be found among the following illustrations. Perhaps a few of them ought to have been assigned to some of the previous sections; but, through the medium of the index, no difficulty should be experienced in tracing any particular story. The rough twofold division into Scottish and English will probably prove useful.

I. SCOTTISH

468. A chip of the old block.—The present Duke of Buccleuch, when Earl of Dalkeith, accompanied by Captain Tod of Howden, while prosecuting his canvass for the county of Mid-Lothian, came across a pawky old voter, to

whom the Captain said, 'This is Lord Dalkeith; ye'll know him?' 'Na, na, I dinna ken him,' was the reply. 'At all events,' the Captain continued, 'you know his father, the Duke?' 'Ou ay,' the old man rejoined, 'I ken the Duke—he's a grand man, the Duke!' 'Well, you'll surely vote for his son,' said the other. 'I'm no' shure about that, Captain; it's no' every coo that hes a cauff like hersel!'

469. '**Rather officious.**'—Some years ago, on the arrival of a train from Glasgow at the Greenock railway station, one of the passengers nearest the platform, in the compartment of a first-class carriage, volunteered to collect the tickets, and presented them to the official, who at once discovered that one of them was of old date, and demanded the price of the ticket. 'Do you know who I am, sir?' was the indignant remark of the gentleman who presented the tickets. 'I don't care who you are,' said the collector, 'you must pay the price of the ticket.' 'I am Lord C——,' added the other. While the collector respectfully repeated his former statement, and received the money from his lordship, one of the other passengers—a gang of thimble-riggers—coolly observed, 'I thought the gentleman was rather officious!'

470. **The two 'snobs.'**—Two Scotch dukes travelling together by rail, were joined at one of the stoppages by a third party—a commercial traveller—who got into conversation with them. On one of the peers leaving the train, the stranger said to the other, 'Who was that very pleasant gentleman?' and on being informed that it was the Duke of Athole, he immediately said, 'How condescending of his Grace to speak so familiarly with two such *snobs* as you and me!'

471. The two Lords' days.—A former Earl of Galloway—usually called 'Earl Saunders'—once had a call from Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, to whom he said, 'I am very glad to see you, Monreith; but don't you know that this is not my day for receiving company?' To which the Baronet replied, 'I know *one* Lord that has a day of His own; and as I don't keep *that*, I have no intention of keeping yours!'

472. 'Hope deferred.'—At one of the dinners at Holyrood during the sitting of the General Assembly, one of the expected guests, rejoicing in the name of *Hope*, failed to appear considerably after the appointed hour; and on Lord Rosslyn, the Commissioner, being asked by one of his footmen whether he would wait any longer, his lordship immediately replied, 'Certainly not; Hope deferred maketh the heart sick!'

473. The prosperous blacksmith.—The late Mr. Napier of Shandon, the well-known shipbuilder, was one evening entertaining at his hospitable board a mixed company, which embraced distinguished representatives of the aristocracies of birth, wealth, and culture. An old gentleman, who happened to be present, alluded to the circumstance of the party being assembled on the fortieth anniversary of his wedding. His host politely corrected him, alleging that the *previous* day was the actual anniversary, and confirming his statement by a series of questions. 'You may remember,' he said, 'that, after the ceremony, you left Glasgow in a chariot-and-four by the road leading to Rutherglen; and about a mile beyond the boundaries of the city, after passing through a toll-bar, one of your leaders cast a shoe. Fortunately a blacksmith's shop [*Scotticé* "smiddy"] was close at hand, and a youthful Vulcan came to the rescue, put on a fresh shoe, and you

gave him half-a-crown.' 'Possibly you may be right,' the old gentleman replied, 'but I have forgotten the incident.' 'Not so I,' rejoined the honest shipbuilder, 'for *I* was the young blacksmith!'

474. 'Don't look at **THAT** man!'—The late Lady Ruthven (when her brother-in-law, Lord Belhaven, was Commissioner to the General Assembly in 1866) was walking through the picture-gallery at one of the Holyrood receptions, leaning on the arm of the comely daughter of a former Moderator, when she fancied that her *protégée* was pointedly looking at a certain gentleman. On this the old lady—who, like most deaf persons, spoke in a very loud tone of voice—was heard to say, 'Now, my dear, don't look at *that* man, for he has a wife already!'

475. 'Those black legs are **MINE**!'—A party of both sexes happened to be upset from a waggonette, somewhere in the north of Scotland, and were lying together in a state of great confusion, when an old lady, who formed one of the unfortunate group, eagerly exclaimed to a good Samaritan who kindly endeavoured to extricate the travellers—'Those *black* legs are mine!'

476. **Disappointing results.**—Mr. Wingate of Glasgow laboured for many years in the East in connection with a Jewish Mission, where, it is alleged, he made only two converts. On this fact being mentioned to his brother-in-law, who enjoyed a quiet hit at the worthy missionary, he seriously added, 'Yes, only two; and of these the one stole Wingate's hat, and the other his watch!'

477. 'Not in the catalogue.'—A very stout Roman Catholic priest, well known in Edinburgh, happened to be present at a cattle-show in the north of Scotland, where he

was literally *mobbed*, on account of his remarkable corpulency. He quietly rebuked the crowd by saying, 'I am not in the catalogue!'

478. Poetry by the dozen.—A Scotch millionaire, when he began to form a library, went to a bookseller's shop in Glasgow and said, 'I want a lot o' pōtry; there's a chap ca'ad Tennysin, and anither ca'ad Longfelle—gie me plenty o' them!' The bookseller produced a selection of well-known poets to his customer, who, after a cursory examination, said, 'I'll tak' sax dizzen o' them.' History, fiction, etc., having been similarly dealt with, the bookseller inquired, with reference to the binding, whether he would like the volumes bound in russia or morocco. 'D—n Rooshie, and d—n Morokay! can they no' be bund in Gleskae?'

479. Holy water.—A former guide to Dryburgh Abbey was once sarcastically asked by an English clergyman whether some water which happened to have been collected in the basin of a dilapidated *piscina* was holy water.' 'Ou ay,' said the old Scotchman, 'it a' cam' doon frae heeven!'

480. The 'auld serpent.'—On the same occasion, the guide was asked the meaning of a carving on the lower part of a font, representing a dragon with his tail in his mouth. He at once replied, 'I think, sir, it's juist the auld serpent biting his tail from vexation at losing the bairns!'

481. A questionable explanation.—The late Mr. Alexander Dunlop of Clober—a great humourist—was accused by an acquaintance of having passed him on the street without a salute. Mr. Dunlop assured him he had never *intentionally* 'cut' an acquaintance all his life, as he had such a respect for himself that he felt he could bow to the

greatest snob in the world without any fear of contamination !

482. Jest and earnest.—A good many years ago a poor idiot (*Scotticé* ‘natural’) was in the habit of frequenting the churchyard of Peebles for devotional purposes. On one occasion, while on his knees close beside the boundary wall, to which the public road was adjacent, he was praying in the following strain : ‘O Lord, but for the intervention of a gracious Providence, that wall would fall and crush a poor mortal like myself.’ Two wags, who happened to be passing, overheard the ejaculation, and forthwith pushed over some loose stones upon the eccentric worshipper, who proceeded as follows : ‘O Lord, it’s very hard that a pair bodie canna say a thing in fun without being taken in earnest !’

483. Different tastes.—On his employer remonstrating with an old and somewhat lazy Scotch gardener as to the moss-grown condition of the garden walks, the latter quietly rejoined : ‘Weel, sir, for my pairt, I rayther like the green !’

484. A parting explained.—The same worthy, on being asked why, after many years’ service, he had left his former master, replied, ‘*He* left me.’ ‘Left you?’ said his interrogator ; ‘what do you mean?’ ‘Aweel,’ said the man of the spade, ‘he juist dee’d !’

485. Scotch ‘wut.’—Old Miss Cook, sister of Dr. George Cook, the historian of the Church of Scotland, once said to the maiden sister of a Fifeshire laird, who was rather slow in apprehending a joke, ‘If ye dinna understand *wut*, naebody can drive it into ye !’

486. 'Neither jeelie nor jam.'—A maternal uncle of a distinguished English statesman, who prided himself on his Scotch descent, on being charged two shillings and sixpence in Shetland for a very poor breakfast, indignantly exclaimed: 'Half-a-croon for *that*! and neither ham, jam, jeelie, nor a dram!'

487. **A practical joke.**—A late captain of the 'Edinburgh Company of Honourable Golfers,' in returning by the train from Musselburgh, found himself in a compartment with a solitary fellow-passenger, who, after carefully unlacing the tie of one of his boots, concealed himself under the seat, with the exception of the foot encased in the unlaced boot. On arriving at Portobello, two ticket-collectors eagerly seized the foot, with the view of pulling out the supposed culprit, when the *boot* came away in their hands, and they both fell backwards on the platform. On the station-master coming to the rescue, the mysterious passenger duly presented his ticket, and had his boot returned to him, on which the station-master upbraided his subordinates for their officiousness. After the cause of the fracas had resumed his seat, the club-captain ventured to ask the object of his procedure; when he calmly explained that he was fond of a practical joke—adding that, on the present occasion, he thought he had had the best of it!

488. 'They d——d craws.'—A Scotch lady was for several weeks absent from her country seat, where there was a rookery of which she was very proud. On her return home, she said to her old gardener, who was very *deaf*, in the immediate neighbourhood of the rookery, that she was glad to find the birds as numerous as ever. Holding his hand to his ear, the 'knave of spades' replied,

‘What did my lady say? I canna hear a word for thae d——d craws.’¹

489. ‘**Croons**’ in heaven.—An old Scotchwoman was found by a lady busily engaged in the perusal of a book containing a somewhat materialistic view of heaven; and on the lady expressing her surprise, she frankly said—‘If croons are to be the weer (wear), I dinna see why I shouldna get ane as weel as my neebors!’

490. ‘**A d——d good road.**’—The late Sir Robert Preston of Valleyfield happened once to meet a stranger in his avenue, to whom he angrily said, ‘No road this way!’ The intruder coolly replied, ‘There’s a d——d good road, sir!’ On ascertaining from the lodge-keeper that the trespasser was a jolly tar from a man-of-war lying in the neighbourhood, he expressed regret for having challenged him; on which the sailor patronisingly said—‘So, my jolly old cock, you’ve found out that there *is* a d——d good road!’

491. **Paisley for ever!**—A number of years ago, one of the ‘city guides,’ a native of Paisley, in conducting a party of visitors round the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle, made continual allusions to the place of his birth. One of the strangers said, ‘You can speak of nothing but *Paisley*, I wish you would tell us something about Edinburgh.’ ‘Edinburgh!’ he replied; ‘do you see that big building to the south (the University)?—the most distinguished Professor there—“Christopher North”—is a Paisley man; and do you see that fine church-dome to the westward (pointing to St. George’s Church)?—the grandest precentor

¹ ‘The rook is an essentially aristocratic bird; the country people say that it will only settle in the neighbourhood of a good old family.’—Potter’s *Lancashire Memories*, p. 6.

in Scotland, Mr. R. A. Smith, conducts the psalmody there, and he's a Paisley man; and lastly, do you see that buildin' wi' the twa tappie-touries (the Register House)?—the wumman that sweeps oot the passages there is a Paisley wumman!

492. Royalty unadorned.—A good many years ago, when her Majesty was spending a short time in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice paid an unexpected visit to an old female cottager on the slopes of Glenfinlas, who, knowing that they had some connection with the royal household, bluntly ejaculated, 'Ye'll be the Queen's servants, I'm thinkin'?' 'No,' they quietly rejoined, 'we are the Queen's *daughters*.' 'Ye dinna look like it,' was the immediate reply of the unusually outspoken Celt, 'as ye hae neither a ring on your fingers, nor a bit gowd i' your lugs!'

493. 'Na, ye wadna!'—One of the worthiest and wealthiest ironmasters in the west of Scotland once happened to hear a conversation between two young 'hopefuls' in a railway carriage, the burden of which was the felicity of the rich. At length the one said to the other, 'Well, I am certain I should be perfectly happy if I had a thousand a year.' 'Na, ye wadna,' unceremoniously interjected the possessor of millions. The young fellow then said, 'If I had *two* thousand,' and gradually raised the amount until he reached a pretty high figure. On the specification of each augmented sum, the laconic 'Na, ye wadna,' was invariably repeated, with the following addition when the maximum income appeared to have been indicated: 'I hae tried them a', and a great deal mair, and I'm no' happy yet. Indeed, ma young freends, I'm no sae happy noo as whan I was workin' at the forge, wi' ma shirt-sleeves tucked up, for aughty punds a year!'

494. The Duke and the stationmaster.—The lamented Duke of Buccleuch, several years ago, accompanied a party of ladies to a railway station, where he was unknown to the stationmaster. On accosting that functionary, he was abruptly informed by him that he could not then speak with him, as he had to drive in some cattle which were to be placed in a truck before the arrival of the expected train. The Duke was perfectly satisfied, and without hesitation lent a hand in the operation, much to the gratification of the official, with whom he afterwards got into conversation, and learned all the particulars of his history. Having patiently submitted to a series of interrogations, he turned to the Duke and said, ‘Now that I have told you all these details, pray, sir, who are *you*?’ The immediate reply was as follows: ‘My name is Walter Scott, but most people call me the Duke of Buccleuch.’ The stationmaster felt disposed to sink into the ground; and on attempting to make a humble apology, was at once interrupted by the Duke, who complimented him on the active discharge of his duties.

495. The ‘bletherin’ besom.’—A small farmer in Perthshire having heard that the son of a neighbour who had recently lost his wife had greatly distinguished himself at the parish school by gaining the first prizes for arithmetic and rhetoric, called to offer his congratulations. The boy’s father said in reply: ‘I fancy he gets his arithmetic frae me, and his rhetoric frae his mither. Eh, man, she *was* a bletherin’ besom!’

496. A voice from the ‘gods.’—About sixty years ago, on the occasion of the ‘benefit night’ of the popular comedian Lloyd, the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh—which occupied the site of the present Post Office—was densely crowded, and the disturbance in the gallery, at the com-

ment of the performance, was so great, that the voices of the players were quite inaudible. A cry of 'Mr. Murray'¹ proceeded from the 'gods,' and speedily the inimitable manager made his appearance at the footlights. 'Well, *gentlemen*,' he said, addressing the gallery, 'what can I do for you?' One of the deities replied, 'The gallery's quite full, and they're lettin' mair in.' 'If, *gentlemen*, the gallery is quite full, I am at a loss to comprehend how more can be admitted!' After a burst of applause from the boxes and pit, perfect order was immediately restored.

497. '**Me leave Cramond kirk!**'—An old woman residing at Cramond, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was asked, shortly after the 'Disruption' in 1843, whether she intended to join the Free Church. '**Me leave Cramond kirk!**' she indignantly replied, 'whar ma faither, and ma grandfaither, and ma great-grandfaither lie buried! Me leave Cramond kirk! Na, na! I'll worship whare ma forebears worshipped, and ma banes will bleach beside theirs.'

498. **An unexpected meeting.**—In the course of a summer tour in the north of Scotland, along with one of my nephews, about thirty years ago, *en route* to Skye we happened to encounter two pleasant Londoners, and as they were also bound for that island, we agreed to travel together. The Southrons mentioned that their chief object in going to Skye was in order to see the famous Loch Coruisk, with MacWhirter's celebrated picture of which, in the Royal Academy, they had both been greatly charmed. Our party reached the comfortable inn at Sligachan about seven in the evening, and in the little coffee-room we

¹ See *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, i. 322.

found a solitary gentleman, in a black velveteen jacket, who proved to be MacWhirter! The accomplished artist did not conceal the gratification which the incident afforded him.

499. '**My lady hersel**.'—An English nobleman paid a visit to Kinfauns Castle, in the Carse of Gowrie, in the time of Francis, fifteenth Lord Gray, and the morning after his arrival his host inquired whether he had slept well. 'Extremely sound,' the visitor replied, 'till about six o'clock in the morning, when my pleasant slumbers were disturbed by your loud-voiced housekeeper, raging among the servants. 'Deed, my lord,' rejoined the old Scottish peer, 'it was just my lady hersel'!'

500. **Scotch Metapheesics**.—The Forfarshire blacksmith's definition of Scotch Metaphysics—which Sydney Smith pronounced to be a term of 'dire sound and horrible import'—seems worthy of being recorded: 'Twa folk disputin' thegither; he that's listenin' disna ken what he that's speakin' means, and he that's speakin' disna ken what he means himsel'—that's Metapheesics!' ¹

¹ Another form of mysterious language has lately come into existence. The term '**Gladstonian**,' in Mr. Samuel Butler's use of it, indicates a certain habit of mind and method of speech which is neither precisely truthful nor untruthful, neither positively honest nor dishonest; the practice of using words so as to suggest one thing to the hearer while signifying another thing to the speaker. On the occasion of one of Mr. Gladstone's Delphic addresses at Dalkeith, when a candidate for the county of Midlothian, a Conservative voter, at the close of his speech, asked a Radical supporter, beside whom he happened to be seated, whether he understood what the orator was driving at. The only reply that he could obtain was: 'He's a grand old man'; and the miserable 'Rad.' was evidently not any more enlightened than his more sensible interrogator.

501. '**Quot homines,**' etc.—At a small dinner-party given by a Leith wine merchant, he produced a bottle of very old port, which he expected his friends would thoroughly appreciate. One of them, however, pronounced the wine to be '*corked*'; another thought that it tasted of *iron*; while a third considered that it had the flavour of *leather*. Some time afterwards, the merchant resolved to examine the cask from which the wine had been taken, and there found a rusty key with a leather label attached to it! Accordingly it turned out that at least two of his critical friends were correct in their opinions.¹

502. A moderate '**quiver.**'—I once showed the late Henry Laing, author of the two valuable volumes on '*Scottish Charter Seals*,'² the rubbing of an English monumental brass, which represented a father and mother kneeling opposite to each other, with ten sons kneeling behind the father, and the same number of daughters behind the mother, who was described in the inscription as having died at the birth of her *twenty-first* child. After carefully examining the rubbing, the worthy herald quaintly said, 'Happy is the man (according to a certain good book) who hath his quiver full of them—but, thank God, I have not so many!'

503. '**No' ken oor Benjie!**'—An old Scotch lady had a son, of whose comely face she was very proud. On some one saying that he did not know the young man by sight,

¹ A somewhat similar story is told by Sancho Panza of his two uncles in *Don Quixote*.

² Jocularly called by Mr. Alexander Sinclair '*Laing of the Seals*,' in contradistinction to the better known David '*Laing of the Signet*.' Henry Laing's grandfather held the office of postmaster at Strathmiglo, in the county of Fife, and was playfully described by him as '*a man of letters*.'

she warmly exclaimed, 'No' ken oor Benjie!—the laad wi' the heevenly coontenance!'

504. An eye to business.—Sir John Gladstone, father of the Premier, when upwards of eighty years of age, had a call from a prosy stranger, whom he thus bluntly addressed: 'I have still a great deal of business to transact in this world, and very little time left to do it in!'

505. The trusty valet.—A young Scotchman, some years ago, tried his luck at the Monte Carlo gambling-tables, and was fortunate enough to win a very large sum—between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. On returning to his hotel, he handed the money to his valet—a tried old family servant—and the following morning was 'dumfounded' to learn that the valet had disappeared. Several days passed away without any tidings of the run-away; but at length a telegram arrived from the valet in Scotland, announcing that he had lost no time in hurrying home to place the money in the hands of the young man's father, which he regarded as a safer place of deposit than a Monte Carlo hotel.

506. 'Trust in Providence.'—Upwards of sixty years ago a fire occurred, at a late hour of the evening, in one of the bedrooms of a villa about a mile from the 'Fair City of Perth'; and, with the exception of a boy of nine or ten years of age, the only male on the premises was the old gardener, who lived alone in the lodge, and who had retired to bed, after a flower-show dinner, very much the worse of liquor. Thither the cook, an active and strong-minded woman, immediately went for assistance; but on knocking at the door, the only response she received was an unintelligible grunt from the occupant. At the highest pitch of her voice she announced the cause of her alarm,

on which the old gardener coolly answered, 'Trust in Providence! trust in Providence!' Sending her fist through one of his window-panes, she indignantly exclaimed, 'Trust in Providence, indeed, ye drunken scoundrel! but Providence won't do the work,' and immediately returned to the conflagration, which was happily soon extinguished with the aid of some friendly neighbours.

507. The discarded cabinet.—A lady member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, while looking at some antique furniture in one of the principal Edinburgh auction-rooms, was very much struck by the elegance of an oak cabinet. She asked a friend to ascertain whether it had any history, and on turning to the catalogue, he found that it had formerly belonged to William III. On hearing this, the lady, who utterly repudiated Protestantism and the Revolution Settlement, warmly exclaimed, 'I wouldn't give it house-room!'

508. A Vandal's retribution.—The old palace of Seton—one of the glories of the Lothians—was ruthlessly pulled down, towards the end of the eighteenth century, by a temporary possessor, whose ownership was ultimately set aside by the House of Lords. In the course of the relative litigation, the modern chateau, which occupies the site of the ancient edifice, was erected by the individual in question, who is described by the learned peerage lawyer, John Riddell, as a 'barbarous Celt.' In alluding to the vandalism, an old woman in the neighbourhood, whose 'forebears' had for generations resided within a gunshot of the palace, triumphantly said to a visitor, in allusion to the fact of the temporary owner never having been allowed to occupy the modern building: 'Thank God, he never lived to raise reek in't!'

509. **C.A. v. C.B.**—An old Edinburgh accountant, on being asked by a friend whether he was not disappointed in not having been made a C.B., promptly replied that, considering the kind of men on whom the distinction was now conferred, he was rather proud of having been overlooked; and ‘moreover,’ he added, ‘I am entitled to take *alphabetical* precedence of them all, seeing that I can already place *C.A.* after my name!’¹

510. ‘**The first man in Perth.**’—The Biblical knowledge of Peter Rough, the driver of the ‘Cobourg’ coach between Edinburgh and Perth some sixty years ago, was not very extensive. On being asked if he could give the name of the *first man*, the Scottish Jehu replied, ‘I’m no verra sure wha the first man was, but I can tell ye the name o’ the first man in Pearth, and that’s Jamie Condie!’²

511. **A dangerous memory.**—Colonel Hamilton of Bardowie, uncle of the present proprietor, had a remarkably retentive memory. When an officer in the Stirlingshire Militia, he happened, one day, to enter the messroom after the dessert had been placed upon the table; and from behind a large movable screen, unseen by his brother officers, he attentively listened to the recitation of an original poem by one of their number. On making his appearance, his comrades expressed regret that he had just missed the recital of some very clever verses. Hamilton accordingly requested the author to favour him with a repetition of the lines; and when the recitation was concluded, the Colonel immediately said—‘Original! I

¹ When George IV. consulted a favourite courtier as to the course which he ought to follow with reference to any troublesome or unpopular personage, his usual reply was—‘Let your Majesty make a knight of him!’

² A local ‘writer’ of considerable ability and influence, and a celebrated golfer.

know every word of that poem!’ and, to the utter astonishment of the author, he then and there repeated the verses without a single mistake.

512. The effect of silent worship.—About sixty years ago, four Edinburgh University students resolved to go to the Quakers’ Meeting-House in the Pleasance; but as one of them, strongly inclined to risibility, had previously attended the same mysterious place of worship, he occupied a seat at the back of the chapel, while the three others located themselves in a very prominent position close beside the platform on which the ‘elders’ of the congregation were seated. Perfect silence prevailed for fully half-an-hour, when the comic character of the ‘situation’ became too much for the three students in front, whose painfully suppressed titters gradually developed into an outburst of laughter. One of the elders aforesaid—a well-known confectioner in the neighbourhood of the University, whose shop was frequented by the students—stood up and administered a severe rebuke to the disturbers of the peace, which their friend in the back seat thoroughly enjoyed.

513. A platform scene.—At the people’s demonstration in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales’s marriage in 1863, it was arranged that the first resolution should be moved by the popular Earl of Haddington, father of the present peer. After Lord Provost Lawson, as chairman, had made an excellent introductory speech, he called upon Lord Haddington to move the resolution. His lordship came to the front of the platform in what appeared to be a perfectly collected manner, and at once proceeded as follows: ‘My Lord Provost and good friends, I have had the honour of being asked to . . . I have had the honour . . . I have

had . . . ' and, unable to proceed further, he resumed his seat. Encouraged by several friends beside him, Lord Haddington made a *second* attempt to speak, but with no better results. After a little consultation upon the platform, the seconder of the resolution rose, in the person of the late Lord Ardmillan, and without the slightest allusion to the *contretemps*, he made, as usual, a very happy speech. The other speakers followed; and just as the large assemblage was about to be dismissed, the plucky nobleman got upon his legs a *third* time, and made the most successful speech of the day, amidst the applause of a sympathetic and delighted audience. 'My good friends,' he said, 'I am not a particularly nervous man. I am accustomed to hunting-dinners and other festive gatherings, where I frequently make a little speech; and what floored me to-day, I am at a loss to conjecture. Possibly the large mass of upturned faces (some four thousand people) may have helped to unnerve me. I beg your pardon for breaking down, and thank you for your forbearance.'

514. An interview with Carlyle.—One day in September 1870, I happened to travel with my late friend Dr. Bedford in the train to Longniddry. I had recently returned from a Continental tour, and, in passing through Hanover, had seen the King of Prussia (afterwards Emperor of Germany) and Bismarck *en route* to the battle-fields. While recounting some of my experiences to my friend, I noticed, in one of the corners of the compartment, an old man, rather negligently apparelled, and with his face so much muffled up in a huge 'comforter' that I saw little more than his eyes, who, I felt sure, was Thomas Carlyle. Dr. Bedford, who, like myself, had only once seen the 'Chelsea sage' (when he delivered his inaugural address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1866), was satisfied that I was correct in my conjecture, and

urged me to address the philosopher. Well aware of the risk I incurred in attempting to 'interview' so great a celebrity, I screwed up my courage, and gradually altered my position, until I was *vis-à-vis* to the old gentleman. In the blindest terms I was able to command, I apologised for the liberty I ventured to take in addressing him, adding that I believed that I and my friend had the honour of being in the company of Mr. Carlyle. 'My name is Carlyle,' was the brusque and immediate reply; and after a short pause, he said, 'I have been listening with great interest to your account of your recent visit to Germany.' *Inter alia*, he proceeded to allude, in very disparaging terms, to the Emperor of the French, asserting, as his firm belief, that he was *not* the nephew of the great Napoleon; and adding, that 'of course a man who had lived all his life on false pretences, must ultimately go, where all such men invariably find themselves, to the devil!'¹ He then referred to a number of interesting historical occurrences, justifying, as his hearers anticipated, the conduct of Prussia on almost every occasion. Speaking of the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, he sententiously said: 'When a sheriff-officer executes a warrant, he simply obeys his orders. In the case of Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia merely did what she was told to do by the great Powers!' Dr. Bedford left the train at Longniddry, while I accompanied Carlyle to Haddington, and was met at the station by the late Mr. Ross, one of the ministers of the parish, and there parted with the philosopher. In the course of the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Ross, I went to the 'Lamp of Lothian,' where we ascertained from the sexton that, in accordance with his usual practice, Carlyle had paid a

¹ See, however, Chap. II. (entitled 'La Naissance de Napoléon III.') of *Les dernières années de L'Impératrice Joséphine*, par Imbert de Saint-Amand, Paris, 1893.

pious visit to his wife's grave. Not many hours afterwards, a telegram was received in Edinburgh announcing Louis Napoleon's surrender at Sedan !

515. Diamond cut diamond.—Two elderly Fifeshire ladies, both remarkable for their loquacity, met at the house of a friend. For upwards of half an hour, one of them entirely monopolised the conversation, but was at length arrested in her verbosity by a fit of sneezing. Upon this her rival at once took up the running, saying as she did so, 'In the providence of God, I can now get in a word, and I shall take care to have a good innings !'

516. An à priori argument.—During an official tour in Banffshire, a few years ago, one of the inspectors of the Registrar-General's Department, in conversing with a parish minister, referred to the large proportion of illegitimate births, and generally to the low moral condition of the district. 'Oh yes,' the parson calmly replied ; 'at most marriages in this quarter, you can tell which is the bride from her appearance !' A friend of the inspector's, to whom he repeated the minister's remark, promptly rejoined that it was an excellent illustration of the *à priori* argument !

517. 'Oor man's warm.'—In the days of Burke and Hare, two 'resurrectionists' removed a recently buried body from a churchyard in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. They placed the corpse in an upright position, enclosed in a sheet, on the back seat of the dog-cart in which they drove home ; and in the course of the journey they stopped at a 'public,' and went inside to get a dram, leaving their trap unattended. During their short absence, a waggish passer-by placed the corpse behind a hedge, and after encasing himself in the sheet, took possession of the back seat of the

dog-cart. In the course of a few minutes, the resurrectionists returned and proceeded on their way. When approaching the city, the driver suddenly said to his companion, 'Oor man's *warm*!' 'Impossible,' he replied. Again the driver exclaimed, 'Oor man's *very* warm!' when the supposed corpse thus addressed the astonished body-lifters—'Warm indeed! How could I be otherwise, considering the character of the *place* in which I have been during the last three or four days?' On this the terrified resurrectionists hastily alighted, leaving the mysterious stranger in the possession of the vehicle.

518. Alphabetical distinctions.—In jocular allusion to the late Sir John Sinclair's numerous titles and distinctions, his humorous correspondent, Sir Adam Ferguson, once addressed a letter to him thus :—

Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart.,

A.M., F.R.S., T.U.V.W.X.Y.Z.

519. Precocious theology.—A Scotch boy of seven years of age, when reprov'd by his father for waywardness, calmly replied, 'Yes, I am just like John Bunyan ; he was naughty when he was young, but became better when he grew older!'

520. A disciple of Malthus.—Mrs. Johnstone, editor of *Tait's Magazine*, once took the late Mr. Alexander Russel of the *Scotsman* to see Hogg, the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' who accompanied them to a 'fairy well.' Stooping down, he filled a tumbler with beautiful clear water, and as the poet handed it to Mrs. Johnstone, he said, 'Hae, Mistress Johnstone ; ony married woman that drinks this water will hae *twins* within the twelvemonth.' Tumbler in hand, the lady replied, 'In that case, Mr. Hogg, I shall drink only *half* a tumbler!'

521. '**Beggar my neighbour.**'—Upwards of fifty years ago, a certain Perthshire laird made arrangements for the erection of a magnificent mansion on a very limited estate ; and with reference to his intentions, one of his neighbours humorously remarked—'I hear our friend N. contemplates the erection of an extensive castle ; I wonder on whose lands he intends to encroach, when he carries his plans into execution !'

522. '**Heaven upon earth.**'—A simple-minded native of St. Kilda once landed during the night on the island of Scalpa, near the entrance to East Loch Tarbert. He wandered towards the lighthouse, and finding the door open, slowly ascended the long spiral staircase, which is supposed to have suggested the idea of 'Jacob's ladder,' as he had never before seen a stair. On reaching the summit, he opened the door of the light-room, and suddenly exchanged the outer darkness for the dazzling brilliancy of the inner chamber, in which sat a venerable figure, with spectacles on nose, absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper. The astonishment was mutual ; and after a brief pause, the unlooked-for visitor thus addressed the light-keeper, who appeared to him to be seated in awful majesty. 'Are you God Almighty?' The immediate answer of the disturbed official was, '*Yes !* and who the devil are you?'¹

523. **Musical criticism.**—The late Mr. James Baird, going one day into the drawing-room at Cambusdoon, found a young friend playing the guitar in the company of a number of ladies. After calmly surveying the musician, he spoke as follows : 'Sandy, my man, the soond o' your instrument is unco like a bumbee deein' under a dockan-leaf !'

¹ From the author's *St. Kilda Past and Present*, p. 258.

524. '**Loup oot, Captain !**'—A tall and stout captain of militia frequently left the train at a roadside station in Ayrshire, where he was always met by the owner of the sole horse and dog-cart in the locality. On one occasion he observed a new steed in the shafts, and on asking the driver what sort of an animal it was, Tam told him that he had purchased him from Jamie Thamson, the flesher ; that he was called 'Rory,' and was a 'grand horse'—adding, 'We'll hae a rale pleasant drive the nicht, Captain.' The road was very hilly, and at the first ascent they came to, 'Rory' declined to move. The whip was vigorously applied, with the result of nearly upsetting the 'trap,' on which Tam lustily exclaimed, 'Loup oot, Captain! for God's sake, loup oot, and grup his heid, for he's gawin tae coup the machine!' With some difficulty the Captain contrived to get out and to seize 'Rory' by the head ; and Tam having also descended, he unyoked the stubborn steed, and coolly said to his customer, 'Noo, Captain, as you're a bigger and a stronger man than me, ye'll just pull the machine up the hill, and I'll lead the baste.' On reaching the summit of the ascent, 'Rory' was again 'pit tae,' and as they proceeded on the journey, Tam again remarked, 'We'll hae a rale pleasant drive the nicht yet, Captain.' It so happened, however, that they did not arrive at their destination till the poor Captain, hot and exhausted, had once more to put his shoulder to the wheel.

525. **The student outwitted.**—A few years before Professor Blackie resigned the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh, he one day had occasion to post the following intimation at the entrance to his lecture-room : 'Professor Blackie regrets that he will be unable to meet his *classes* to-morrow afternoon.' A waggish student erased the first letter of the word '*classes*,' which was thus converted into

lasses ; but the Professor was more than a match for his pupil, as he, in his turn, erased the initial letter of '*lasses*,' and thus left a complimentary description (*asses*) of the wag and his fellow-students.

526. '**Weel whuppit horses.**'—The late Marquis of Ailsa, in posting through the town of Irvine, asked the landlord of the inn to furnish him with four horses, when only a pair happened to be left in the stable. 'Mine host' informed his lordship that 'twa horse weel whuppit are as gude as ony ordinar' fower, ony day. And so, my lord,' he added, 'ye'll hae to be satisfied wi' a pair !' When the animals had been attached to the carriage, the landlord said to the driver, 'Noo, Tam, tak' gude care that the bastes are weel whuppit !'

527. **A mysterious adventure.**—At an early period of the present century, the lessee of a deer-forest in a certain part of Scotland was returning homewards in the 'gloaming,' accompanied by two faithful gillies, after an unsuccessful day's sport. One of his henchmen observed an object on the sky-line of an adjoining hill, which he pronounced to be a stag. The sportsman stalked the object with great caution ; and when within proper distance, fired an unerring shot from his rifle, and had the satisfaction of seeing the 'antlered monarch of the mountain,' as he believed it to be, fall mortally wounded. On walking up to the spot, he was horrified to find a Cockney tourist, with knapsack on back, lying dead upon the heather. What the sportsman mistook for the antlers had been the poor traveller's arms thrown up in dying agony. The gillies never uttered a syllable, and without a word from their master rapidly descended to a stream, from the bank of which they brought a wooden box, about four feet long, in which they calmly placed the deceased, after doubling up his body, along with

some heavy stones, nailed down the lid, and carrying the box back to the stream, dropped it into a deep pool. The trio then walked solemnly home without exchanging a word; and after careful consideration, the sportsman resolved to say nothing to any one of the tragic occurrence, feeling perfectly satisfied that he could place implicit confidence in the secrecy of the gillies. A few days afterwards, he read an advertisement in more than one newspaper, setting forth, in detail, the circumstances of the disappearance of the deceased, and offering a handsome reward for any information regarding him.

528. The 'daft' curlers.—A French Canadian farmer, who had seen the Scotch game of curling for the first time, gave the following amusing description of it: 'J'ai vu aujourd'hui une bande d'Écossais qui jettoient des grandes boules de fer, faites comme des bombes, sur la glace; après quoi, ils crioient "*soupe, soupe!*" ensuite, ils rioient comme des foux; je crois bien qu'ils sont vraiment foux.'

529. A desperate plunge.—A certain laird in the East Neuk of Fife had the reputation of being somewhat parsimonious in his dealings with both man and beast. During a very severe winter, when the snow covered the ground for several consecutive weeks, and the cattle had to be fed with turnips, a fine young bullock of the laird's, which occupied a field close to the seashore, became so voracious from want of sufficient nourishment that, following the example of Europa's celebrated bull, he boldly plunged into the Forth and made for the Lothian coast, in the hope of finding food to appease his ravenous appetite.

530. A moist climate.—A Dumfriesshire gamekeeper used to describe the ordinary condition of the weather

in the district in which he lived as 'a wee bit shoory, wi' renn (rain) between!'

531. An unknown tongue.—Two enthusiastic golfers, when travelling by rail, were discussing the leading features of a recent match at St. Andrews, in which they had both had some unusual experiences. In the course of their conversation, frequent reference was made to certain parts of the 'green' which are known by rather peculiar local names. One of the players specially alluded to a fine stroke which he had made out of 'Hell' into the 'Elysian fields': while the other made use of another expression of an equally strange kind. An English fellow-passenger, unacquainted with the mysteries of the favourite Scottish pastime, speedily came to the conclusion that he was in the company of two lunatics, and embraced the earliest opportunity of leaving the train.

532. A mountain thunderstorm.—In the summer of 1857, a visitor to Braemar one day rode to the summit of Lochnagar by way of Loch Callater, where he picked up a young shepherd as a guide. He obtained a magnificent view from the summit of the mountain, and after descending a considerable distance, he parted with his companion, in bright sunshine, intending to follow the route by the falls of the Garrawalt and the Balmoral road to the Castleton. In less than a quarter of an hour, the weather suddenly changed: rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied by brilliant flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder, and in the course of a few minutes the tourist and his pony were enveloped in a dense mist. While anxiously awaiting the termination of the storm, the traveller observed a hewn stone at his feet, bearing an inscription, which, in the eeriness of the 'situation' and amidst the flashes of lightning, he expected to find had some reference to his

own impending demise ! On examining it, however, he discovered that it indicated the spot where young Houston of Johnstone had suddenly died, while engaged in grouse-shooting, in the year 1843—and bore the appropriate text, ‘Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is.’ In the course of half an hour the mist began to dissipate, and through an opening in a cloud floating below him, the tourist saw a magnificent herd of red deer tossing their noble antlers, as if rejoicing in the returning sunshine. On reaching the ‘Invercauld Arms,’ the friends whom he left in the morning were somewhat startled by his account of the adventure.

533. A touching incident.—One of the earliest productions of the distinguished Scottish sculptor, Sir John Steell, is a monument, in the churchyard at Haddington, to the memory of the beautiful wife of a former medical practitioner in that quiet town. A medallion portrait of the deceased occupies one side of an urn, leaning over which is a child in a mournful attitude. When the monument had been erected, the young sculptor accompanied the sorrowing husband to inspect it, immediately after a shower of rain. As they approached the grave, two or three successive drops were seen to fall upon the turf from one of the child’s eyelids, which touching occurrence naturally made a deep impression upon the beholders.

534. Lost and found.—In the summer of 1862 an old Irish admiral (who for fifteen consecutive years had resided at the Castleton of Braemar) spent an entire day in looking for rare plants in the neighbourhood of Loch Callater. Failing to return to the keeper’s lodge at the appointed hour, to meet the vehicle that had been sent for him, the landlord of the ‘Invercauld Arms’ lost no time in despatching men to scour the hills in every direction, in hopes of

finding the missing botanist; but they were obliged to return home in the evening after an unsuccessful search. Early next morning, accompanied by the parish minister and a retriever dog, they again set out, and were fortunate in finding the old gentleman standing, very much exhausted, on the edge of a rock, half-way down a precipice near the 'Break-neck waterfall,' in which dangerous position he had remained for two entire days, with nothing in the shape of food except a few small biscuits. Besides an immediate gift of £15, the worthy sailor sent £10 a-year for the poor of the parish as long as he lived, as a mark of gratitude for his deliverance.

535. Classical French. Old Miss Stirling of Keir, aunt of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, had a smattering of French, which she occasionally 'aired' along with a mixture of her native Doric. On being asked to confer a favour which happened to be beyond her power, she gravely replied, 'Je voudrais si je coudrais, mais je ne cannais pas!'

536. Misplaced confidence.—A young gentleman, who travelled by train in company with an old Scotchwoman with heaps of boxes and parcels, was extremely obliging in helping her to remove her numerous possessions to a cab at the end of the journey. When she warmly thanked him for his courtesy, he begged her 'not to mention it,' on which she replied in a confidential tone, 'I'll no' mention it to a leeving sowle!'

537. The long and the short of it.—The late genial Tom Mackenzie (Applecross), whose short, thick-set figure is missed by many friends on the streets of Edinburgh, was in the habit of gravely saying to an acquaintance who was considerably above the average height and of a com-

paratively slender build, 'Well, old fellow, has any one been taking you for *me* lately?'

538. A false prediction.—The lamented Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, well known as a first-rate sportsman, resolved to let the shooting on a detached farm in the parish of Trinity Gask. It was about to be taken for three years by a Glasgow gentleman, when the tenant (whose family had rented the lands for several generations) asked Sir Thomas to let *him* have it, on the proposed terms. To this the landlord at once agreed, and was severely 'tackled' by some of his alarmist friends for doing so. 'Don't you see, Moncreiffe,' they said, 'that's just what *these fellows* want—to get in the thin end of the wedge, and then the Deluge!' 'We shall see,' replied the sound-hearted squire. Two years passed away, and one day Sir Thomas had occasion to go to Trinity Gask. His tenant inquired when 'Mr. Robert' (the present baronet, then at an English public school) was likely to be following in his father's steps in the matter of sport, as he was beginning to get tired of the gun; and wound up by saying—'I am glad, Sir Thomas, to be able to assure you that, at the end of my lease, you will find a better head of game than I did at the beginning.'¹

539. A theological query.—A Scotch child of about three years of age, whose hat had been carelessly put on, while out one day with his mother in a perambulator, looking up to the clouds, said, 'Can I see God?' On being answered in the negative, he then asked, 'Does He see *me*?' After receiving an orthodox reply, he further inquired, 'Will He mind my hat being crooked?'

540. Questionable logic.—A Forfarshire ploughman

¹ From the author's *House of Moncreiff*, p. 70.

entered an old woman's shop, in a small country village, and said to her, 'Gie's a tippeny bap.' When he received it, he added, 'Gie's a tippeny bottle o' yale—I'll no' hae the bap.' After drinking the liquor, he calmly proceeded to take his departure, on which the old woman exclaimed, 'Man, ye have no' peeyed for the yale!' In an indignant tone he replied, 'No' peeyed for the yale! I gied ye back the bap.' 'But,' quoth the shopwoman, 'ye didna peey for the bap.' In a louder and more indignant voice, he shouted, 'But I didna *tak*' the bap!' and shuffled out of the shop. The poor woman saw that there was something wrong in her customer's reasoning; but being unable to detect the flaw, she failed to secure the payment to which she was entitled.

541. **Conversation under difficulties.**—A few years ago, the following dialogue between two plain folks, out for a day's pleasuring, was overheard in a Clyde steamer. After repeated tacking and re-tacking, looking and better looking at each other, the one at last sidled up close to the other and said, in a half-confidential, half-dubious tone, 'That's you?' 'Ou ay!' was the reply; that's yersel' tae?' 'Ou ay!' (*Pause.*) 'Ye're gauen for a sail the day?' 'Ou ay! ye're gauen for ane tae?' 'Ou ay!' 'Weel, that's richt.' 'Ou ay! there's no' muckle wrang in that.'

542. **'P. P. C.'**—Not many years ago, a worthy Scotchman (Sir Peter C.), before going abroad, left a farewell card at the house of an old lady, bearing the usual letters, 'P. P. C.' (*pour prendre congé*). Being entirely unconventional, she was sorely exercised by the mysterious initials, and, after due consideration, came to the conclusion that her visitor intended to ask her to 'Pray (for) Peter C.!'

543. '**Honest men and bonnie lasses!**'—At a Perth dinner-party, the late Mr. Thomas Duncan, Procurator-Fiscal, sitting opposite Miss Mary Moncrieff of Culfargie, an elderly spinster without any pretensions to good looks, thus addressed her: 'Now, Miss Mary, I'll give you a toast—"Honest men and bonnie lasses!"' 'I can drink that without any compunction,' the old lady replied, 'for it applies to neither you nor me!'¹

544. '**A devil to think.**'—A Scotch sailor brought home a beautiful and accomplished parrot to his wife, of which she was very proud. One of her neighbours, the spouse of another jolly tar, was very jealous of the owner of 'pretty poll,' and so constantly upbraided her 'lord and master' for not following suit, that he at length presented her with a fine large *owl*. On the possessor of the parrot, one day, boasting of its *speaking* powers, her neighbour consoled herself with the assertion that *her* bird was a devil to *think*!

545. **The reason why.**—James, fourth Earl of Fife (grand-uncle of the present peer), in passing along the avenue leading to Duff House, met an old woman walking upon the carefully trimmed grass-border. 'Why don't you keep the proper road, like myself?' said his lordship. 'If ye had corny taes like me,' she coolly replied, 'ye wad follow my example!' Pleased with her frank rejoinder, the old lord told her to go up to the mansion-house to get a comfortable dinner.

546. '**A heid for gouff.**'—The late Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, playing golf at St. Andrews with one of his professors who was not very

¹ From the author's *House of Moncrieff*, p. 114, note 3.

skilful at the game, overheard a 'caddie' say, 'He may be fit eneuch to be a Professor o' Laatin, but a man must hae a *heid* to play gouff.'

547. Old and new brooms.—A former schoolmaster at Port Seton, in East Lothian, found it necessary to retire on account of advancing years; and on a friend asking him how his successor was getting on, the old man replied: 'We all know that "new brooms sweep clean," but I sometimes think that the *old* ones are more successful in finding their way into the *corners*.'

548. Cross-purposes.—When the late Sir George Harrison was a candidate for the southern division of the city of Edinburgh, two of his canvassers called upon a voter, who, being out of health, was expecting a visit from two members of the 'Destitute Sick Society.' They began, in a cautious manner, by asking him how he felt (meaning *politically*). Presuming that they were the emissaries of the Society, he replied that he was 'far from well'; and by way of conciliating them, he directed his wife to prepare a comfortable tea for them. Having duly partaken of the voter's hospitality, one of them said, 'I suspect there is some misunderstanding between us; we have called in the interests of Sir George Harrison——' on which they were summarily ejected, and consigned to a certain warm berth.

549. 'À la hen.'—A Scotch millionaire, whose knowledge of French was very limited, once ordered eggs for breakfast at a Paris hotel. On the *garçon* inquiring whether he wished them to be served 'à la coque,' he indignantly replied, 'Certainly not—à la *hen*.'

550. John's victory.—John M'Pherson was very ill used

by his wife. He was even treated to an occasional thrashing. His friends rallied him on this, and at last spurred him on to declare that he would make an effort to be master. One day not long after, his better half was so furious that he found himself compelled to seek shelter under the table. Just at this moment, the voices of his friends were heard in the passage. 'John M'Pherson, come oot o' there, come oot,' cried his wife, afraid of an exposure. 'Na, na!' cried John in triumph. 'Come oot, indeed!—no' me. I'll show you for yince that I am master.'

551. A bull with a pedigree.—A gentleman who had but recently embarked in farming enterprise saw, fancied, and bought a bull. The animal was duly installed in his new abode, and the anxious owner sallied forth in the early morning to inspect his purchase. He found the cattleman gazing with critical eye. 'Well, Geordie,' said his master, 'what do you think of him?' 'I dinna ken,' replied the man, with hesitation. 'He has a grand pedigree,' said the owner. 'Weel,' was Geordie's decided reply, 'I never saw a beast mair in need o't.'

552. A Scotch Venus.—The wife of a well-known Edinburgh solicitor, who was gathered to her fathers about forty years ago, had the misfortune to be so stout that a waist was scarcely recognisable. The worthy old lady was rather particular with regard to the cut of her costume; and, in allusion to the difficulties which her dressmaker, a Frenchwoman, experienced in fitting her person, the *artiste* once said to another customer, 'Hélas! Madame G. is *tik* (thick) where she ought to be *tin* (thin), and *tin* where she ought to be *tik*!'

553. Mixed paternity.—About sixty years ago, a

student named Paterson was calmly asked by the late Professor Pillans if he was a son of 'Paterson *and Romanes*,' a well-known firm in the Scottish metropolis.

554. 'Seeing's believing.'—A Scotch farmer, exasperated by a continuous downpour of rain while the index of his barometer pointed steadily to 'fair,' took the instrument into the open air, and warmly exclaimed, 'Noo, see for yer-sel', if ye'll no' tak' my word for't!'

555. Hope's flattering tale.—Some years ago, at a certain well-known hotel in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs (where it knows how to rain), the prudent landlord had a circular barometer, of which the pointer was permanently fixed at 'set fair.' When the weather was unsettled, parties contemplating driving excursions frequently consulted the head waiter as to the meteorological prospects, and were invariably referred by him to the 'weather-glass,' which usually inspired them with perfect confidence.

556. An ingenious critic.—A successful Scotch merchant was once severely censured by a countryman for boasting of his wealth. After an elaborate lecture on the subject of financial vanity, the critic wound up by saying, 'For every shillin' that you hae got, I can pit doon *twa*!'

557. A suspected suicide.—A native of Biggar, who was much addicted to 'sprees,' after a long burst of debauchery, asked a friend to lend him a gun. The friend declined to comply with his request till he acquainted him with his object; and on its being suggested that he might perhaps commit suicide with the weapon, he said gravely, 'No juist that! I'm only thinkin' o' gangin' down to Boghall (an

old castle in the neighbourhood of Biggar) to gie mysel' a confoonded fricht !'

558. The wheel of fortune.—The son of a successful Scotch coachbuilder, after marrying into the 'upper ten,' assumed ludicrous airs, and occasionally 'cut' his old friends. One of these who was so treated, on mentioning the occurrence to a common friend, waggishly added, 'I suspect the *wheel* of fortune has turned poor ——'s head !

559. A mixed field.—At a meet of foxhounds, not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, a sporting clothier thus addressed a well-known baronet: 'Rather a *mixed* field to-day, Sir Francis !' On which the baronet replied, 'You must remember, Mr. K., that we are not *all* tailors here !'

560. Verbal economy.—Two reticent brothers (Scotchmen), who lived together, once had a long sederunt with their factor, at which certain business matters were duly discussed. The door of the library where they were closeted happened to be open as a lady visitor passed by, when she overheard the following laconic observations of the assembled trio—the result of their sagacious deliberations: *1st Brother*, 'Im-hm !' *2d do.*, 'Ahă !' *Factor*, 'Yee-es !'

561. 'In honour o' your lordship.'—The ninth Earl of Haddington, calling one day at the manse of Whitekirk, ascertained that the old minister (Mr. Lumsden) was not at home, and asked if the family was well, and everything in good order. 'Yes,' said the Abigail; 'but have ye seen the soo?' 'No,' replied his lordship. After showing him the wonderful animal, the girl calmly said, 'We've caa'ed it Chairlie, in honour o' your lordship !'

562. Porridge and butter-milk.—Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, one of the heroes of Corunna, and grandfather of the present baronet, found it necessary to sell one of his farms, for which he obtained a good price. When congratulating the purchaser on his acquisition, he said, 'I am very glad, Mr. Smith, to have you as a neighbour; but I fancy you will require, for some time, to be satisfied with porridge and butter-milk.' 'If *you* had been satisfied with that fare, Sir William,' was Mr. Smith's reply, 'it would not have been necessary for you to part with the farm!'

563. A royal angler.—A certain Royal Duke, while on a visit, some years ago, to the Duke of Roxburghe, tried his piscatorial skill on the Floors Water, and everything was done by his noble host to ensure success. He was instructed to cast his line into a particular pool by one of the most experienced fishermen in the district, who more than once complimented the Duke on his *modus operandi*. 'Your Royal Highness is daein' fine;' 'Your Royal Highness couldna dae better,' were among the encouraging remarks of his attendant, who suddenly, however, changed his respectful mode of address after the Duke had hooked a fine salmon, exclaiming, in the greatest excitement, 'D—n it, *man*! if ye haud yer rod that way, ye'll lose the fush!'

564. Backward and forward.—A parsimonious Scotchman had occasion to travel by stage-coach along with his son, and in the course of the journey they dined at a roadside inn. 'Don't fail,' he said to the lad, 'to eat for *to-morrow* as well as for to-day.' 'In the meantime,' was the son's calm reply, 'I am laying in a supply for *yesterday*!'

565. The lone woman.—An old Scotchwoman was visited by the parish minister during her last illness. After he

had made a few kind and consolatory remarks, she said that she hoped soon to find herself at rest in the bosom of Lazarus. On the minister quietly reminding her that she had inadvertently substituted Lazarus for Abraham, she replied as follows: 'My dear meenister, if you had been a lone wumman as lang as me, you wad hae been glad to tak' refuge in *ony* man's bosom!'

566. '**Change for Doune and Callander!**'—A good many years ago, James White, the quaint old porter at Dunblane railway-station, after a sound sleep in the parish church, suddenly awoke and shouted out, much to the amusement of the congregation, 'Dunblane, Dunblane!' 'Change for Doune and Callander!'

567. The '**good earl.**'—One of the most enthusiastic curlers in the parish of Kilwinning, in the time of the popular Earl of Eglinton, was a certain Will Ferguson, a shoemaker by trade. Playing one day in a match on his lordship's side, he was about to deliver his first stone, third in hand, when Lord Eglinton asked him if he could see the obstructing shot. 'Just an inch o't,' was the reply. 'Then take it out, Will,' said the Earl, 'and I will give you a load of meal.' Swiftly and surely the stone sped to its destination, and, effecting the desired object, Will's *aumrie* was 'plenished' for the remainder of the winter by the 'good earl.'

568. '**Omnes insanire.**'—After the late Professor Blackie had concluded a rhapsodical lecture, 'full of sound and fury,' etc., in Morningside lunatic asylum, one of the female patients indignantly observed, 'To think o' me in, and him oot!'

569. '**I did not get nōne.**'—One of the water-bailiffs

on the Dee once said to a neighbouring gamekeeper, 'Will ye be so good as loand me a fishin'-rod? for I have got a day's fishin' from the laird of Drum, the first I will have had for evermore before.' His request was duly complied with, and when the rod was returned, the bailiff was asked if he had had any sport. 'No, I did not get none,' was his reply. On being further interrogated whether the 'chap' who accompanied him had been more successful, he gravely said, 'Yes, he got none too!'

570. **'We hirpilt through.'**—A poor Scotchwoman, with a large family, thus calmly referred to the loss of some of her children: 'As He sent ane, He took awa' anither; and so we juist hirpilt through!'

571. **A telescopic tail.**—A privileged Scotch butler, after many years' service, informed his master that he intended to leave him. On being asked his reason, he said, 'Weel, sir, when ye hae yer gentlemen pairties, ye tell sae mony lees, I canna' thole to hear ye.' 'Well, Robert,' rejoined his master, 'when you hear me going ower far, just gie me a touch, and I'll no' say mair, and so ye'll just bide whar ye are.' Soon after this the laird had a party, and over their wine the gentlemen began to talk about hunting and shooting. Says the laird, 'I once killed a wild cat, and its tail was as long as that,' stretching out his arms to their full length. At a touch from Robert, who stood behind his master's chair, the arms were contracted, and he said, 'I think it was that length onyway;' at another touch from Robert, the laird's arms were drawn still closer; but when still another touch followed, he turned round and said, 'Deil tak' ye, Robert! ye'll no' leave the cat a tail ava!'

572. **The Highland 'buttons.'**—When the late Lord

Rutherford was rising into distinction, his mother thought it right that they should have a page-boy to open the door, etc., instead of a waiting-maid. After due inquiries, she engaged a Highland laddie who had never been in domestic service ; and shortly after he was installed, Mrs. Rutherford gave a tea-party. During the evening she rang the bell for the boy, who appeared without his coat. The old lady was greatly shocked, and spoke to the youth on the subject the following morning. He excused himself on the plea of the heat of the room, saying, 'In troth, mem, I could hardly thole the breeks !' Previous to his engagement, the lad had been accustomed to wear the kilt.¹

573. 'Yon needit roosin.'—After the execution of a 'job' at a Scotch country-house, a good many years ago, the 'leddie,' in accordance with the practice of the period, gave the workman a glass of ale. It was not the best in the cellar ; nevertheless, between the sips, he interjected a few complimentary remarks. Upon the next similar occasion, she thought to herself, 'If John so praised my indifferent liquor, what will he say to my best ?' which she accordingly produced. He drank off the beverage at one draught, without saying a word. 'Well, John,' she said, 'how is this? You highly praised the ale that I gave you last time, but now you are silent.' 'Ah !' he frankly rejoined, 'yon needit roosin ; this needs nane !'

574. 'A bee in his bonnet.'—John Galt, the Scotch novelist, in order to distinguish himself from his father, Captain John Galt, introduced the letter 'B.' between his Christian name and the patronymic. Taken in connection with certain peculiarities which at the same time began to

¹ I am indebted to the late Miss Brodie's little privately printed volume entitled *A Scotch Antique* for this story, of which Dean Ramsay gives a different version.

develop themselves, this led a shrewd Scotch lady to remark that 'he had taken the *bee* (B.) out of his bonnet, and stuck it into his name.'¹

575. The shell and the kernel.—A distinguished Scotch professor, during a visit to Stockholm, was invited by the King of Sweden to dine at the royal table. The professor was obliged, very reluctantly, to decline, on the ground of not having a dress suit in his portmanteau. On this his Majesty sent a second summons to the visitor, to the effect that he had asked the *man* and not the coat; and the professor presented himself accordingly.

576. A mysterious search.—An English tourist, walking along the banks of a loch in the Highlands of Scotland, observed a boat being rowed backwards and forwards within a comparatively limited area, while one of its occupants was looking very anxiously into the water through a field-glass or some other medium. He said to a native on the bank, 'Is he looking for pearls?' 'No,' the other calmly replied, 'he is looking for my *brother-in-law*!'

577. A humorous bet.—A friend of a well-known wealthy Scotchman made a bet with him that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer. In proof of his ability to do so, he began as follows: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty'—on which the other at once paid his money, and expressed his surprise at the unexpected result!

578. 'You're another.'—At a village ball in the south of Scotland, a young woman was asked by a gentleman if

¹ According to another version of this anecdote, Galt dropped the intermediate initial 'B.,' after using it for some time; on which it was alleged that he had removed the *bee* from his name and stuck it into his bonnet.

she would be his *vis-à-vis*. 'Ye're a *busy-bee* yersel', she indignantly replied, 'and an impertinent blackguard into the bargain!'

579. The promised ball.—At a meeting of the Caledonian Hunt at Perth, a good many years ago, a certain noble lord promised to give a ball at his princely mansion not a hundred miles from the 'Fair City,' on the occasion of the *next* meeting of the Hunt. When that time arrived, his lordship's health was proposed, at one of the dinners, by Lord Gray, who reminded the company of the promised entertainment. At the close of Lord Gray's speech, Mr. Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Dalhousie), who acted as amateur toastmaster, solemnly exclaimed, 'My Lord N——'s *explanation!*' *Nolens volens*, his lordship had no alternative but to agree to fulfil his promise, and a brilliant ball was the result.

580. A Punic war.—At a dinner-party at Sir James Falshaw's, a few years ago, Professor Blackie and the late Professor Hodgson sat opposite to each other, and for more than half an hour carried on a species of *Punic* war. Some remarkably clever things were said by both, the wild exuberance of the classical professor contrasting sharply with the quiet humour of the political economist, who generally contrived to 'cap' his rival. At last the Grecian laid down his knife and fork, and frankly exclaimed, 'Hodgson, I surrender!'

581. An ambiguous destination.—In a railway train near Glasgow, a member of the 'Salvationist Army' once said to a fellow-passenger, 'Are you forgiven?' Thinking that he was asked if he was going to Govan (*for Govan*), he innocently replied, 'No; I'm for Pairtick!'

582. The gamekeeper's 'opeenion.'—A few years ago, when out for a day's deer-stalking in Morayshire with the late Sir Thomas D. Brodie and a party of friends, the keeper said solemnly to his master, after carefully surveying the surrounding forest with his telescope: 'It's my opeenion, sir, that there's no' a single peastie in the entire viceenity. And now, shentlemen' (he quietly added), 'we may proceed with more confidence, as there is nothing to distorb!'

583. 'What's a Jublee?'—Two Stonehaven fishwives met a few years ago, and one said to the other, 'Eh! wumman, can ye tell me what a jublee is, for I hear a' the folk speakin' about it?' 'Ou ay,' the other replied, 'I can tell ye that: ye see, when a man and a wumman hae been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a sillar waddin'; and when they've been marrit for fifty year, that's a gouden waddin'; but when the man's deed, that's a *jublee*!'

***584. A change desiderated.**—A Scotch stone-breaker was one day accosted by an acquaintance, who inquired how he was. 'No' vera weel,' was the reply, 'a' body's gettin' a cheenge but mysel!' 'Weel, John,' the other remarked, 'while both Willie Brown and David Anderson hae lost their wives, your worthy partner has been spared to you.' 'Deed ay, sir (he rejoined), that's juist what it is, a' body's gettin' a cheenge but mysel!'

***585. A game of billiards.**—The following is a Scotch farmer's description of a game of billiards, after seeing it for the first time:—'Twa chappies hanging aboot a green brod—the ane saying naething but "hard lines," and the ither naething but "damn it!"'

***586. A comforting alternative.**—A good many years ago, two elderly married couples, in St. Andrews, rarely passed an evening without playing a rubber at whist. After all of them, except one of the two ladies, had ‘joined the majority,’ a friend said to the survivor, ‘Don’t you miss your pleasant rubber?’ On this she suddenly realised the loss which the *others* had sustained by their removal; and looking up to the heavens, she exclaimed—‘My good friends, you must just play “Dummy” till I join you!’

***587. Buccleuch and Abbotsford.**—The following conversation took place, in January 1888, between an Edinburgh gentleman and a middle-aged cab driver, stationed in Parliament Square, at the base of the Buccleuch monument. ‘When is the statue to be unveiled, and by whom?’ *Cabby*. ‘Next month, I understand, sir, by the Marquis of Lothian.’ ‘The site is a very good one.’ *Cabby*. ‘Not a bad position, sir; but had the monument been placed a few yards further west, the Duke could have looked down St. Giles’s Street on a better (meaning *greater*) Scott than himsel.’¹

***588. Job’s comforter.**—A Free Church beadle, with nine young children, lately called upon a lady friend to announce the death of his wife, and fairly broke down in referring to his bereavement. On recovering his composure, however, he mentioned that he had received a kindly visit from a ‘neebor wumman,’ who wound up her words of sympathy as follows:—‘Ye see, John, it’s no’ what it *is*, but what it *will be*.’

***589. Mind and matter.**—A few years ago Major Frederick Fergusson played a match at golf, on Mussel-

¹ Alluding to the Scott monument in Princes Street.

burgh links, with a worthy operative, who proved to be the parish church beadle, and who was also employed at a paper factory. The conversation turned upon the qualifications of the recently elected minister, the Rev. Alexander Marshall; and when the Major alluded to his eloquent sermons, the beadle calmly replied: 'It's far easier to mak' the sermons than the paper they're written on.'

***590. Drawing the line.**—A Scotch lad who had been sent to a farm to learn agricultural work, after a short absence returned home, much to the surprise of his father, who naturally asked him his reason for doing so. The young man seemed indisposed to explain, and accordingly his fond parent inquired whether he disliked his work, to which he at once replied in the negative. On being pressed to remove the mystery, he at length said: 'First, a sheep dee'd, and we ate through that; next, an auld coo dee'd, and we ate through her; then, the farmer's auld mither dee'd, and they sent me to the village for saut—when I thocht it was time to come hame.'

***591. Premises and conclusions.**—The lecture room of the late Professor Veitch in Glasgow University happened to be immediately above that of Professor Jebb, and their lectures were sometimes delivered at the same hour. Professor Veitch was addicted to the habit of emphasising his statements by bringing his hand sharply down upon his desk, and the students occasionally indulged in a species of accompaniment, by simultaneously stamping with their feet. On one occasion, during the forcible delivery of a certain lecture, a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling of his room on the head of Professor Jebb, who calmly observed that 'Veitch's premises did not appear to support his conclusions.'

***592. A laconic dialogue.**—The following conversation recently took place between two Glasgow merchants on board a Clyde steamer:—A. ‘Ony news?’ B. ‘Wilson’s doon.’ A. ‘Wha’s in?’ B. ‘Davy Broon.’ A. ‘Hoo muckle?’ B. ‘Ten’ (meaning £10,000). A. ‘Wheu!’

***593. An ejected intruder.**—During one of the lectures of a clerical professor in the University of St. Andrews, a stranger, who happened to be present, was so vigorously assaulted by the students with peas and other missiles that he appealed to the professor for protection. The lecturer, who had been accustomed, in his pulpit days, to divide his discourses into a series of heads, proceeded to reply to the visitor as follows:—‘In the *first* place, sir, no stranger ought to be present. In the *second* place, if present, he ought immediately to retire. In the *third* place (here he hesitated in his indication of a third reason, but after a little consideration thus concluded), in the *third* place, (addressing the students), turn him out.’

***594. Aberdeen lingo.**—The following question, relative to three clerks in H. M. Register House, is said to have been put by the late Dr. John Stuart to his brother official (Sir) William Fraser, ‘Fat’s the name o’ the *chappie* that sits opposite the *chiellie* beside the *carlie*?’

***595. The diminutive Colonel.**—On the occasion of the Prince of Wales’s visit to Dunrobin in the autumn of 1876, during an interview with Colonel Burroughs, formerly of the 93rd Highlanders, and of small stature, the Colonel apologised to H.R.H., through his equerry, for not having his various medals arranged according to regulation. On the Prince jocularly saying that he must report him at the Horse Guards, the Colonel plaintively replied that

‘he was obliged to stick them wherever he could, as there was so very little room!’

***596. A canny Scot.**—A Scotchman who had received a first-class free pass from a railway official went to the booking-office and calmly proposed that the clerk should give him a *third*-class ticket in exchange for the pass, the Caledonian getting the difference in cash.

***597. ‘Yes’ in two syllables.**—In the shop of Messrs Blackwood, publishers, the late Rev. Dr. Stevenson, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh, was asked by a friend whether he had read a certain recently published work. On his replying in the affirmative, his friend further inquired whether he liked the production. The Professor paused and said, with considerable hesitation, ‘Ye-es!’ on which his friend rejoined: ‘I suppose ‘Ye-es,’ in *two* syllables, means No . . . o!’

***598. The Celt and the Gorilla.**—At a dinner-party in St. Andrews (when Darwin’s theory of evolution was creating much interest in Scotland), which consisted chiefly of men connected with the University, Sam Bough, the artist, happened to sit immediately opposite the late Professor Macdonald. After a pause in the conversation, Bough startled the company by asking the Professor what he conceived to be the distance between the *Celt* and the *Gorilla*! The Highlander replied in a dignified manner, ‘Sir, at this moment, I consider that distance to be the breadth of this table!’

***599. The War Horse.**—As an officer of Volunteers was riding to a review in the Queen’s Park, Edinburgh, he was jeered at by a small boy, to whom he said sharply,

‘Did you never see a war horse, my boy?’ ‘I have seen mony a waur (worse) horse,’ the gamin replied, ‘but never a waur rider!’

***600. The reason why.**—A passenger by a Scotch railway train once asked the guard why they travelled so slowly. ‘The trains run fast enough for us; if you don’t like the rate of speed, get out and walk,’ was the reply. ‘I would,’ answered the passenger, settling himself back in his seat, ‘but for the fact that my friends won’t come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don’t care to be kept waiting at the station for two or three hours!’

***601. A Clyde grace.**—The steward of one of MacBrayne’s Clyde steamers, in accordance with his usual practice, looked out for a clergyman among the passengers to say grace at dinner. Observing an individual with a light-coloured tie, which he mistook for a *white* one, he asked him to pronounce the benediction. The party in question, who happened to be a cattle-dealer, complied with the request, and delivered himself as follows: ‘For what we are going to receive, we shall each require to pay half-a-crown.’

***602. A ducal bet.**—His Grace of Montrose was coolly asked by a traveller at the Stirling Railway Station whether he was the Duke. Having replied in the negative, his interrogator sorrowfully said, ‘Then I have lost my bet.’ On the matter being explained to the Duke, he good-humouredly revealed his identity, much to the joy of the questioner.

***603. Sequel to a fancy ball.**—The late Professor Aytoun attended one of the triennial balls of the St. Andrew Boat Club in the costume of a Newhaven fishwife. At an

early hour of the morning, he left the Assembly Rooms in company with a legal friend, George W—— by name, who lived in Heriot Row. W—— asked Aytoun to drink a parting glass of sherry on the doorstep; and while the couple were seated together, one of the bedroom windows was slowly raised by a female figure in nightcap and ‘sac de nuit,’ who angrily exclaimed, ‘Come away, George, and leave that abandoned woman!’

***604. ‘If thine eye offend thee,’ etc.**—When the late Sir Noel Paton, the celebrated Scottish artist, substituted Noel for *Niel* as his Christian name, a waggish friend remarked that ‘he had struck out an eye (i) because it offended him, and had put nothing (o) in its place.’¹

***605. Chacqu’un a son gout.**—A Scotch boy called at a village library, and thus addressed the librarian: ‘I want a novel for mysel’ and a releegious book for my brither!’

***606. Golf and the Kirk.**—MacTee’s cockney cousin—‘Golf is all the rage now, MacTee; don’t you think I should go in for it?’ MacTee—‘Dinna, man, oh! dinna dae that. It’s joost perfec’ insanity. Sin I took to gouf, I’ve negleckit ma family, I’ve negleckit ma business, and’—in a tragic whisper—‘I sometimes even dinna gang to the kirk!’

***607. A narrow escape.**—In the dining-room at Archers’ Hall, Edinburgh, is a large oil painting of ‘Daniel in the lions den.’ ‘How came this picture here?’ said a visitor to Mr. Henry Cook, the assistant secretary of the King’s Scotch Body Guard, ‘I am not aware that the prophet

¹ An English lady named Gardiner married a gentleman named Gardner, and used to say of her change of surname that ‘her husband had knocked her eye (i) out!’

was an archer.' 'That may be,' said the secretary, 'but there can be no doubt that he had a *narrow* escape!'

***608. A Sunday constable.**—An Englishman rented a salmon-fishing in the north of Scotland, and proposed to fish on a Sunday, when the water was in very good condition. A neighbouring farmer stoutly protested against the contemplated desecration of the 'Saabath,' and threatened to call in the services of a constable, if the sportsman persisted in his scheme. On his proceeding to carry his proposal into effect, a huge bull came careering along the river side, and compelled the fisherman to take refuge in a tree, round which the animal contrived to graze till the shades of evening revealed themselves. A young lad then quietly proceeded to drive away the bull, which was the farmer's 'constable.'

***609. A question of figures.**—In a Scotch Sunday School the parish minister called the attention of the pupils to the dissimilar statements in the Gospels relative to the price of sparrows. While St. Matthew speaks of two sparrows being sold for a farthing, St. Luke estimates the price of five sparrows at two farthings—the latter being the better bargain. On the minister asking for an explanation, a small boy promptly replied: 'When ye tak a *wheen*' (a number), 'ye get mair for your money.'

***610. Burns and Shakespeare.**—An Ayrshire farmer ventured to criticise Shakespeare's well-known line in Henry iv. Part ii. (Act iii. Scene i.), 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' 'Oor ain Robbie Burns,' he said, 'would not have written sic arrant nonsense, for

he kent weel eneuch that afore he gaes to his bed every King taks aff his croon.’¹

***611. Cigar and Poodle.**—Accompanied by a favourite poodle, a lady entered the smoking compartment of a railway carriage, at Portobello, *en route* to Edinburgh. One of the gentleman passengers, before lighting his cigar, civilly inquired whether she objected to smoking, but she did not condescend to reply. Interrogating her a second time, she still preserved an obstinate silence. Just before reaching the tunnel near Edinburgh, the gentleman applied a light to his cigar, which, while passing through the tunnel, the lady coolly snatched from his mouth and threw out of the window. Seizing the unfortunate dog, which reclined on the lady’s lap, the gentleman sent it after the cigar! Tableau—on the train emerging from the tunnel! After reaching Edinburgh, the lady handed the gentleman over to the police; but when the case came before the court, the magistrate considered that his proper course was to dismiss it—the amount of blame being pretty equally divided between the parties.

***612. Tit for tat.**—At a Pitlochrie picnic, the local doctor asked an Indian Rajah (who happened to be present) to pass the potatoes, on which His Highness coolly threw a *pomme de terre* at the medico, who returned the compliment by pitching a rissole at the Rajah. An old man remarked that although the Oriental dignitary acted as he did, the doctor ought to have shown better manners.

***613. The clean ‘sark.’**—About the middle of last

¹ This anecdote will recall the shout that proceeded from the gallery of an Edinburgh theatre during the first representation of Home’s ‘Douglas’—‘Whaur’s yer Wullie Shakspeer noo?’

century, an eccentric Edinburgh lawyer, who was somewhat untidy in his dress, was persuaded to go to a fancy ball. Having considerable doubts as to the costume to be adopted, he consulted his aged housekeeper, who thus coolly addressed her master: 'Weel, Sandy, jist pit on a clean sark (shirt), and deevil a ane will ken ye.'¹

***614. An unconventional visitor.**—The late Alexander Baird of Urie, on the occasion of a visit to Eglinton Castle, gave his name to the footman at the entrance door; and as he proceeded along the corridor to the staircase leading to the drawing-room, he passed several servants, each of whom shouted out, 'Mr. Baird!' At last the unconventional visitor exclaimed, 'What are ye a' roaring at, do ye no' see that I'm coming as fast as I can?'

***615. The 'greed' of the Campbells.**—While a number of Highland farmers were proceeding by coach to the Inveraray Circuit Court, the driver called their attention to a small house on a hillside. They all stretched their necks in order to hear what was coming, when the driver said, 'That house belongs to John M'Niel, who, being blind, secured the services of a boy to read the Bible aloud. On one occasion, when reading the twelfth verse of the last chapter of Job: 'So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning: for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses'—the blind man exclaimed, 'Read that again, boy,' which the lad duly did. 'Do you mean to tell me,' said M'Niel, 'that that is in the Bible?' and on the boy saying, 'Yes,

¹ According to another version of the story, Patrick Robertson suggested the clean 'sark.'

just as I have read it,' his master earnestly replied: 'I don't believe it; for if there had been six thousand camels' (the local pronunciation of *Campbells*), 'not a single sheep would have been left!'

***616. The twelfth birthday.**—Some years ago a Perthshire laird accompanied his son and heir from Edinburgh to London *en route* to Eton; and as he was proceeding to take the tickets (a full and a half) at the station, the young hopeful said, in a very audible tone, 'Remember, papa, that this is my *twelfth* birthday!' and, accordingly, the happy parent had to pay two full fares.

***617. A heraldic 'difference.'**—A Galloway Douglas, who began the world with the proverbial 'half-crown,' having been successful in business, was advised by his friends to assume a coat-of-arms. Accordingly, without the sanction of the Lyon-King, he coolly adopted the historic coat of Douglas, into which, however, he introduced a very startling 'difference,' substituting a *half* crown for an 'imperial crown,' on the top of the bloody heart.

***618. She's a 'corp.'**—The wife of an Edinburgh physician once called at a house in that city to inquire after the health of an intimate female friend. When the servant girl opened the door, she was asked how Mrs. B—— was getting on; and, to the consternation of the visitor, the girl suddenly replied, 'She's a corp!' ¹

***619. The pipe of claret.**—Towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, the representatives of two ancient Galloway families (whom I shall designate 'A.' and 'B.') happened to meet at the house of a common friend, when

¹ The Scotch term for 'corpse.'

a dispute arose as to their respective precedence. At that period the antiquity of descent and other kindred considerations were more thought of than in the present day, when *money* is the universal idol. On the occasion in question A. firmly asserted his superiority to B., who, knowing his rival's partiality to claret, persuasively said, 'Well, A., I know you enjoy a good glass of claret, I'll send you a pipe of the best.' 'In that case, B.,' he replied, 'you may walk out of the room before me!' Some little time afterwards, the rival lairds again met on a festive occasion, and B. was proceeding to take the ceded precedence. On A. stoutly resisting the assumption, his friend reminded him of the bargain already referred to, when A. quietly rejoined, 'The claret's done!'

*620. '**Deo volente.**'—A coach was advertised to leave Callander on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, '*Deo volente*, weather permitting; and on Saturdays, *whether or no*.'

*621. '**Exegi monumentum.**'—A Highland student at Glasgow University, when called upon to construe one of the odes of Horace, beginning '*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*,' substituted '*exedi*' for '*exegi*,' and gave the following translation: 'I have *eaten up* a monument more solid than brass.' 'Oh, very well,' said the Professor, 'sit down and digest it!'

*622. **Illegible handwriting.**—A young Scotch schoolboy, on being reprov'd by his father for the indistinctness of his handwriting, calmly rejoined: 'If I were to write more legibly, my friends would find out how badly I spelt!'

*623. **An Edinburgh signboard.**—About sixty years ago, the following announcement appeared over a well-known

china shop in Waterloo Place: 'Brown, late with Child'—the said Brown having been assistant and successor to a man of the name of Child.

***624. An appropriate abode.**—A foreign visitor to Edinburgh was taken to see the town residence of Sir Walter Scott, 39 North Castle Street. Noticing the *number* of the house, he happily remarked: 'The three Graces and the nine Muses most appropriately preside over the abode of the 'Wizard of the North!'

***625. 'Music hath charms.'**—Somewhere about sixty years ago, a house in Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, was shut up during the absence of the family, in accordance with the ordinary practice. As frequently occurs in such circumstances, a burglary was effected; and besides several articles of jewellery, a *musical box* was carried off by the thieves. The matter was duly reported to the police, who were made acquainted with the names of the four tunes played by the box. One of these happened to be 'Jock o' Hazeldean;' and one of the detectives, while passing a public-house in the Canongate, having heard the tune in question, made an immediate entrance, and succeeded in securing the culprits, who were duly tried and punished for the misdemeanour.

***626. An Edinburgh burglary.**—About the same date, the town house of Mr. Younger of Craigielands, in Drummond Place, was similarly shut up while the family was in Dumfries-shire. One night, the policeman on the beat observed the striking of a lucifer match in one of the upper rooms; and knowing that Mr. Younger's son had the keys of his father's house, he forthwith communicated with that gentleman at his abode in Hillside Crescent. Mr. Younger lost no time in accompanying the officer to

Drummond Place ; and entering quietly by the front door, they found a number of packages in the hall duly prepared for removal. They next inspected several rooms, in all of which cabinets, wardrobes, and chests of drawers had been forced open and their contents removed. At last, on entering a small bedroom on the highest floor, they found two men and a boy sound asleep on a large bed. Beside the bed was a table, bearing a pack of cards and several empty champagne bottles. Fortunately the three burglars were so overcome by liquor, that Mr. Younger and the officer had no difficulty in binding their unresisting arms and legs ; and with the assistance of two other policemen, the culprits were immediately removed to prison. Shortly afterwards, they were tried for the offence in the High Court of Justiciary ; and having been duly convicted, they were 'transported' to Van Dieman's Land, in accordance with the practice of the period.

[It was believed that the thieves had obtained access to the house by means of a hatchway at the top of a 'common stair,' a few doors from the house in question, which they entered by a similar hatchway, having walked along the roofs of the intermediate houses. From the state of the wine-cellar, it was conjectured that they must have been eight or ten days in the house.¹]

***627. A marvellous memory.**—Mr. Hugo Reid, who died about twenty years ago, was a grandson of Hugo Arnot of Balcormo, the historian of Edinburgh, and one of the most *versatile* men of his day.² For some years he held the office of Principal of Dalhousie College, Halifax, Nova

¹ See reference to a somewhat similar burglary in the town house of the Drummonds of Hawthornden in Charlotte Square, at page 74 of *A Scotch Antique* (Miss J. W. Brodie), privately printed, 1874.

² See Dedication of my privately printed *Convent of Saint Catherine of Sienna*, 1871.

Scotia. An accurate classical scholar, an able mathematician, an enlightened geologist, he was also an excellent historian, an accomplished genealogist, a fascinating letter-writer, and an ardent lover of music and the fine arts; and like all real sons of genius, he had a very humble estimate of his own powers. His memory was something wonderful. He frequently made pilgrimages to the haunts of his Arnot, Boswell, and Seton ancestors in the 'kingdom of Fife;' and at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, he happened to be sojourning, all alone, in a little sea coast town, with nothing beside him in the shape of books except a pocket-Bible. He conceived the idea of writing down the dates of all the notable assassinations from that of Julius Cæsar; and in the course of a few hours he prepared a list of no fewer than eighty-one, which contained only two or three trifling errors.¹

***628. The Laird of Hoddam.**—The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe was somewhat eccentric in his dress. He usually wore a blue frock-coat reaching down to his ankles, which were encased in silk-thread stockings, his feet being thrust into shoes of the kind called 'pumps,' about which fluttered a copious supply of silk ribbon. His neckerchief was downy, large, and bulging, rolled round the neck many times, and projecting in wreaths like a great poultice—as complete an anti-Brummelite as ever was worn. On his head towered a huge Brutus wig of light brown hair. His linen was ample and spotlessly white, while his umbrella was no exception to the rest of his *mode*. Of green silk, with a crozier-shaped horn handle and long brass point, it was eminently companionable,

¹ This list was printed by my son, then a small boy, owning a toy press; and on my giving a copy to the late Lord Ardmillan, he remarked that he doubted whether any other man in the kingdom could have accomplished the same feat.

and large enough to shelter a moderately-sized family from the rain. His manners were as charmingly antiquated as his costume. High-bred and dignified, he carried you into a world of courtesy and pleasantness, where you had to be on your guard against undue familiarity. One bitterly cold day, when duly protected by a warm upper coat, I met Sharpe in one of the most exposed streets in Edinburgh, without any upper garment; and on expressing my surprise at the want of such protection, the old gentleman replied that he had a 'panoply' below—referring to the extra thickness of his underclothing. The author of *Waverley*, who was intimately acquainted with the 'Horace Walpole of Scotland,' thus briefly described the Laird of Hoddam: 'I know no man so deep in old genealogy and antiquated scandal'—and he was, doubtless, the possessor of a vast amount of old-world lore.¹

*629. '**Once removed.**'—An elderly Scotchman who happened to be favoured with a very large number of needy relatives, on being asked by a friend whether it was the case that he had a great many cousins, forthwith replied: 'Yes, a very large number, and would to God that they were all 'once removed!'

*630. **A military 'gourmand.'**—Among the guests at an Edinburgh dinner party, given by the late Mr. James L'Amy of Dunkenny, Sheriff of Forfarshire, was an elderly colonel, who had the reputation of being a ravenous eater and drinker—a '*gourmand*' rather than a '*gourmet*.' Before the arrival of the visitors, Mr. L'Amy's eldest son requested his father's butler to watch the various viands and liquors of which the 'Son of Mars' partook, and to place in a *tall* champagne glass (the shape of the period)

¹ For the graphic account of Sharpe's *costume*, I am indebted to an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine*

a small quantity of everything, both solid and liquid, of which he availed himself. After the ladies had left the dining-room, young L'Amy quietly proceeded to the sideboard for the glass, which he vigorously shook so as to mix the numerous ingredients; and, placing it before the colonel, calmly said, 'Allow me, sir, to show you your dinner.'

*631. '**A rum un to look at.**'—A good many years ago, three young men residing in Edinburgh found their way to the Musselburgh racecourse. When the sport of the day was nearly concluded, they looked out for a vehicle to take them back to the metropolis; and observing a disengaged cab of the form then in use (with a small seat at the right side for the driver), 'Jehu' agreed to convey them to Edinburgh for a very small fare. Soon after starting, 'cabby' showed symptoms of liquor; and addressing his freight, he said, with reference to his steed, 'He's a rum un to look at, but a devil to go!' A good many vehicles of various kinds had previously started on the return journey; but owing to the free use of the whip, the 'rum un' contrived to pass 'traps' of different descriptions; and while 'cabby' was trying to overtake a 'four-in-hand' drag, when close to Portobello, he contrived to bring one of the cab wheels into violent contact with a heavily laden coal cart, proceeding in the opposite direction. The cab wheel was smashed to pieces, and the unfortunate driver pitched out upon the road; while the three passengers were so tightly packed together that they were merely thrown forward upon their hands, getting only a few slight scratches, and temporarily losing their hats in the 'scrimmage.' Happily, an omnibus, with three vacant seats, overtook the 'shipwrecked' party; and getting out with some difficulty, they gave poor 'cabby' the stipulated fare, and left him to pick up the pieces.

***632. A disputed authorship.**—The late Mr. John Anderson, Writer to the Signet—who was stone-blind, and had a wonderful memory—rented a small house near Cockpen, and invited a friend in the neighbourhood to come one Saturday evening to meet Professor Pillans, of whom he was a favourite pupil. The conversation turned upon a short passage in the writings of one of the minor Latin poets; and while the Professor insisted that it would be found in the pages of Claudian, Anderson was equally confident that it belonged to Ausonius. As the works of neither of these authors were in the country library, Anderson said to the Professor: ‘When you return to Edinburgh, you can verify the quotation and let me know the result.’ A few days afterwards, Anderson and his neighbour met in the train between Eskbank and Edinburgh, and the former put a letter into his friend’s hands, which proved to be a communication from Pillans, in which he informed Anderson, with pleasant satisfaction, that the Professor was wrong and the pupil right.

***633. Chalmers and the dentist.**—After the ‘Disruption’ in 1843, Dr. Chalmers gave his lectures in George Street, next door to the house of a well-known Edinburgh dentist, where his glowing periods frequently produced rounds of applause from his students. One day he received an intimation from the dentist that the noise was often very disconcerting to his patients. Chalmers mentioned this to his class, and begged them to cease the disturbance. ‘You know,’ he said, ‘that it is a very serious business to offend a man who is so much *in the mouths* of the public.’

***634. A startling dream.**—The father of Dr. Chalmers was a great martinet, and was particularly unmerciful in regard to the slightest unpunctuality in his family. On

one occasion, when 'Thomas' was at home from St. Andrews University, he had the misfortune to 'sleep in,' for which he knew that he was 'in' for a sound rating from his father. On his way downstairs, a bright idea struck him, and he determined to take the first word of 'flyting.' Suddenly throwing open the breakfast-room door, he called out: 'Oh, father, what an extraordinary dream I have had!' 'Yes, Tom,' his father replied, 'what have you been dreaming about?' 'Well, father, I dreamt that you were dead, and that the funeral was at two o'clock to-day. Just as the clock was "chappin'," a knock came from the inside of the coffin, and your voice was heard saying: "There's twa o'clock 'chappin'," and ye're no liftin' yet.'"

***635. The lost signboard.**—When Dr. Chalmers was at college, he and his companion lodger ran short of fuel. Sallying out to see whether they could pick up any bits of wood, the only thing that presented itself was a tailor's signboard. They immediately proceeded to pull it down, and conveyed it to their lodgings, where it was speedily consumed. The tailor tried a number of houses in the hope of finding the missing signboard; and remembering that two students lived close by, he went to their abode. Hearing a heavy footstep on the stair, Chalmers and his friend conceived a strong suspicion that this was the disconsolate tailor. When he entered the room, he found Chalmers reading the Bible at this passage: 'A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a *sign*; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas' (S. Matt. xvi. 4). The tailor turned upon his heel, saying to himself: 'This can't be the place; these are decent "chaps" reading the Bible.'

***636. Peas and beans.**—An Englishman who was present at a Glasgow dinner-party spoke of Mr. Peabody's gift to

the London poor, saying, in a somewhat boastful tone, 'You have no Peabodys in Glasgow!' Sheriff Glassford Bell, who was one of the guests, happily remarked: 'True, but we have got a good many 'bein (*bean*) bodies.'¹

*637. '**Hoo's yer suster?**'—A very prosy Scotchman one day met an acquaintance, to whom he proceeded to narrate a long and wearisome story, which did not in the least interest the listener. After bearing the infliction for a considerable time, he at last succeeded in stopping the continuous flow of words by suddenly saying: 'Yes, I wadna wonner (wonder)—hoo's yer suster?' and rapidly slipped away.

*638. **Satan confounded.**—At an Edinburgh dinner-party a little daughter of the family was taken round the table to say 'Good-night' to the guests, and gazed with longing eyes upon the tempting display of fruit. The dinner over, the gentlemen adjourned to the smoking-room, from which one of them returned to search for his pocket-handkerchief, and stepped behind the curtain of the bow window to look out at the night. Before he could move, he heard the patter of feet, and saw the little girl run into the room in her nightdress, snatch two fine apples from a dish, and make off with her booty. He was still smiling at the incident when the child was back again. Looking steadily away from the table, she replaced the fruit in the dish and fled, exclaiming in triumph, 'One for you, Mister Devil!'

*639. **The 'poor Episcopawlian.'**—The late Rev. Dr. Robertson of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, while minister

¹ In Scotland, the word 'bein' is used to indicate a well-to-do person.

of Logie, in Stirlingshire, happened to meet a local labourer when passing a small farm in that neighbourhood, of which the tenant was an English agriculturist. He remarked upon the desolate and uncultivated condition of the fields, on which the workman quietly said: 'What mair cud ye expec' frae a poor Episcopawlian?'

***640. The gnat and the camel.**—Early in last century, a number of well-known citizens were assembled, on a Saturday evening, in a house of somewhat questionable repute in St. James's Square, Edinburgh. In the midst of their orgies, as the clock struck twelve, one of the party began to whistle, on which Mrs. M., the keeper of the establishment, made the following exclamation: 'Dae onything else ye like, gentlemen; but, for God's sake, dinna *whustle* on the Sawbath!'

***641. A lively corpse.**—Shortly before the institution of the 'Edinburgh Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor,' a number of flagrant cases of imposition had occurred in the Scottish metropolis, of which the following is a sample. A wretchedly dressed woman called upon a charitable gentleman, to whom she stated that she had lost her only son (aged about twenty), who was then lying in his coffin awaiting burial, the cost of which she was quite unable to bear. The gentleman gave her ten shillings; but immediately after her departure, he began to feel suspicious, and stealthily followed her to her place of abode in the Cowgate. He cautiously ascended the stair immediately behind her; and when the door of the solitary room was opened, she exclaimed, 'I've got ten shillings,' and the 'corpse' sat up in the coffin, clapping his hands, on account of the joyful news.

***642. Mud pies.**—During a visit to William Creech, the

well-known Edinburgh bookseller, an Englishman, accompanied by his host, took a stroll through the streets, and came across some boys making mud pies in the gutter. The visitor said to one of them: 'My boy, what are you doing? What is that in your hand?' The laddie replied: 'What is't! it's joost a nievefu' o' clatch.' 'But what is a nievefu' o' clatch?' inquired the Englishman. To which the urchin answered, 'Nae (nothing) but a gowpen o' glaur.'

***643. The Kilwinning idiot.**—An idiot at Kilwinning, who was a privileged favourite of the popular Earl of Eglinton, of Tournament fame, was one day in the act of crossing an ornamental fence within the castle grounds, when his lordship called out: 'That's not the road, Jock; come out of that.' 'Do ye ken whaur I'm gaun, my lord?' On the Earl saying 'No,' Jock coolly rejoined: 'Then hoo the deevil do ye ken whether this is the road or no'?'

***644. 'Seniores priores.'**—Some years ago, an elderly gentleman, on his way to the train, was trying to get through a narrow entrance at the Edinburgh Waverley Station, when two young lads rushed in before him. Much to his amusement, they politely lifted their hats: while one of them said, with a smile, 'Seniores priores!'

***645. Madness and manners.**—On a frosty afternoon a party of Scotch ladies found their way to a small loch to ascertain whether the ice was bearing. Seeing a local idiot near the water's edge, they tried to coax him to walk across the ice, in order that they might learn whether it was safe for them to venture. 'Na, na,' he replied, 'I may be daft, but I have no' lost my mainners yet—ladies first.'

*646. **A wet blanket.**—A young Scotchman at his first dinner party was mated with a strong-minded young lady of his own age. After several fruitless attempts to carry on a conversation, he ventured to make a somewhat bold assertion, when the lady sharply rejoined, ‘Do you think so? *I don’t!*’ Her companion immediately collapsed, and was silent for the rest of the evening.

*647. **Par nobile fratrum.**—Probably no two brothers of a high social position were ever more deservedly popular than the late Duke of Buccleuch and Lord John Scott. At a dinner given by the Duke to a number of his tenants a good many years before his death, His Grace, of course, occupied the chair, supported by Lord John. After a very pleasant evening, towards the approach of the small hours, the Duke considered it desirable to take his departure, telling the company that his brother would more than fill his place. Having taken the post of honour, Lord John quaintly said: ‘Now that the Duke has gone, boys, let us make a night of it, and *thoroughly* enjoy ourselves.’ Needless to say, the entire gathering heartily responded to the proposal, and a jovial night was spent, enlivened by endless songs, stories, toasts, and sentiments.

*648. **A novel dairy.**—The same Duke of Buccleuch was asked by one of his oldest tenants to inspect his recently built farmhouse, which had been supplied with all the comforts and improvements of modern life. When the Duke was about to leave, the old man said: ‘Dinna be in sic a hurry, yer Grace, for I have still to show you a bonny little room.’ Taking the Duke into the ‘Cabinet,’ the noble owner of the house was not a little amused

to find that the small chamber had been fitted up as a dairy, the shelves of which were filled with cheeses, butter, and eggs.

***649. The 'owners' of the British Navy.**—Some Paisley men once went on an excursion to the 'Tail of the Bank,' to visit a man-of-war, which was lying there. Having rowed out to the vessel, they hailed a sailor, who was looking over the bulwarks, and told him that they had come to see the ship. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'you can't see her to-day, for this is washing day.' 'But we must get on board,' they replied, 'as we have come all the way from Paisley.' 'Well,' said the sailor, 'give me your cards, and I will take them to the captain and see what he says.' 'We haven't got any cards,' they rejoined. 'Well, give me your *names*, and I will tell him. Who shall I say you are?' 'Just you go and tell him that we are a wheen of the owners.'

***650. 'Capping' Dr. Johnson.**—A former Duke of Buccleuch was residing on his Dumfriesshire estate while the rents were being collected. One day he spied an old farmer, who he knew was a bit of a character; and after a short conversation, he invited him to come in to the mansion house and have tea with the Duchess and himself. The farmer felt highly flattered by the proposal, and accompanied the Duke. Old John, who had never seen tea before, was somewhat puzzled as to how he should behave. The Duchess handed him a cup of tea, which he soon tossed off, and then passed the cup to be refilled. This went on till he came to the *sixteenth* cup, when the Duchess began to feel alarmed. 'How many cups do you take, John?' inquired Her Grace. John was too cautious to commit himself, and calmly replied, 'Hoo mony do ye gie?'

*651. **A faithful family.**—An elderly Scotchman had a tell-tale son who on one occasion went to his father and reported that his brother Jock had said ‘faith.’ ‘Did he, faith?’ inquired the father. ‘Ay, faith, did he,’ replied the boy.

*652. **Two strings to the bow.**—In a storm at sea, when a ship was not expected to survive, a Scotchman was overheard repeatedly exclaiming, ‘O God, O Deevil!’ One of his fellow passengers protested against his profanity at such a solemn moment; but he calmly replied, ‘Weel, ye see, I’m no’ sure which place I’m going to, and I dinna want to cast oot wi’ either.’

*653. **‘Unco gude.’**—Southerner (to a friend in Glasgow). ‘By the way, do you know M‘Screw?’ Northerner. ‘Ken M‘Screw? O’o fine, a graund man, M‘Screw—keeps the Sawbath—an’ everything else he can lay his hands on.’¹

*654. **Three to one.**—About sixty years ago, there resided in the vicinity of Perth a worthy and humorous old soldier, Major Guthrie by name, of the family of Craigie in Forfarshire. The Major was very stout and portly, while his friend Captain Pitts was a mere mite of a man. They sat together in the front gallery of the East Church; and when the Major engaged the two pews, he explained to the treasurer that *one and a half* was for himself and *a half* for Captain Pitts.

*655. **‘Age before honesty.’**—At a recent dinner party in the House of a Glasgow millionaire, a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland and a titled merchant

¹ This story appeared in the pages of *Punch* a few years ago.

of the same city happened to meet at the drawing-room door, on their way to join the ladies. Who shall go in first—the parson or the man with the ‘handle.’ The former politely says: ‘To you, Sir——, the honour; age before honesty.’

***656. A ‘persona grata.’**—A member of a very old Lanarkshire family, who resides in Edinburgh, has the *entrée* of a large number of Scottish country houses. Some years ago, on being asked to name his favourite amusements, he replied as follows: ‘I don’t hunt, I don’t shoot, I don’t row, I don’t golf, I don’t curl—I only sing a little song to please the ladies.’

***657. ‘Looming in the distance.’**—A Scotch laird of ‘yesterday’ *professes* to have a great contempt for men of ‘good blood,’ and is in the habit of asserting that he had as many ancestors as any Douglas or Lindsay in broad Scotland. A genealogical friend who knows something of the laird’s pedigree (which embraces more than one worker in *textile fabrics*) once quietly suggested that most of his boasted ancestors *loomed* in the distance.’

***658. A declined apology.**—Sir John Schaw of Greenock, a Whig, lost a favourite hawk, which was supposed to have been shot by the Jacobite Bruce of Clackmannan. In Sir John’s absence, Lady Greenock sent Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Bruce signing a strongly worded apology. His reply was as follows: ‘For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw of Greenock:—MADAM,—I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.—I am, Madam, your Ladyship’s devoted servant to command, CLACKMANNAN.’

***659. A canny Scotchwoman.**—It is well known that, as a rule, the ‘softer sex’ are very chary about letting out their ages. An old Scotch lady was pointedly asked by a friend how old she was, and the reply was charmingly vague, ‘Two years younger than my brother.’ ‘And how old, pray, is your brother?’ inquired the friend. ‘Two years older than me,’ was the immediate reply.

***660. The auld patriarchs.**—An old Scotchwoman was bewailing the loss of a favourite son, and concluded by saying that she believed he was now quite happy in Beelzebub’s bosom. ‘Hoot, woman,’ said a neighbour, ‘that’s the deil.’ ‘Indeed,’ she replied, ‘there’s sae mony o’ they auld patriarchs that I dinna ken the ane frae the ither.’

***661. ‘And he stoppit.’**—Two English sportsmen rented a salmon fishing in the Highlands of Scotland, which they occupied alternately. On the arrival of one of them, he inquired how his friend (who had lately gone south) had been getting on. ‘Oh, very weel,’ said the gillie, on which the Englishman remarked that ‘Mr. A—— was a very nice man.’ ‘Yes,’ rejoined the Highlander, ‘but he’s just very *near*.’ ‘I’m surprised to hear that, Duncan,’ said the sportsman, ‘I never saw any indication of it; what makes you say so?’ ‘Weel, sir,’ the gillie replied, ‘we were out fishing one day, when he caught a fine salmon, and took a ‘nip’ from his flask, saying, “Health to men and death to salmon.” He then askit me if I would have a ‘nip,’ and I replied that I wad be muckle obleeged; so he gave me the cup, and I held it out to be filled. When it was about half full, I said, “Thank ye, thank ye, that’ll do.” ‘Yes,’ remarked the sportsman, ‘and what happened after that?’ ‘He stoppit,’ mournfully said the Highlander, adding, ‘Ah! yes, he’s a very narrow man.’

*662. **The big egg.**—When the son of a Scotch minister went to push his fortunes in the mercantile world of Glasgow, his father gave him an introduction to a business friend, and requested him to keep his eye on the lad. The friend speedily invited him to breakfast; and in the course of the day, he wrote to the anxious parent to assure him that he need have no concern regarding his son's prospects, as he noticed that he did not fail to take the *biggest egg* on the table.

II. ENGLISH.

663. **A cheap dinner.**—A well-dressed man called, at an early hour, at one of the principal hotels in Plymouth, and ordered dinner to be prepared for him at half-past six o'clock—all the delicacies of the season and a bottle of old port. He informed the landlord that he was very particular as to cooking, etc., and was assured, in reply, that no pains would be spared by a very competent cook, and that the wine was of the highest class. He duly returned at the appointed hour; and after enjoying an excellent repast, summoned the landlord, to whom he tendered *sixpence*, at the same time calmly informing him that it was all that he had in the world! Realising him to be a sharper, 'mine host' promised to say nothing of the occurrence, provided he would undertake to do the same thing, the following day, 'at the rival establishment over the way.' 'I breakfasted there this morning,' the stranger coolly replied, 'and got half-a-crown to come and *do* you!'

664. **'Still dead!'**—Two Etonians met at Lord's cricket-ground after a pretty long separation—the one

gushing and impulsive, the other brusque and matter-of-fact.

No. 1. 'Delighted to see you again, old fellow! How's the dear old father?'

No. 2 (bluntly). 'The dear old father is *dead!*'

Meeting the following year, at the same place, the *same* question was asked and answered as follows: 'I told you last year that he was dead.' A third year comes round, and again they meet, when the impulsive gentleman propounds the old question, on which the other quietly and gravely replied—'*Still dead!*'

665. A delicate hint.—After having had a good many lessons on the violin, George III. asked his Italian instructor how he was getting on. 'Please your Majesty,' the teacher replied, 'there are three kinds of performers—those who cannot play at all, those who play badly, and those who play well. Your Majesty is *approaching* the second class.' The King had the good sense to take the hint, and to abandon his musical efforts.

666. A new candidate.—When a candidate for an English constituency, Lord Henry Bentinck, ventured to ask an elector, entertaining very Radical opinions, whether there was any prospect of his favouring him with his vote. 'I'd sooner vote for the devil!' said the intelligent possessor of the franchise. Lord Henry quietly rejoined, 'If, however, your *friend* should not stand, perhaps you will support me!'

667. A Delphic announcement.—When Chevalier Bunsen was Prussian Minister in London, his wife purchased a shawl in the Quadrant, and insisted on carrying it home on her back. The price label was accidentally left upon the

garment; and as she walked homewards, the passers-by read the following somewhat Delphic announcement: 'Very chaste—Five Guineas.'

668. Provost and purse-bearer.—A cantankerous Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who held the office of bursar, once spoke very contemptuously to his superior regarding his office, asserting that Pontius Pilate was a 'Provost.' 'True,' the Provost quietly replied; 'and Judas Iscariot was a purse-bearer!'

669. 'Two ten.'—In passing through the outer portion of Howell and James's famous shawl-shop in London, the wife of the ninth Earl of Haddington (a daughter of Lord Macclesfield), who was somewhat eccentric in her costume, overheard the shopmen passing on, as a sort of watchword, the words 'two ten.' Being curious to ascertain their object, she asked Mrs. James, who reluctantly informed her ladyship that the words were intended to indicate suspicious-looking customers, and simply meant, 'Keep your *two* eyes on her *ten* fingers!'

670. 'Loose' prints.—The same somewhat peculiar lady, being a collector of engravings, once happened to find her way into a shop in a certain street adjoining the Strand, where she asked the shopman to show her any 'loose (meaning *detached*) prints' that he had for sale. He requested her to walk into a private room, and there produced some very questionable pictures, which so shocked her ladyship's sense of propriety that she rushed out of the shop, drove rapidly home, and announced the supposed insult to her 'lord and master.' The old nobleman greatly enjoyed the affair, and reproachfully rejoined, 'Served you right, my lady!'

671. A skilful operator.—Brunel the engineer happened to swallow a half-sovereign, which stuck so firmly in his throat that his medical attendant was unable to extract it. A humorous friend, who heard of the occurrence, being aware of the successful efforts of a near relative in his applications for money, at once said, ‘If anybody can get ten shillings out of a fellow, *my brother* can do it!’

672. The alternative imprecation.—Sheridan Knowles, annoyed by the conduct of his publishers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley (with neither of whom he was personally acquainted), called at their place of business, where he found one of the partners, and thus politely addressed him: ‘If you are Saunders, d—n Otley; and if you are Otley, d—n Saunders!’

673. Past mending.—After an interview with Matthew Arnold, Carlisle is reported to have expressed himself as follows: ‘I have lately had a visit from Mr. Matthew Arnold, and I have come to the conclusion that, if he had been present at the Creation, he would have suggested improvements to God Almighty in all His works, with the solitary exception of Matthew himself!’

674. Military resignation.—Two English officers engaged in elephant-hunting were pursued by an infuriated animal, and took refuge up a tree, but without being able to get out of the elephant’s reach. The one anxiously said to the other, ‘Now, Jack, you had better say your prayers.’ On which Jack, unaccustomed to devotional exercises, immediately proceeded as follows: ‘For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us thankful!’

675. Up to the ‘scratch.’—Some fifty years ago, a

Scotchman bearing the name of John *Leitch* was asked, in the presence of Douglas Jerrold, whether he was related to the famous John *Leech* of *Punch*? 'Not at all,' was the reply; 'he is one of your English blood-sucking *leeches*, while I spell my name with *-itch*.' On which Jerrold rejoined, 'Ah! that's the Scotch *fashion*!'

676. A happy retort.—Collins the infidel once met a countryman on his way to church, and sarcastically asked him, 'Is your God a big or a little God?' 'He is *both*,' replied the countryman; 'large enough to fill the universe, and small enough to dwell in my heart!'

677. 'Does oo love God?'—A small boy of six years of age thus addressed a blue-bottle fly dancing on a window-pane: 'Does oo love God?' 'Esh!' he himself replied. 'Does oo wish to go to God?' followed by the same affirmative reply. 'Does oo wish to go to God *soon*?' Again 'Esh' was the response; on which the little savage speedily crushed the unfortunate insect with his pocket-handkerchief.

678. A 'child of the devil.'—A daughter of Moody the evangelist (Moody and Sankey) on sitting down to breakfast the morning after a ball at which she had been present, was thus addressed by her fond parent—'Good morning, child of the devil!' to which she forthwith replied, 'Good morning, *papa*!'

679. Much ado about nothing.—Two gentlemen traveling in a railway carriage between Edinburgh and Carlisle differed widely in their views respecting temperature. Immediately after the train started, one of them pulled up one of the windows and said, 'As I feel rather cold, I hope

you don't object to the window being closed?' The other forthwith put the window down again, saying as he did so, 'I can't sit in a stuffy compartment.' The alternative shutting and opening went on for some time; and when the train reached Carstairs, the guard came to apologise for the broken pane in the window which had caused the disagreement. The two travellers had been fighting about a *frame*!

680. The Prince of this world.—The rector of a parish in the south of England (Albury?), when examining a Sunday-school class, asked one of the children who was the 'Prince of this world?' 'Prince Albert,' was the immediate reply!

681. 'I have got YOURS.'—A Lancashire operative, out of employment, called upon a well-known millowner, who asked him if he could produce a satisfactory 'character.' 'I can easily get that,' he said; and leaving his basket with the millowner, went away, apparently for the purpose of procuring a certificate. On his return shortly afterwards, the millowner inquired whether he had got his character. 'No,' was the immediate reply, 'but I have got *yours*!' and snatching up his basket, he made a speedy retreat.

682. The 'os'-air' cushion.—A member of Exeter College, Oxford,¹ once went into the shop of Mr. Herbert, upholsterer in Broad Street, to inquire whether he could show him an *air*-cushion. 'Yes, sir, 'os'-air,' was the immediate reply.

¹ A graphic account of a 'gunpowder plot,' which took place in Exeter College at the end of 1843, will be found at pp. 43-47 of the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford's very readable little volume, *Outcomes of Old Oxford*, published in 1899.

683. The college 'æger.'—In the year 1842, a popular undergraduate of the same college, considering himself indisposed, in accordance with the usual practice, sent one of his cards to his tutor bearing the word *æger* (sick), and was accordingly excused from attendance at chapel and lectures. After several days' confinement in his rooms, he returned to his lectures, at one of which the tutor, the late Rev. William Sewell, said to him, 'Why have you not been at lecture, G——, during the past four or five days? Have you been *ill*?' 'No, sir,' was the immediate and unguarded reply, 'I have been *æger*!' The reproachful look of the horrified tutor can easily be imagined.¹

684. The two broomsellers.—'Can't understand, Jack,' said a London broomseller to a friend in the same line, 'how you manage to undersell me, 'cos I steals all my materials.' 'Ah!' replied the other, 'I steals my brooms *ready-made*!'

685. Aunt and nephew.—Two ladies, on entering a house in Belgravia to attend an afternoon party, were accosted by a well-dressed *gentleman*, who said, 'I presume you are going to Lady C——'s,' and they went in together. Although the lady of the house did not recognise the gentleman, she concluded that he had been duly invited, as he accompanied her friends. After a handsome silver service had been placed upon the table, the hostess was called out of the room for a few minutes, and during her absence the gentleman said to the company, 'I'll play a trick upon my aunt,' and at the same time proceeded to fill his pockets with silver spoons, cream-jug, sugar-basin, etc., and hastily left the apartment. Shortly afterwards

¹ Every university man understands the nice distinction between *ill* and *æger*.

Lady C—— returned, and said with some surprise, ‘I thought the servant had brought in all the tea-service.’ ‘Yes,’ replied one of the two ladies; ‘but your nephew said he would play a trick upon you, and carried off most of the articles.’ ‘My nephew!’ exclaimed her ladyship; ‘I have no nephew in the world. I thought the gentleman was a friend of yours!’

686. A clever hoax.—Several years ago, a ‘gentleman’ alighted from a well-appointed brougham at the door of a London silversmith’s shop, and purchased a considerable quantity of plate, in payment, of which he tendered a one-hundred-pound note, and received a small balance. He carried the plate away with him in the brougham, and shortly afterwards a ‘policeman’ called at the shop to say that he had heard of the purchase, and to inform the silversmith that the note tendered in payment was a *bad* one. He was glad to add, however, that the thief had been apprehended, and requested him to attend at the police office at a certain hour in the afternoon to identify the prisoner. He told the silversmith that it would be necessary for him to give up the bad note to facilitate the preliminary inquiries, and this the latter did, obtaining a formal receipt. On going to the police office, the unfortunate shopkeeper found that he had been hoaxed. The ‘gentleman’ and the ‘policeman’ were both members of the light-fingered fraternity, and the note was a good one!

687. An address wanted.—At a wine-party at Oxford, upwards of fifty years ago, one of the guests happened to be a distinguished Oriental, who spoke imperfect English, and who was prevailed upon to tell an Eastern story. He informed the company that many of his tales would occupy *several evenings*, but undertook to give a comparatively

brief example. Very gravely and slowly, he thus began : 'There was a great Eastern king who had a very pretty daughter . . .' On which a humorous undergraduate unceremoniously interrupted the stranger with the question, 'Can you oblige me with his address?' This was too much both for the narrator and the audience, and the former deemed it prudent to proceed no further.

688. God's latest handiwork.—A few years ago, a visitor to the Castle Mona Hotel, Douglas, Isle of Man, asked a chatty chambermaid from Lincolnshire what had induced her to come to the island. After making a sort of apology for having been found, even in the gay season, in so outlandish a locality, she said : 'If my friends knew I was here, they would send for me to-morrow;' gravely adding—'my belief is that the Isle of Man was God's latest handiwork, and I don't think it was ever finished!'

689. The 'country of the poets.'—A traveller in the coach between Keswick and Ambleside remarked to an old woman who was a fellow-passenger that they were now in the 'country of the poets.' 'Poets, indeed!' she replied, 'who wouldn't be a poet here? If there's a spot upon earth where God condescends to dwell, that spot is Grasmere!'

690. 'Muffins to sell!'—A decayed gentlewoman was reduced to cry 'Muffins to sell!' for a subsistence. She used to go out at night with her face concealed by her cloak, and then, in the faintest voice, utter her cry. A passer-by heard her say, 'Muffins to sell! muffins to sell! Oh, I hope nobody hears me!'

691. Wedderburn and Sheridan.—Wedderburn once

asked Sheridan how he had got rid of his Irish brogue, as he was very anxious to get rid of his Scotch accent. 'My dear fellow,' said Sheridan, 'don't attempt such a thing. The House listens to you now, because they don't understand you; but if you become intelligible, they will be able to take your measure!'¹

692. '*Labitur et Labetur*,' etc.—In the course of his admirable address on the Irish question, in the Edinburgh Music Hall, in January 1887, Lord Brabourne made the following humorous allusion to the editor of *Truth*, commonly known as 'Labby': 'One of the evils connected with the tide of democracy is that certain men of fluency of speech, of loud voice, and of an assurance which passes for wisdom, are going about the country proclaiming doctrines to the popular ear of those who did not see what danger lurks behind them. Such a man is a gentle, man of the name of Labouchere. When I read the voluminous flow which proceeds from his lips, I am sometimes strongly reminded of the well-known line of Horace—

'*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis avum.*'

693. **Oh! captain, captain!**—In a compartment of a first-class railway carriage, on one of the English lines, the passengers consisted of two young men, a military officer, and a very handsome lady, of whom the last two sat opposite to each other. The young men did not fail to notice the admiration of his *vis-à-vis* evinced by the *militaire*; and on the train (which was unlighted) entering a long tunnel, one of them began kissing his own hand, in a very audible manner, and then more than once

¹ When Lord Jeffrey left Oxford, it was said of him that 'he had lost the broad Scotch, but gained only the narrow English.'

exclaimed, in an assumed female voice, 'Oh! captain, captain!' As the train emerged from the tunnel, the wag and his friend contrived to preserve their gravity, and greatly enjoyed the disconcerted looks of their perfectly innocent fellow-passengers.

694. An awkward situation.—An English lady, recently travelling by train from Monte Carlo to Nice, found herself in a compartment with a single male fellow-passenger, who, in the course of the journey, became very excited, and produced a 'revolver,' with which she persuaded herself that he intended to commit suicide. With considerable pluck and self-control she contrived to interest him in her conversation; and at the first stoppage hastily left the train, very much relieved in thus avoiding the awkward predicament of being found alone beside a murdered man.

695. 'Few so near heaven.'—A very tall man, after making some purchases at one of the stalls in the 'Old Edinburgh' section of the International Exhibition in the Scottish metropolis in 1886, happened to bring his hat into collision with one of the numerous projecting sign-boards, and remarked to the young woman in attendance that the architectural arrangements were not very suitable for individuals of his altitude. On which the damsel—who hailed from the south of the Tweed—slyly replied: 'You must remember, sir, that very few gentlemen have the good fortune to be so *near heaven* as yourself!'

696. An embracing climate.—The forester of a Yorkshire squire had occasion to pay a visit to Perthshire, where he made the acquaintance of, and secured as his wife, a buxom Scotch lassie. On his return to England, his master asked him how he had enjoyed his trip, when

he promptly replied that he 'had found the Scotch air very *em-bracing*!'

697. Macaulay's memory.—During the lifetime of the grandfather of the present Sir James Gibson-Craig, Lord Macaulay paid a visit to Riccarton, near Edinburgh; and one day at the dinner-table, one of the company referred to a very remarkable passage in one of his lordship's 'Essays,' asking him his authority for the statement. After a few moments' reflection, Macaulay, whose memory was marvellous, said: 'I can tell you all about it. I found the information in question in a small quarto MS. in the Advocates' Library, towards the middle of the volume, on the left side, near the bottom of a page, and close to a paper stain.' The gentleman who made the inquiry took the trouble to verify Macaulay's statement, and found it true to the letter.

698. A military grace.—On an old military officer being asked to say grace, at a large dinner-party where no clergyman happened to be present, he expressed himself as follows: 'No clergyman present, thank God!'

699. Brain *v.* Jaw.—A regular customer at the shop of a London hairdresser, who happened to have an excellent head of dark hair but a snow-white beard, asked the barber if he could account for the somewhat unusual circumstance. Being pressed for a reply, the hairdresser quietly said, 'I have heard it suggested that if gentlemen in your condition were to use their *brains* more and their *jaw* less, the result would be entirely opposite!'

700. A tender recollection.—A *blasé* young Englishman, after a tour round the world, returned to London, and was asked by a younger friend to go with him to the theatre to

see 'Hamlet.' At first he declined, alleging that he took no interest in Shakespeare, but was ultimately persuaded to go. Towards the end of the play, when the burial-scene was being enacted, the younger man proposed to leave, while the other requested him to remain. On this the former said, 'I thought you told me that you did not care for Shakespeare.' 'True,' he replied; 'but this reminds me that, in former days, I used always to drive home with Ophelia while the burying was going on!'

701. A wife's evidence.—The fascinating wife of a late popular and distinguished member of the Salisbury Cabinet, who hails from the 'far West,' lent her valuable aid in securing her husband's return for the constituency which he represented. In the course of her canvass, on asking an elector in humble life (to whom she was quite unknown) whether there was any prospect of his supporting her husband at the poll, he bluntly replied, 'Certainly not; I should never think of voting for a lazy fellow who never leaves his bed till midday!' The fair canvasser assured the elector that his impression was entirely erroneous, adding that, as she happened to be the candidate's wife, her evidence ought to be regarded as highly satisfactory. 'La! madam,' he at once replied, 'if you were *my* wife, I should *never* get up!'

702. A crucial test.—On getting his fare from a youthful passenger, a London 'cabby' lately said, 'Thank you, sir.' The party so addressed immediately replied, 'I happen to be a *woman*!' 'Really, miss,' said the driver, 'ladies and gentlemen are nowadays just like threepenny and fourpenny bits, one can't tell the difference except by the feel!'¹

¹ According to a certain deep thinker, '*Equity*,' like the cab-driver, knows no difference of sex.'

703. An injudicious assumption.—Waiting at an English railway station for a train that was very much behind time, a middle-aged married man attempted to carry on a flirtation with a comely servant-girl, who was also an expectant passenger. After a little preliminary conversation, he passed himself off as a bachelor, thinking that he would thereby ingratiate himself with the young woman. Much to his chagrin, she made the following statement: ‘If you had been married, I should not have objected to a little chaffing, as the married gentlemen are generally very kind to us girls; but seeing that you are one of the many selfish and designing bachelors, I will have nothing to say to you!’ It was then, of course, too late for him to reveal his true condition.

704. The storm at sea.—In the course of a storm at sea, when all hope of saving the vessel by human means had been abandoned, the captain informed the passengers that they must now be prepared to ‘trust in Providence,’ on which one of their number—a clergyman—exclaimed: ‘Good God! has it come to that?’

705. An inappropriate text.—After the murder of a South African missionary by his own servant, a monument was erected to his memory bearing an inscription which enumerated the chief incidents in his career, of which the last was a brief account of the murder, immediately followed by the words, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant!’

706. ‘My name is Ree-ach.’—‘What news, Mr. Reach?’ Thackeray said one day to Mr. Angus B. Reach, a correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, pronouncing the surname as rhyming with *teach*. ‘My name is *Ree-ach*,’ the other replied. On which the English humourist, suiting

the action to the words, presented a dish of fruit, and said, 'May I offer you a pee-ach?'

707. 'Sail or sell.'—A few years before the death of the Duke of Wellington, a captain of heavy dragoons, whose regiment had been ordered to the Cape, applied to his Grace, as Commander-in-Chief, for permission to negotiate a transfer to another corps. The Duke merely turned up the corner of the letter, and wrote the three significant words, 'Sail or sell,' and sent it back to the writer.

708. A poet's autograph.—When living with a private tutor in Kent in 1840, I was very anxious to obtain the autograph of the poet Campbell. Having come across a line in one of his poems, the meaning of which appeared to be extremely doubtful, I wrote a short note to the author, and requested him, as politely as possible, to interpret the words in question. In the course of a few weeks, after a practical experience of the *Pleasures of Hope*, I received the following laconic reply: 'London, 14th December 1840. SIR,—In return to your note I send you my autograph.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.'¹

709. The lady's postscript.—The husband of a lady much addicted to the practice of postscribing, once laid a wager with her, on the occasion of his leaving home, that the first letter she wrote to him would not be without one of these codicils. The letter was written and signed, and about to be despatched, when she was tempted to add one line, constituting the first postscript, 'You see I *have* written you a letter without a postscript.' This did not suffice, for there followed, as a *PP.S.*, immediately afterwards, 'Who has won the wager—you or I?'²

¹ From the author's *Gossip about Letters and Letter Writers*, p. 89.

² *Ibid.* p. 9.

710. Tadpoles and men.—Mr. Hookham Frere called on Canning one day, when he was residing near Enfield, to consult him on a matter of great importance. They walked into the woods to have a quiet talk, and on passing a pond, Mr. Frere was surprised to find that it was new light to the statesman that tadpoles turned into frogs! In relating the incident, Mr. Frere used to say: ‘Now, don’t go and tell that story of Canning to the first fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great nation; but, in these scientific days, people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.’

711. The Queen of the Arena.—A good many years ago the following startling incident occurred in a caravan attached to a travelling circus in an English town. On a low shelf, imaginatively called a bed, there reclined the pallid form of a dying woman, young and good-looking, who, during the performance of the previous evening, had come heavily to the ground in leaping through a hoop on a horse’s back. Overhearing the hearty peals of laughter through the frail partition which separated her from the ‘ring,’ she was told, in reply to her inquiry, that they were caused by the witty sallies of her husband, the favourite clown, who shortly afterwards entered the little chamber of death and had an affecting conversation with his sinking wife. Seated by the bed side was their innocent child, a girl of about five years of age, who had just been performing the part of a fairy, her wand still in her hand, and the gauze wings on her shoulders. After a brief interval the poor clown had to respond to a call from the master of the ring, as soon as he had painted out with a piece of chalk the traces of tears upon his cheeks, in front of a broken looking-glass. During his absence the doctor arrived, and in the course of a few minutes the anxious husband again

returned, breathless, from a concluding somersault, only to find his poor wife a lifeless corpse after a premature delivery. A strange pair they looked—*he*, fresh from the plaudits of a delighted audience, in the paint and motley of his calling—*she*, the sharer of his cares and joys, with hollow sunken eyes and fallen jaw, beyond the reach of sorrow and suffering. Kissing the cold lips with frantic earnestness, ‘Dead, dead, dead!’ was all that the wretched man was able to mutter between his choking sobs. While in this pitiful condition he was *again* called upon by the excited spectators to appear; and after being sorely pressed by the master of the ring, and fortified by a stimulating draught, he re-entered the arena, where he never before showed more wit or agility, and at length left the ring amidst deafening applause. ‘Well, my dears,’ said the doctor to his children at the supper-table, ‘how did you like the circus?’ ‘Oh! we didn’t see the “Queen,”’ father. The man in the ring said she was unwell, but would be there to-morrow; and the clown was so good in the scene with the savage.’ ‘Do you know *why* you didn’t see the Queen?’ inquired the doctor. ‘No,’ said the children. ‘Well, then, I’ll tell you—because she was *dead*! The clown was her husband; I left him kissing her cold lips, and I daresay he is there now. It is a strange world; such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to see again.’

712. The missing coin.—A well-known collector of coins visited the British Museum a few years ago along with a friend, for the purpose (which he kept to himself) of inspecting a particular coin, then believed to be unique. Shortly after he had examined it, his friend informed him that the coin in question had mysteriously disappeared, and that, in accordance with the practice in such cases, the doors of the Museum had been locked, with the view

of all the visitors being searched ; adding, ' Of course, both you and I must go through the process, as a matter of form.' The collector seemed to hesitate, and at last plainly told his friend that he would not submit to the proposed proceeding. Notwithstanding his friend's urgent remonstrances, he adhered to his determination ; and while they were discussing the ' situation,' one of the officials informed them that the coin—which had accidentally slipped under a card—had been found. ' Now,' said his friend to the collector, ' may I ask why you objected to be searched ?' ' Because,' he replied, ' I have at this moment a *duplicate* in my pocket, and no protestation of my innocence would, of course, have been heeded !'

713. Coming to the point.—In a certain town in the north of England, not very long ago, there lived and died a well-known sculptor. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order ; and seeing no one but a stolid-looking mason, he inquired whether Mr. C. was at home. ' Naw,' was the monosyllabic reply. A second time the customer made his appearance, with precisely the same result. Calling a *third* time, and finding the same man busy as before with his chisel and mallet, he asked, ' Is Mr. C. in yet ?' ' Naw,' was again the laconic response. ' Do you think he will be in soon ?' he continued. At last he got the following conclusive answer : ' Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in sune—Mr. C.'s *dead* !'

714. National politeness.—In conversation with Lord Normanby, a French lady once made the oft-repeated assertion that her countrymen were the politest people in Europe, and capped all her arguments by saying, ' You admit it yourselves. ' Exactly,' was his lordship's prompt reply, with a diplomatic bow ; ' that is our politeness.'¹

¹ I am indebted to a lady for the following epigrammatic statement :

715. Noverca ingrata.—Like a later and even more brilliant prime minister (Lord Beaconsfield), Lord Palmerston was the author of a great many *bon-mots*. In the course of a discussion respecting the merits of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill, he remarked that at least one undoubted advantage would result from the proposed change of the existing law—'A man would be enabled to avoid having more than one mother-in-law.'

716. English loyalty.—For some years past, during the winter months, a Saturday-evening concert has taken place at Battersea, under the auspices of the active and philanthropic vicar, Canon Erskine Clarke, which is largely attended by the working men of the locality. On a comparatively recent occasion, the entertainment was being brought to a close by Lady Folkestone singing the National Anthem. Her husband, who presided, having noticed a man in the gallery of the concert-hall with his hat on, begged his wife to stop, and made the following statement: 'I observe a man in the gallery with his hat on; I never allow *my missus* to sing "God save the Queen" unless the entire audience is uncovered.' Enthusiastic cheering followed the announcement, and the offender was forth with compelled to remove his head-piece.

717. An unexpected gift.—On another occasion, the celebrated American singer, Mrs. Osgood, was giving her gratuitous services for the *third* time. Without the knowledge of the vicar, a few of the working men, after Mrs. Osgood's second appearance, laid their heads together, and

'With an Englishman, politeness is an instinct; with a Frenchman, a fashion; with a Spaniard, a tradition; with an Italian, a relic of the days of chivalry; with a German, a virtue; and with an American, a vice.'

resolved to acknowledge her generous conduct by presenting her with a small gift. They raised about £10 without any difficulty, and purchased a chaste little bracelet, which one of their number presented to the vocalist as she was proceeding to sing her last song, and she was completely overcome by the unlooked-for occurrence.

718. A scene in Piccadilly.—During the snowstorm in the beginning of 1887, two young noblemen, walking along Piccadilly, bribed an active *gamin* to pelt a policeman with snowballs. As a matter of course, the lad was duly apprehended; and following the officer who led him away a prisoner, they frankly acknowledged that *they* were the real culprits, on which they were required to accompany the guardian of the peace. When brought before the magistrate, he asked their names, and was informed in reply, ‘Lord C.’ and ‘Lord H.’ respectively. Then turning to the lad, the magistrate said, ‘And what, pray, is *your* name, young man?’ ‘The Duke of Westminster,’ was the grave reply.

719. Le cher ami.—A married lady, well known in London society a few years ago, was asked by a friend in the country to pay her a visit; and as the latter was rather short-handed in the way of servants, she begged the lady to bring her ‘man’ (meaning footman) along with her. The visitor duly arrived, accompanied by a dashing young Guardsman!

720. A hunting adventure.—A celebrated London confectioner once made his appearance, very smartly got up, on a magnificent charger, at a meet of hounds, and in the course of an exciting run he lost command of his steed, which rushed furiously, foaming all over, into the middle of the pack, as his unfortunate rider piteously exclaimed,

‘What, oh, what *shall* I do?’ The master, who happened to be within hearing, forthwith replied, ‘Ice him, G——r, ice him!’

721. A frank rejoinder.—A daughter of Lady M‘Garel Hogg, dining out a few evenings before one of her mother’s fashionable balls, was asked by a gentleman, who did not know who she was, if she was going to the ‘Piggeries’ (the slang name for Lady *Hogg’s* abode) on the occasion in question. ‘Of course I am,’ was the frank reply; ‘I happen to be one of the litter!’

722. A deathbed reconciliation.—Farmer Appledrane and his brother had been at deadly feud, and had bully-ragged each other to the utmost in the richest dialect of the South Hams. But sickness befell the farmer, and he was like to die. He dared not go to his last account with the burden of a quarrel on his mind, and a quarrel with one so near of kin. So he sent for his brother, and hand grasped hand. A sigh from the sickbed; a sigh of relief, might it be, from the unburdened conscience? No; it was a sigh of mortification for having to change his front at last, and being driven to renounce a position fortified by so many hard words and proud feelings. But a saving clause suggests itself. ‘Wull, Jann,’ says the moribund farmer, ‘so now, do ’ee see, if so be I die, why, ’tis as ’tis. But if I gits round again, why, ’tis as *’twas*.’

***723. ‘Missed the train.’**—A party of Lancashire colliers were travelling from Leeds to Blackpool for their annual trip and *wash*; and one of them, addressing his fellow, exclaimed, ‘Why, Bill, you be’s so black, you clean capped me.’ To which the other replied, ‘Ah! man, I missed the train t’ last year.’

***724. Calverley and the nurse.**—It was forbidden to cross the lawn in front of the Dean's lodge at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which the poet Charles Stuart Calverley was an undergraduate. He often transgressed, however, and on one occasion was hauled up. 'How is it, Mr. Calverley,' said the angry Dean, 'that every time I am standing at my window, I see you jump the paling and cross the lawn?' 'I don't know, Mr. Dean,' was the ready reply; 'but it is a wonderful coincidence that every time I jump the paling and cross the lawn, I see you standing at the window.' He generally had the laugh on his own side, but was once innocently discomfited by the master's daughter. He was spending the evening at the lodge, when it became time for the children to bid 'Good-night.' The little girl, about five years of age, kissed her father and mother, and was leaving the room, when her mother said, 'Why, my dear, are you not going to kiss Mr. Calverley?' 'No, mamma, Mr. Calverley doesn't want to kiss me.' 'How do you know he doesn't?' 'Because, mamma, whenever he meets us walking at the back of the college, he always kisses nurse, but he never kisses me!'

***725. Society belle.**—'Mother, Mr. De Brass has proposed and I have accepted.' 'What? oh you wicked, ungrateful girl, after all we've done for you! Mr. De Brass hasn't a cent to bless himself with, and won't have until his father and grandfather die.' 'The Mr. De Brass I am referring to,' said the girl, 'is the *grandfather*.' 'Oh! bless you, my child!'

***726. Hanging Tories.**—According to Dr. Joseph Parker, in some religious denominations there is greater liberty of speech than in others, which he illustrates as follows: A Tory was taking part—strange as it may appear—in a

prayer-meeting, and in his intercession he expressed anxiety for the union of Tories and Unionists. 'Lord,' said he, 'may they all hang together.' 'Amen,' interrupted another; 'Lord, let them all hang together.' 'Not, Lord,' said the first speaker, 'in the sense which our brother means; but let them hang together in accord and concord.' 'Any cord will do, Lord, any cord will do,' continued the Radical interrupter.

***727. 'Done' confidentially.**—Lord Stormont's agent at Norwich found that an old supporter had taken four pounds from the other side to vote against him. He reproached him for changing sides, and added that he was a great fool too, for he would have had *five* pounds if he had stuck to his principles. The voter showed signs of penitence, and the agent went on to say, 'But it's not too late for you to do the right thing. Give me that four pounds, and here is five pounds for you.' The voter agreed, and the agent did a good stroke of business for his employers, four-fifths of the bribe being supplied by the opposite side.¹

***728. An extempore sermon.**—One of Mr. Spurgeon's students when called upon, in accordance with his practice, to write a short address on a subject of which he had no previous intimation, wrote as follows forthwith: 'Apply the case of Zaccheus to your own experience. *1st.* Zaccheus was short of stature, and I, like him, feel uncommonly small. *2nd.* Zaccheus climbed into a tree; I find myself up one. *3rd.* Zaccheus came down joyfully—I hasten to follow his example.'

***729. Wiltshire dialect.**—In the case of a man found dead

¹ From Sir F. Pollock's *Personal Remembrances*.

in a field, the authorities experienced difficulty in obtaining evidence as to the cause of death. Eventually, a plough-boy, who had been working in an adjoining field, appeared as a witness before the Court. On his being asked to give a simple account of what he had seen, he replied as follows: 'Two comed together. 'E took up a pick, and 'E took up a pick. 'E picked at 'E, and 'E picked at 'E; if E'd picked at E, as E picked at E, then E'd a killed E, as E killed E.' The judge accepting the evidence from its honest simplicity, the case was pronounced to be 'manslaughter.'

***730. Yorkshire 'cuteness.**—A Yorkshire farmer, driving to market, met a young female friend, whom he thus accosted: 'Well, Sally, yer looks reet bonnie ts' mornin'.' 'More than I can say of you, John!' she replied. 'Then yer should a' leed (lied) as I did,' was the farmer's rejoinder.

***731. French translation.**—At a recent examination 'La demi monde orientale' was given by one of the candidates as the translation of 'The Eastern Hemisphere' into French.

***732. A free fight.**—Two Northumberland miners were persuaded to attend an oratorio ('The Messiah'); and while three of the leading vocalists were successively repeating the words, 'I am the King of Glory,' one of the miners said to the other, 'Why, Bill, we'd better go away from here, as it looks as if there was to be a free fight.'

***733. Gross darkness.**—A Sunderland coal-miner, who became a lay preacher, on one occasion chose for his text, 'Darkness covered the earth, and thick darkness the face of the people' (Isa. lx. 2). 'When any of you miners,' he said, 'is in the last seam and the lamp goes out, that's darkness. But what,' he added, 'is *gross* darkness? In my

youth I was taught that a "gross" was the same as 144 ; and, accordingly, you will understand that "gross darkness" is 144 times darker than "darkness."

***734. 'The ruling passion.'**—The north of England miners are addicted to sports of various kinds, including pigeon-flying. One of their number, when on his death-bed, was visited by a Wesleyan minister, who spoke to him of his higher interests and his future abode in heaven. 'Heaven,' said the miner, 'where is that place?'—*Answer.* 'The abode of God and His angels.' 'Do you expect to go there?' inquired the dying man. 'Yes,' replied the minister. 'And shall you be an angel?'—*Answer.* 'Yes.' 'With wings?' 'Yes.' 'Shall I also be an angel if I get to heaven?' 'Yes.' 'Then I'll flee ye for a pund.'

***735. Golf in Cornwall.**—Two natives of Cornwall were lately discussing the game of golf, now very popular in that county. One said: 'I say, Bill, 'ave ye seed this new gaame of golf the gentry be playin' of?' 'No, Jem,' said the other, 'what be it like?'—*Answer.* 'They d'it a ball s'ard as they can into a edge,¹ and then they d' take a candle to look for un.'

***736. A revival meeting.**—An old lady sent her maid-servant to one of Lord Radstock's meetings, and on her return inquired how she got on. After describing the large attendance, she said that she was obliged to stand near the entrance to the hall; 'but very soon,' she continued, '*the Lord* came down and told me to come up higher.'

¹ A Cornish 'hedge' is a solid fence of stone and earth from four to seven feet high, covered with turf and other verdure. It forms a very 'sporting' hazard on most of the Cornish golf links.

***737. Cherubim and Seraphim.**—The wife of an English labourer, who gave birth to twin children, came to the conclusion that she could not do better than give them the names of ‘Cherubim’ and ‘Seraphim;’ and on being asked for an explanation of her extraordinary choice, she calmly replied, ‘Because they continually do cry!’

***738. ‘Falling out by the way.’**—The Diocesan inspector of schools, on the occasion of an official visit to a National school in Wiltshire, while examining some of the pupils on the history of Joseph, asked if any of them could explain why that patriarch was so particular in his injunctions to his brethren ‘not to fall out by the way.’ A small boy forthwith replied, ‘Because there warn’t no tail-board to the caarte.’

***739. A laconic landowner.**—The late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, when travelling by train through Wales, was asked by a fellow-passenger, ‘Who is the owner of the land we are now passing?’ The Baronet replied laconically, ‘Mine.’ A few miles further on, the same question elicited the same reply; and after a *third* inquiry to the same effect, the interrogator deemed it prudent to leave the train, under the impression that his companion was a lunatic.

***740. The bottom of Purgatory.**—In the course of a conversation between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic priest, the former said, ‘Have you heard that the bottom is burned out of Purgatory, and all the Catholics have gone to hell?’ The priest rejoined, ‘What a crushing, then, the poor Protestants are getting!’

***741. The officer’s dog.**—In a barrack room, somewhere in the south of England, an officer found his dog lying on

his bed, and gave him a severe flogging. Next day he discovered the dog in the act of jumping off the bed, and again gave him a sound thrashing. The day following the dog was not actually upon the bed, but his master found a warm place thereon, on which the animal had evidently been reposing, and he was castigated for the third time. On the fourth day, as the officer opened his bedroom door, he found the dog with his paws on the bed, in the act of blowing the place on which he had been lying, in order to cool it.

***742. A Delphic reply.**—Upwards of sixty years ago, a memorial window, in very bad taste, was erected in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, to commemorate an undergraduate of a certain college who was found dead in bed. His disconsolate father went to Oxford to inspect the window, and on his inquiring of his son's tutor what was thought of the memorial, the Don promptly replied: 'There is but *one* opinion in Oxford, Mr. B——, about the window.'

***743. Smart repartee.**—At a picnic in Jersey, James Hammond, senior classic of his year at Cambridge; James Payne, the author; and Julius Lloyd, a man of literary tastes, happened to meet. Payne became very excited in his conversation; and Hammond, for the sake of his sister, Mrs. Jackson Mason, who was present, tried to restrain him by saying, 'My dear fellow, one would think you had a bee in your bonnet.' Payne quietly replied, 'Did you ever hear of a bonnet without a *b* in it?' while Lloyd chimed in, 'Ah! well, you see, if it wasn't *in* it, it would *be-ON-it!*'

***744. A musical query.**—The editor of a newspaper had been asked whether a man belonging to a brass band could be a Christian. He replied as follows: 'We see no impediment; but if he is in the habit of practising on the

cornet or trombone at home, it is impossible for the man living next door to be a Christian !'

***745. Definition of average.**—In a village school, the pupils were asked by a visitor to define 'average,' on which a little girl said, 'The thing that hens lay eggs on.' When told that she was wrong, she produced a book in which it was stated that 'a hen laid, *on an average*, five eggs weekly !'

***746. Portrait of St. Christopher.**—An English artist was asked by a countryman to paint a life-size portrait of St. Christopher on a small board which he produced. On the artist saying that the space was too small for the saint's figure, the countryman quietly proposed that 'the legs might be allowed to *hang down*.'

***747. Tastes Differ.**—After Bradlaugh's return for Northampton, General Bruce—commonly called 'Hurricane Bruce'—said to his brother Lord Aberdare, 'I congratulate you, Henry, on your success !' 'What do you refer to ?' asked his lordship. 'Why,' rejoined the General, 'you have returned your man, who, I verily believe, would have been rejected by the amalgamated burghs of Sodom and Gomorrah.'¹

***748. A poser.**—In a non-smoking compartment of a railway carriage, a gentleman said to a lady, 'Would you have any objection to a gentleman smoking ?' 'I really cannot say,' she replied ; 'no *gentleman* ever asked me the same question.'

¹ 'From the atheist's name but one letter remove,
And what does it turn to ? What no statesman should love :
To admit to St. Stephen's the blaspheming Bradlaugh,
'Grand Old Man' is compelled to enact very *Bad-law*.'

*749. **Origo boni.**—When Governor-General of India, Lord Canning was once benighted on his way to a remote station, and had to put up, along with his private secretary, in the very humble abode of a subordinate official, who prepared the best dinner in his power, and produced a bottle of excellent champagne. The Governor-General, who was travelling *incognito*, finding that the man's salary was only £100 per annum, expressed surprise at his being able to live so well; on which the official said, 'It's the *bricks*, not the pay, that enable me to do so,' alluding to some extensive 'scamping' in a recent contract. Shortly after reaching his destination, Lord Canning wrote to his entertainer, offering him a much more lucrative post in Burma, and adding that he would no longer require to fall back upon the bricks! The offer was most thankfully accepted.

*750. **A hard hit.**—When *Punch* had been a little under the mark, W. S. Gilbert said one day to Burnand the editor, 'You must frequently hear very smart things among your literary friends.' 'Indeed, I often do,' replied the editor. 'Then why, in the name of wonder, don't you put them into *Punch*?'

*751. **A gentle hint.**—One of Lord Dufferin's daughters, after hearing a very long lecture by a distinguished Indian civilian, frankly said to him, with a mixture of innocence and sarcasm, 'I suppose the discourse did not appear so long to *you* as it did to me!' 'Thank you for the seasonable hint,' was the learned lecturer's reply.

*752. **Noblemen and gentlemen.**—At a club in Pall Mall a member lost his umbrella, and caused the following notice to be put up in the entrance hall: 'The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own is requested to

return it.' The committee took umbrage at this statement, and summoned the member who had composed it before them. 'Why, sir,' they said, 'should you have supposed that a nobleman had taken your umbrella?' 'Well,' he replied, 'the first article in the club rules says that "this club is composed of noblemen and gentlemen"; and since the person who stole my umbrella could not have been a gentleman, he must have been a nobleman.'

***753. Baron and Baronet.**—In 1874, Mr. Gladstone offered Mr. Hammond a *baronetcy* by telegraph; but by some mischance the word got changed in transmission to *barony*, and before it could be rectified Mr. Hammond gratefully accepted the proffered peerage. In order not to disappoint so old and faithful a servant of the public, the Prime Minister induced the Queen to act as if no mistake had occurred, and Lord Hammond never learned till long after how much he was indebted to the careless telegraphist.

***754. An election squib.**—When Gladstone stood for Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce supported him, for which he was not a little hauled over the coals, as truckling to dissent, etc. A friend told the Bishop that his archdeacon (Clarke) was chairman of Gathorne Hardy's committee (the rival candidate), on which the Bishop replied, 'They are ploughing with my heifer.' Dean Mansel (St. Paul's) summed up the whole in an election squib as follows:—

'When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's famed city
Cast his eyes on the chairman of Hardy's committee,
Says Samuel, from Samson his metaphor taking,
They plough with my heifer—that is, my arch*dakin* :
But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch
To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,
The conclusion is clear, though the spectacle shocks one,
That dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxen.'

***755. Haman and Mordecai.**—The following was said of a former headmaster of Rugby: ‘They got rid of Hayman (*Haman*), lest there should be more decay (*Mordecai*).’

***756. Prayer and fasting.**—A few Cambridge undergraduates expressed a wish to stay up during vacation, but the Head of the college put various difficulties in the way, such as the necessity of residence in the town, early chapel, etc. At length they came to the conclusion that they could not submit to the required arrangements, and left the university. On this the Head remarked, ‘This kind goeth forth but by prayer and fasting.’

***757. Sheep and goats.**—A visitor to Madron cemetery, in Cornwall, finding it divided into two sections by a low wall, asked an explanation from the sexton, who stated that the object was to separate the sheep from the goats—the Churchmen from the Dissenters—and that the wall, originally three feet high, had been raised to four feet by the Bishop’s order.

***758. Passing the salt.**—In an English restaurant one gentleman asked another to pass the salt, when the latter indignantly inquired, ‘Do you take me for a waiter?’ ‘No, sir,’ said the other, ‘I took you for a *gentleman*.’

***759. A lady’s complexion.**—Two noblemen disputed concerning the genuineness of a lady’s complexion, one of them making a bet that Lady Jocasta’s colour was artificial. The other accepted the wager, affirming that it was nature’s tint. Presently her ladyship tripped past the two lords. ‘Painted, by God!’ exclaimed one of them.

‘Yes, painted *by God*,’ responded the lady, with a look that would have chilled a chilli.

***760. The recovered diamond.**—Not many years ago, at the dinner-table of a country house in Norfolk, towards the close of November, one of the guests, in dissecting a helping of pheasant, which included the neck and crop, noticed a small shining object on his plate, and was heard to say aloud, ‘Strange, this looks like a bit of glass,’ adding immediately afterwards, ‘I believe it is a *diamond*.’ A gentleman sitting opposite asked the finder to hand him the precious fragment, which he at once fitted into the vacant matrix of his gold ring, and informed the company that he had dropped the recovered jewel at a battue in the neighbourhood during the preceding autumn.

***761. Baron Rothschild’s cab fare.**—After driving from his house in a ‘hansom’ to one of the London railway stations, Baron Rothschild gave the driver two shillings and sixpence—the legal fare—on which ‘Jehu’ informed him that his son always gave him a shilling more. ‘Possibly,’ said the Baron, ‘but you must remember that, unlike my son, I do not happen to be blessed with a wealthy father!’

***762. An architectural revolution.**—A Cambridge undergraduate, on reaching his college after a boating supper, went to the wrong side of the quadrangle in search of his rooms. Observing his mistake, the porter went up to him, and touching his hat, said, ‘Your door, sir, is on the *other* side of the quadrangle’; on which the undergraduate, holding out the key of his door, faintly replied, ‘It’s all right; the *whole thing* is going round, and I’ll catch it when it comes!’

***763. Lord Harris at 'Lord's.'**—When Lord Harris accepted the governorship of Bombay, the chairman, at a farewell banquet, in alluding to the threats against the House of Lords, remarked that, while no one could say what might happen to that distinguished assembly before their guest's return to England, the most pronounced Radical could only require to see him *playing at Lord's*, under any circumstances.

***764. 'Let not thy left hand, etc.'**—On the occasion of a charity sermon, an old English nobleman happened to sit beside a purse-proud *nouveau riche*, who, some little time before the offertory, ostentatiously placed a sovereign upon the pew-board. The peer immediately put down *two*; and in the course of a few minutes they contrived to 'cap' each other, until ten or twelve pounds lay before each of them. The money-bag was first presented to the *nouveau*, who dropped *all* his sovereigns into the receptacle, while 'My Lord' deposited only *one*, quietly pocketing the remainder.

***765. Different experiences.**—Two young men in the course of a very stormy voyage at sea had exactly opposite experiences. The one was too sick to be frightened, while the other was too frightened to be sick.

***766. Greased at the wrong end.**—A traveller by railway who wished to catch a train at a junction, tipped the guard instead of the engine-driver—an illustration of 'greasing at the wrong end.'

***767. 'A little allegory.'**—Some sixty years ago, the Vice-President of Trinity College, Oxford, was a well-known and eccentric 'Don,' rejoicing in the name of

Tommy Short. Having occasion to leave the University for a few days, his official duties were undertaken by one of the fellows named Haddan, whose characteristics were much more 'meek and mild' than those of the Vice-President. Taking advantage of Short's absence, one of the undergraduates, who was anxious to go to London 'on account of the death of a near relative,' had no difficulty in obtaining permission to do so. After Short's return to Oxford, his representative reported various events that had occurred during his absence. *Inter alia*, he mentioned the undergraduate's visit to the metropolis, on which Short forthwith summoned the 'mourner,' whom he thus addressed: 'Do you suppose, Mr. C——, that I am going to believe this cock-and-bull story of a recent family bereavement?' 'Oh! dear me, no, Mr. Short, I merely told it as a *little allegory*, to amuse Mr. Haddan in your absence!' It is hardly necessary to add that 'rustication' was the inevitable result.

***768. 'Put on more steam.'**—The son of Brunel, the well-known engineer—who followed the same profession as his father—happened on one occasion to make an experimental trip on a new engine. When travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, the stoker or driver who accompanied him suddenly exclaimed that he saw a log of wood on the line at no great distance, on which young Brunel coolly said, 'Put on more steam.' By means of his presence of mind, an accident was thus prevented, as the log was positively cut in two pieces, without offering any obstruction.

***769. Argyll and Derby.**—During an important debate in the House of Lords, the Duke of Argyll somewhat severely attacked Lord Derby, the Prime Minister. When he had finished his harangue, the Premier calmly said:

‘The speech of the noble Duke reminds me of the gigantic blacksmith, who, after patiently submitting to an assault by his diminutive wife, quietly declared: “If it pleases her, it does not hurt me!”’

***770. The butcher’s knife.**—At a small country theatre in the south of England, where the play of ‘Macbeth’ was being somewhat primitively performed by a travelling company, when the usurper exclaimed, ‘Is this a dagger that I see before me?’ one of the audience was heard to reply, ‘No, you blockhead, it’s a *butcher’s knife*.’

***771. Sanitary reform.**—The following conversation took place, many years ago, between a burgess and a candidate for a seat in a town council in the south of England. *Candidate*. ‘Well, I suppose I shall have your support this time as usual?’ *Burgess*. ‘No, you cannot have my support.’ *Candidate*. ‘Why?’ *Burgess*. ‘Because you are going in opposition to the Almighty!’ *Candidate* (astounded). ‘In opposition to the Almighty—in what respect?’ *Burgess*. ‘God is about to visit us with a judgment in the form of cholera, and you set yourself up to prevent the Almighty from executing that judgment by endeavouring to introduce the Health of Towns Act!’

***772. Lost in a forest.**—An Oxford undergraduate, after a jovial evening, was discovered in the ‘small hours’ tightly embracing one of the few trees in the College quadrangle, and disconsolately moaning: ‘Lo—sht in a fo—resht! Lo—sht in a fo—resht!’

***773. ‘Families supplied.’**—Two children being awakened one morning and told that they had a new little brother, were keen, as children are, to know whence and how he had

come. 'It must have been the milkman,' said the girl. 'Why the milkman?' asked her little brother. 'Because he says on his cart, 'Families supplied,' rejoined the sister.

***774. A pair of 'skinflints.'**—Thomas Guy, the famous founder of 'Guy's Hospital,' is asserted to have been, so far as concerned his own habits, most penurious. A well-known 'skinflint' of that epoch, 'Vulture' Hopkins,¹ once visited Guy to receive a lesson in economy. On hearing the object of his friend's call, Guy put out his farthing candle, with the terse greeting, 'If that is all you are come about, we can talk it over in the dark.'

***775. The evaded turnpike.**—Seventy years after Guy, John Elwes—a man of large property and a well-known member of Parliament—though not a hard landlord, was the veriest niggard as regarded his private ease and comfort. Driving home from Newmarket, he nearly broke his own neck and that of a friend by forcing his horse up a steep bank to avoid his pet detestation—a turnpike. 'Thank Heaven for our preservation!' exclaimed his friend. 'Yes, from the turnpike,' rejoined Elwes.

***776. Arithmetical misunderstanding.**—At an examination in mental arithmetic, an Inspector of Schools said to a little chap: 'If I had three glasses of beer on this table, and your father came in and drank one, how many would be left?' 'None, sir,' at once replied the youthful Babbage. 'But you don't understand my question,' retorted the Inspector, who proceeded to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering

¹ Of whom Pope wrote in his *Moral Essays* :—

'When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch that, living, saved a candle's end.'

assurance. At last he said, 'Ah! my boy, it is clear you don't know mental arithmetic.' 'But I know my father,' answered the boy.

***777. A collaborated dictionary.—**

'Two men wrote a dictionary, Liddell and Scott,
The one was learnèd, the other was not;
Come now, ye nine Muses, and solve me this riddle,
Which part was by Scott, and which part by Liddell?'

***778. Charles Matthews.**—In one of the late Charles Matthews' popular burlesques, an amusing scene never failed to convulse the audience. While the clever actor was strutting about the stage, a man rushed past him in hot haste, in pursuit of another who had either robbed or injured him. Having ascertained the object of his pursuit, Matthews proceeded to ask him, in a sympathetic tone, a series of questions regarding the *costume* of the fugitive. 'White hat?' 'Yes.' 'Blue coat?' 'Yes.' 'Brass buttons?' 'Yes.' 'Yellow waistcoat?' 'Yes.' 'Grey trousers?' 'Yes.' 'Laced boots?' 'Yes'; and having detained the unfortunate individual for a good many minutes—thus giving the culprit ample time to make his escape—he calmly declared: 'No, I did not see the man!'

***779. 'A glass of wine?'**—The late John Wilson Croker, editor of a popular edition of Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, had the reputation of being a bit of a 'toady.' At a large dinner party, when the guests were in the habit of drinking wine with one another, he called up the table to a noble lord, with whom he was very slightly acquainted: 'M——' (without the handle of 'Lord'), 'a glass of wine?' A young subaltern, who hardly knew Croker, disgusted with his familiarity, and much to the amusement of the com-

pany, speedily followed his example, by exclaiming, 'Croker, a glass of wine?'

***780. A worshipper of Gladstone.**—In the summer of 1872, a Scotch gentleman crossed from Flushing to Harwich with Dr. Barton, a pleasant Irishman and son-in-law of John Wilson Croker (referred to in the preceding anecdote), with whose condemnation of Gladstone he entirely agreed. The steamer reached the quay at an early hour, and the two travellers proceeded to the Great Eastern Hotel to partake of breakfast. A separate table in the coffee-room was occupied by a solitary individual, having the aspect of a clergyman. Dr. Barton took up a copy of the *Times*; and glancing at a recent speech of the Prime Minister's—from which he made a few quotations—said very audibly, 'There he is again!' On this, the supposed parson laughed aloud in a very contemptuous manner; and the Scotchman waited for a few moments to see whether his Irish fellow traveller would make any remark. As he seemed indisposed to do so, the Caledonian quietly addressed the stranger as follows:—'I presume you are an Englishman' (to which the other appeared to assent). 'Accordingly,' he continued, 'it would seem that all the three nationalities are here represented. My friend beside me hails from the Emerald Isle; I happen to be an inhabitant of the northern portion of the kingdom; while you appear to personify 'John Bull.' Neither my friend nor I sympathise with you in your worship of Gladstone!' The stranger made no reply, and looked very foolish.

***781. Guilt and Innocence.**—An old lady, after an absence from home, was horrified to find that a favourite parrot had acquired a large vocabulary of oaths; and she forthwith adopted strong measures to correct this objec-

tionable habit. Whenever the bird transgressed, he was summarily plunged into a bath of cold water, and then left to smooth his ruffled plumage at the fireside. One wet afternoon, when the parrot had gone through this experience, his mistress found a poor little sparrow almost dying of exhaustion at the back door, and began to feed it in a warm corner beside the fire. The parrot looked on critically for some minutes, and then called out to the tiny visitor: 'Did you say "damn" too?'

***782. Sinner and Saint.**—Another old lady, whose parrot had been sent down to the kitchen during her illness, and had there acquired the same profane habit, was so distressed by the sad change in her favourite that she consulted her clergyman on the subject. 'Well,' said the parson, 'my parrot has a large stock of texts and devout phrases; I'll send him up to you for a day or two, and perhaps he may be the means of teaching yours the error of his ways.' This proposal was gratefully accepted, and the bird duly arrived. Some days afterwards, the old lady was taking her afternoon nap on the sofa, when she was aroused by the following exchange of remarks between the feathered pair:—'I wish "the old cat" would die,' said her own parrot; and the other promptly rejoined, 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!'

***783. A sibilant conversation.**—A Frenchman once asserted, in the presence of an Englishman, that the English language was painfully *sibilant*; but 'John Bull' forthwith challenged him with the following illustration, which he ventured to think he would be unable to beat:—'Combien pour ces six saucisses?' 'Six sous.' 'Six sous pour ces six saucisses ici!'

***784. Railway initials.**—A few years ago, while a Scotch

gentleman, bearing the surname of Kay, was getting his luggage labelled at Paddington—where it was the practice to affix the initial of the traveller's surname, in addition to the place of destination—a Cockney porter informed him that 'as they had run out of Ks, he had put him into *hell*'—L being the next letter.

***785. Indistinct handwriting.**—A few years before his death, the Duke of Wellington received a note, which he believed emanated from the Bishop of London, requesting 'permission to sketch the Waterloo breeches.' The Duke, though both alarmed and surprised, immediately ordered the 'small-clothes' to be forwarded to St. James's Square, with the following characteristic epistle:—'F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Bishop of London, and is not aware that the breeches he wore at the battle of Waterloo differ materially from many other pairs in his Grace's possession, but they are very much at the Bishop's service, and he can make any use of them he thinks proper.' The Bishop's consternation on the receipt of the above, with its accompanying parcel, induced him to order his carriage and drive to the Prime Minister, with this sad proof of the wreck of his Grace's mental powers; whilst the Duke, on the other hand, mounted his horse and rode to the residence of the Lord Chancellor with a similar announcement in respect of the Bishop, producing the note he had that morning received. On closer examination, it was discovered that the writer was not the Bishop of London, but Miss Loudon, daughter of the great landscape gardener, and herself an artist of some celebrity, requesting his Grace's permission to sketch, not the 'Waterloo breeches,' but a clump of trees at Strathfieldsaye, known as the 'Waterloo beeches.' The Duke had also mistaken 'Loudon' for 'London,' the Bishop's usual signature, the initials being, singularly enough, the same in both cases.

***786. Always practical.**—In a first-class railway carriage in Germany, an Englishman was observed to be constantly putting his head out of the window. The train was going fast, and a sudden gust of wind blew his hat off. With a frightful oath, he reached down his hat-box, and hurled it after the hat. Then he sat down and smiled on his fellow-passengers, but of course did not speak. The Germans roared with laughter, and one of them indulging in an unprintable expletive, exclaimed, ‘You don’t expect your hat-box to bring your hat back to you, do you?’ ‘I do,’ said the Englishman. ‘No name on the hat; full name and hotel address on the box. They’ll be found together, and I shall get both. Do you see now?’ Then the Germans subsided, and said they always had considered the English a great and practical nation.¹

***787. English phlegm.**—My lord was travelling in a *coupé* of a *first*-class carriage—a stock joke in Germany against Englishmen—when there was a crash and a dreadful jolting, during which his lordship was tossed about from one side of the carriage to the other. At length it ceased. When he had put his bag and hat up again in the net, and had picked up his rug, he looked out of the window, and observed four carriages of the train telescoped and shattered, while dying and dead passengers were being extricated from the *débris*. Presently the conductor came up. ‘An awful accident, sir.’ ‘Indeed,’ said his lordship. ‘Four carriages completely smashed, sir.’ ‘Ah!’ ‘Five passengers killed, sir.’ ‘Really.’ ‘Your servant is among them, sir, torn into seven pieces, and we want to know what you would like us to do.’ ‘Exactly’ (tipping him), ‘bring me the piece that has got the key of my dressing-bag on it;’ and my lord retreated again behind his English newspaper.²

¹ From the *Globe*, May 6, 1887.

² *Ibid.*

***788. Human brotherhood.**—The recent death of the sixth Earl Fitzwilliam recalled an interesting incident in the career of his father, who died in 1857. One of his tenants informed him that his wheat had been seriously injured by the hounds, appraising the damage at £50, which the worthy peer paid without any hesitation. After harvest the farmer came again, and said that the wheat, far from being injured where most trampled on, seemed strongest when cut, and accordingly he had brought back the £50. ‘Ah!’ said his lordship, ‘this is as things should be ’twixt man and man.’ Then he wrote out a cheque for £100, saying, ‘Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him of the occasion which produced it.’

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